THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

Vol. LXIX. — FEBRUARY, 1892. — No. CCCCXII.

THE PAGEANT AT ROME IN THE YEAR 17 B. C.

In the early days of Rome, the northwest section of the Campus Martius, bordering on the Tiber, was conspicuous for traces of volcanic activity. There was a pool, called Tarentum, or Terentum, fed by hot sulphur springs, the hygienic efficiency of which is certified by the cure of Volesus Sabinus and his family, described by Valerius Maximus. Heavy vapors hung over these hot springs, and occasionally tongues of flame were seen issuing from the cracks of the earth. It is no wonder that the superstition of the early inhabitants of the seven hills should have been aroused by these phenomena. The locality became known by the name of the Fiery Field (Campus Ignifer), and its relationship with the infernal realms was soon an established fact in folk lore. In progress of time the superstition was transformed into an article of religion. An altar to the infernal gods was erected on the border of the pool; and the locality was selected for the celebration of the *ludi sæculares*. The origin and the history of these celebrations have been amply illustrated by Gesner,[1] although his work is rather antiquated. Varro's account of the games, quoted by Censorinus, proves that, in republican times, they were held in honor of Dis and Proserpina, on an altar sunk twenty feet below the level of the ground, and lasted three nights, the victims being a black bull and a black cow. Tradition attributed this arrangement of time and ceremonial to Volesus himself, who, to show his gratitude for the miraculous recovery of his three children, offered sacrifices to Dis and Proserpina, spread *lectisternia* for the gods, and held festive games for three successive nights, one for each child restored to health. In republican times they were called *ludi Tarentini*, from the name of the awe-inspiring pool, and they were celebrated for the purpose of averting from the state the recurrence of some great calamity by which it had been afflicted. These calamities being contingencies which no man could foresee, it is evident that the celebration of the ludi Tarentini was in no way connected with certain cycles of time, such as the *sæculum*. Although there is considerable discrepancy among writers as to the dates and number of celebrations in republican times, the following figures seem to come as near the truth as possible: —

	A. U. C.
First Tarentine games	245
Second Tarentine games	305
Third Tarentine games	505
Fourth Tarentine games	608

Totally different are the calculations made by the College of the Quindecimviri Sacris Faciundis in the time of Augustus, according to which the games must have been held in the years 298, 408, 518, 628. The reason of these conflicting statements is evident. Not long after Augustus had assumed the supreme power, the Quindecimviri announced that it was the will of the

[1] De Annis Ludisque Sæcularibus Veterum Romanorum, 1717.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gods that ludi sæculares should be performed; and, misrepresenting and distorting dates and events, tried to prove that the festival had been held regularly at intervals of one hundred and ten years, which was the exact length of a sæculum. The games of which the Quindecimviri made this assertion were the Tarentini, instituted, as shown above, for quite a different purpose. The suggestion of the Quindecimviri came at the right moment in the new order of things, and was too pleasing to Augustus and to the people to be despised. Setting aside all disputes about chronology and tradition, the celebration was appointed for the summer of 737 A. U. C.; that is, 17 B. C.

What was the exact location of the sulphur springs of the Tarentum and of the altar of the infernal gods? I shall always consider the discovery of the altar of Dis and Proserpina as the most satisfactory I have made, especially because I made it, in a certain sense, when away from Rome on a long leave of absence. The discovery, of which I have given ample account in my book, *L'Itinerario di Einsiedeln*, page 108, took place in the winter of 1886–87, during my visit to America. At that time, the work of opening and draining the new Corso Vittorio Emmanuele had just reached a place which was considered *terra incognita* by the topographers, and marked by a blank spot in the archæological maps of the city. I mean the district between the Vallicella (la Chiesa Nuova, the Palazzo Cesarini, etc.) and the banks of the Tiber, by S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini. The reports of the superintendents, published monthly in the Bullettino Archeologico, spoke vaguely of the discovery of five or six parallel walls built of blocks of peperino; of marble steps in the centre of this singular monument; of doors with marble posts and architraves, serving as communication for the spaces between the six parallel walls; and finally, of a "column with the surface carved in leaf-work." On my return to Rome in the spring of 1887, every trace of the monument had disappeared under the embankment of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. I questioned workmen and foremen; I consulted the notebooks of contractors; I visited every day the excavations still going on, on each side of the Corso, for building the Villa, Cavalletti, and Bassi palaces; and lastly, I examined the "column with the surface carved in leaf-work," which had been removed to the courtyard of the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol. This fragment of marble, the only one saved from the excavations, gave me the clue to the mystery. It was not a column; it was the *pulvinus*, or volute, of a colossal marble altar, worthy of being compared in size and perfection of work with the altar of Peace discovered under the Palazzo Fiano, with the altar of the Antonines discovered under the Monte Citorio, and with other like structures of monumental size. There was no more hesitation in determining the nature of the discoveries made in the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele; an altar had been found there, and this altar must have been the one sacred to Dis and Proserpina, as no other is mentioned in history as having a place in the northwest section of the Campus Martius.

The designs which illustrate my account of the find prove that the altar rose on a platform twelve feet square, approached on all sides by three or four marble steps; that platform and altar were inclosed by three lines of walls, at an interval of thirty-six feet from each other; and that on the east side of the square ran a *euripus*, or channel, eleven feet wide and four deep, lined with stone blocks, the incline of which (about 1:100) is towards the Tiber. This last find proves that when the rough altar of Volesus Sabinus was succeeded by the present noble construction the pool was drained, and its feeding-springs were led

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the euripus, so that the patients seeking a cure for their ailments could bathe in or drink the miracle-working waters with greater ease.

No attention whatever was paid to the discovery at the time it took place. Instead of reaching the antique level, the excavation for the main sewer of the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele was stopped at the wrong place, within three feet of the pavement; and consequently, whatever fragments of the altar, of inscriptions, of works of art, were lying on the marble floor will lie there forever, as the building of palaces on each side of the Corso, and the construction of the Corso itself, with its costly sewers, sidewalks, etc., have made further research impossible, at least with our present means.

The discovery of the altar of Dis and Proserpina has been confirmed by another find. Zosimus locates it in the Campus Martius, near the field called Trigarium, in which wild horses were tamed and trained to run three abreast (*trigæ*). Where was the Trigarium then? Preller places it near the Palazzo della Cancellaria, Canina near the Pantheon, others near the Monte Citorio; all wrongly, as proved by the following discovery.

In August, 1887, the engineers of the Tiber brought to light a stone *cippus*, lying on the left bank of the river, near the church of S. Biagio della Pagnotta, within three hundred yards of the altar of Dis and Proserpina. The workmen, supposing it to be a worthless block of travertine, broke it into many pieces; and when an inscription of the highest importance was finally discovered on the surface of the block facing the ground, some fragments were already missing. The inscription, which can be easily supplied in the lost portions, relates how, in the year 47 A. D., a committee of five eminent men, of which Paullus Fabius Persicus, ex-consul, was the chairman, had been directed by the Emperor Claudius to verify and mark with *cippi* the boundary line between public and private property on the left bank of the Tiber; and how they had fulfilled their mission *cippis positis a Trigario ad pontem Agrippæ* (by raising terminal stones between the Trigarium and the bridge of Agrippa).[1] It is evident, therefore, that the locality indicated as a *terminus a quo* was very near the place in which the cippus was found, and in close proximity to the altar of the infernal gods and the hot springs, as stated by Zosimus.

This beautiful series of discoveries, in which each so well fits into the others, has been completed by a later one, the importance of which far exceeds our most ardent hopes.

On the 20th of September, 1890, the anniversary day of the annexation of Rome to the kingdom, the workmen employed in the construction of the main sewer, on the left bank of the Tiber, between the Ponte S. Angelo and the church of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini, found a mediæval wall, built from materials of every kind and description, collected at random from the neighboring ruins. Among them there were irregular blocks of marble, bearing fragments of one or more inscriptions which described the celebration of the ludi sæculares in imperial times. By the end of the day seventeen pieces had been recovered, seven of which belonged to a record of the games celebrated under Augustus in the year 17 B. C., the others to those celebrated under Septimius Severus and Caracalla in the year 204 A. D. Later researches led to the discovery of ninety-six more fragments, making a total of one hundred and thirteen, of which eight are of the time of Augustus, the rest of the time of Severus.

The fragments of the year 17 B. C. fit together so as to make a block three me-

[1] Remains of this bridge have been discovered in the bed of the river 160 metres above the modern Ponte Sisto.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tres high, containing one hundred and sixty-eight lines of minute writing. The monument has the shape of a square pillar inclosed by a projecting frame, with base and capital of the Tuscan order; it measured, when entire, four metres in height and one and twelve hundredths in width. The form of the letters is excellent, as becomes the golden Augustan age.

The text has been admirably edited by Professor Mommsen, at the request of the Italian government.[1] The difficulty and extent of the task, and the time necessary for preparing the twelve plates, explain the reason why an inscription of such importance, discovered on September 20, 1890, was not made known to students until thirteen months later.

I believe that no epigraph, among the thirty thousand collected in Volume VI. of the Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, makes a more profound impression on the mind, or appeals more to the feelings, than this official report of a state ceremony which took place 1908 years ago, and was attended by the most illustrious men of the age. We possessed, no doubt, ample information about the event. The oracle of the Sibyl referred to by Phlegon and Zosimus, the hymn of Horace, the legends and designs of the medals struck for the occasion, the account of Augustus himself on the Ancyran monument, the descriptions of Suetonius, of Dion Cassius, of Censorinus, had made us acquainted with the leading particulars; but this official report, engraved by decree of the Senate, immediately after the close of the festivities, on a pillar raised upon the very spot where they took place, gives an altogether different impression: it enables us to take a personal share in the pageant, and permits us to follow with rapture Horace leading a chorus of fifty-four young men and girls of patrician birth, singing the *carmen saeculare*.

There is such a note of simplicity, common sense, order, and mutual respect in the official transactions between Augustus, the Senate, and the College of the Quindecimviri, which preceded, attended, and followed the celebration; in the resolutions passed by the several bodies; in the proclamations addressed to the people; in the material arrangement of the festivities, which a mass of one million or more spectators was expected to attend, that a lesson in civic dignity could be learned from this report by modern governments and corporations.

There is no doubt that the celebration of the games had been proposed and discussed at least two years before by those who wished to impart a solemn religious sanction to the new order of things established by Augustus. The well-known verses of the Æneid VI. 792, 793,

> "Augustus Cæsar, Divi genus, aurea condet
> Sæcula,"

contain a direct allusion to it, although Virgil died in 19 B. C. It is probable that a great deal of time was lost in trying to settle the difficulty about the secular cycle. Once admitted, in spite of historical evidence, that the ludi Tarentini had been instituted, not to avert unexpected calamities, but to solemnize the completion of a sæculum in the life of Rome, it became necessary to alter the duration of an "age," and make it to consist of one hundred and ten years. Whether in a spirit of flattery or credulity, the high priests, the Senate, the Emperor, the poet laureate, the people, all agreed upon the new chronology, and the ludi were ordered for the year 737 A. U. C.; that is, 17 B. C.

The official report begins, or rather began (the first lines are missing), with the request presented by the Quindecimviri to the Senate to take their pro-

[1] I Commentarii dei Ludi Secolari Augustei e Severiani scoperti in Roma sulla sponda del Tevere, con una Illustrazione di Teodoro Mommsen. Roma: Tipografia Salvinucci. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posals into consideration; followed by a decree of the Senate, inviting Augustus to assume the direction of the celebration and arrange its details. The intervention of the Senate was a necessity; no money could be obtained for the purpose from the treasury without the sanction of that body. Hence, in the record of the games under Domitian, we read the formula *ex Senatus consulto*, the meaning of which is purely financial. In this case, the request was addressed to the house on the 17th of February by Marcus Agrippa, president of the Quindecimviri (*magister collegii*), standing before the seat of the consuls.[1] What a scene to behold! We can picture to the mind the two consuls, Gaius Furnius and Junius Silanus, clad in their state robes, listening to the speech of the great statesman, who was supported by twenty colleagues, all ex-consuls, and chosen among the noblest, the richest, the most gallant patricians of the age. There were present: Q. Ælius Tubero, who was the first to draw up a maritime code, the principles of which still hold good; Lucius Arruntius, whose career is described on a pedestal discovered at Atina, which town he had drained and paved at his own expense:[2] C. Asinius Gallus, consul 746 A. U. C.; M. Valerius Messalla Messallinus, to whom Tibullus addressed a congratulatory poem on his election to the Quindecimvirate in 735. The Senate agrees that the preparations for the festival, the building of temporary stages, hippodromes, tribunes, scaffoldings, should be carried out by contractors (*redemptores*), and that the treasury officials should provide the necessary funds.

Lines 1–23 contain a letter addressed by Augustus to the Quindecimviri, detailing the programme of the performance, the number and quality of persons who had to take an official part in it, the dates of days and hours, the number and quality of the victims. The programme was very likely drawn up by C. Ateius Capito, the eminent jurist and founder of a school of jurisprudence, who was considered at the same time the leading authority on religious ceremonials.

Two clauses are especially noteworthy in the imperial manifesto: First, that during the *triduum* of June 1–3 the court-houses should be closed, and judges should not sit on their benches. "Diligenter memineritis litibus per eos dies non esse præstandam audientiam!" Second, the invitation addressed to the ladies in mourning requests them to give up for this occasion that sign of grief. The date of the manifesto is lost, but can be indirectly fixed at March 24.

Upon the receipt of this document the College of the Quindecimviri meets, and, acting on the instructions therein contained, decides that one or more copies shall be exhibited in public (*albo propositæ*), so that the regulations for the ceremonies may be made known not only to those members of the college who had been prevented from attending the meeting, but to the general public. The same day the college decides the particulars concerning two ceremonies, called respectively *distributio suffimentorum* and *acceptio frugum*. In the first, the Quindecimviri were wont to distribute among the Roman citizens torches, sulphur, and bitumen, by means of which they were to purify themselves. I believe that these materials were used chiefly in illuminating the city, and especially the neighborhood of the Tarentum, where scenic plays were performed at night on a temporary stage. The second relates to the distribution of wheat, barley, and beans, which were to be offered to the Fates or to the actors in the dramatic representations. These

[1] The report of the year 204 A. D. describes how the "*xv viri sacris faciundis ante suggestum amplissimorum consulum constiterunt.*"

[2] See Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, vol. x. 5055.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distributions were to be made to enormous masses of people; and although Roman crowds were, as a rule, models of behavior, it was necessary to make arrangements by which as little time as possible should be consumed. Four places of distribution are established, therefore, instead of one, and three mornings are appointed, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of May. May 29, 30, and 31 are named as days for the frugum acceptio. Each centre of distribution is placed under the supervision of four members of the college, a total of sixteen delegates. The places indicated in the programme are: (*a*) the platform in front of the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus on the Capitol; (*b*) the area in front of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, near the gates of the Capitol; (*c*) the portico of the Danaids, in front of the temple of Apollo on the Palatine; (*d*) the temple of Diana on the Aventine. The third distributing station, which in the report of the year 17 B. C. is described as *in Palatio ante ædem Apollinis in porticu eius*, in the report of 204 A. D. is called *ad Romam Quadratam*. The importance of this term will be duly appreciated by students of Roman topography. It is an established fact that the Roma Quadrata had, strictly speaking, nothing to do with the city itself and with its primitive shape.[1]

The Roma Quadrata was an altar, made of roughly squared stones, erected on the site where the instruments used by the founders of the city in tracing the furrow (*sulcus primigenius*) had been buried. Considering the absolute ignorance of ancient writers on this subject, and the almost absurd definitions they give of the Roma Quadrata, we had come to the conclusion that the altar had been removed, or dismantled, or buried by Augustus when he built the temple of Apollo and the portico of the Danaids. The report of 204 A. D. shows that our opinion was wrong, and that the old altar, the most venerable monument of Roman history, had survived the vicissitudes of time, and the transformation of the Palatine from the cradle of the city into the palace of the Cæsars.

The next day, March 25, the Quindecimviri meet again, but the resolutions passed are not known, because lines 37–45, which contain the minutes of the meeting, are in such a fragmentary state as to convey no meaning. The place of meeting is indicated by the words *pro æde*, "before the temple," very likely of Apollo, in which the Sibylline books were kept. The connection between the Quindecimviri and these books is too well known to be dwelt upon here; but I mention it because of the light it throws on a discovery of great importance, which, although made two centuries ago, is not yet known to students.

The written oracles supposed to concern the Roman commonwealth were originally kept in a stone coffer, and deposited in one of the crypts of the Capitol. The privilege of consulting those oracular books on all occasions of state was given to two priests, called *duumviri sacrorum*. They could not open the stone coffer, however, without a decree of the Senate. In 388 A. U. C. eight priests were added to the first two, and later on the number was increased to fifteen; from whence they were called *decemviri* or *quindecimviri*. Julius Cæsar added a sixteenth, and Augustus was permitted by the Senate to enlarge the number without restriction. The title of Quindecimviri was retained even when the number amounted to forty and sixty. The number of those present at

[1] This much-debated question has been resumed lately by Professor Pigorini in a memoir, yet unpublished, read at the sitting of the German Institute December 17, 1890, and by Professor Otto Richter in his pamphlet Die Älteste Wohnstätte des Römischen Volkes, Berlin, 1891. I believe the last word has not yet been said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the celebration of the year 17 was twenty-one.

The old Sibylline books were destroyed in the fire which wasted the Capitol in 671 A. U. C. During the dictatorship of Sulla deputies were sent to Asia Minor to collect whatever verses tradition attributed to the Sibylla Erythræa, which were almost a thousand in number. Augustus gathered from the same region, from the islands of the Ægean Sea, and from Africa more than two thousand volumes of Greek and Latin verses which passed under the names of the Sibyls. They were carefully examined one by one: those apocryphal were given up to the *prætor urbanus* and burnt in public; those considered genuine were deposited in two gilt cases in a recess of the temple of Apollo, immediately under the pedestal of the statue. The safe-keeping of the precious books was entrusted again to the Quindecimviri. The last account we find of them belongs to the year 363 A. D. In the night between the 18th and 19th of March the temple of Apollo was destroyed by fire. The only objects which the firemen, led by Apronianus, prefect of the city, could rescue from the wreck were the Sibylline books. Their final destruction is attributed to Honorius and Stilicho.

There is no doubt that the recess in which they had been safely kept for four centuries was rediscovered in the seventeenth century. Pietro Sante Bartoli describes it in his Recollections of Roman Discoveries in the following words: —

"In the garden of Duke Mattei on the Palatine [which contains the ruins of Apollo's temple], in the course of the excavations made under the pontificate of Alexander VII. [1655–67], several fluted columns of *giallo antico* were found [the columns of the portico of the Danaids, described by Propertius], some statues in fragments [the statues of the Danaids], and, above all, a recess, the walls of which were lined with silver plates. There were marks on these plates of still more precious ornaments, as if they had been studded with gems. The excavators, ignorant of the value of these remains, broke the silver plates in pieces, and sold the fragments to a man named Palombo, a servant of Cardinal Nini."

To come back, however, to the report of the ludi. May 23 the Senate meets in the Septa Julia, the portico just built by Agrippa between the Via Flaminia and his baths, the remains of which are still visible under the Palazzo Doria and the church of S. Maria in Via Lata. Two resolutions are passed by the house in connection with the games. To the first resolution Horace alludes in verses 17–20 of his hymn: —

> "Rite maturos aperire partus
> Lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
> Sive tu Lucina probas vocari
> Seu Genitalis." [1]

Among the penalties imposed on men and women who, in spite of the law against celibacy,[2] had remained single between the ages of twenty and fifty years, there was the prohibition of attending public festivities and state ceremonies. The Senate, considering the extraordinary case of the ludi sæculares, which none amongst the living had seen or would see again, takes away the prohibition.

The second resolution provides for the erection of two commemorative pillars, one of bronze, the other of marble, upon

[1] "O Goddess, whether you choose the title of Lucina or Genitalis, multiply our offspring, and *prosper the decrees of the Senate* in relation *to the joining* of women in wedlock, and the matrimonial law."

[2] In the year 730 Augustus revived the old Roman constitution which forbade citizens to live unmarried. In his *lex de maritandis ordinibus* rewards are offered to those willing to obey it, and punishment or fines imposed for celibacy. In 762 he made another law on the same subject. The first is known by the name *lex Julia*, the second as *Papia Poppæa*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the official report of the celebration should be engraved. Of these two pillars, the one cast in bronze is, most likely, lost forever; the marble pillar is the very one recovered on the bank of the Tiber September 20, 1890, the inscription on which we are trying to make clear.

In a final sitting held by the Quindecimviri May 25 the programme is specified in its last details. It is divided into six parts, as follows: —

First night, between May 31 and June 1, to be sacred to the Fates, Μοῖραι; first day to Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Second night to the Ilithyiæ, daughters of Hera; second day to Juno Regina. Third night to Mother Earth; third day to Apollo and Diana.

The celebration, in the strict sense of the word, began at the second hour of the night of May 31. Sacrifices were offered to the Fates, on altars erected between the Tarentum and the banks of the Tiber, where S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini now stands, and other ceremonies were performed on a wooden stage illuminated by lights and fires. This temporary theatre was unprovided with seats; the report calls it "a stage without a theatre" (*scæna, quoi theatrum adiectum non fuit, nullis positis sedilibus*).

In the next day's performances, and those of June 2 and 3, which took place on the Capitol and on the Palatine, by the temples of Jupiter and Juno, and of Apollo and Diana, the following order was observed in the official pageant: first came Augustus as Emperor and as Pontifex Maximus, the consuls, the Senate, the Quindecimviri and other colleges of priests; then followed the Vestal Virgins,[1] and a group of one hundred and ten matrons, as many as there were years in the sæculum, selected from among the most exemplary *matres familiarum* above twenty-five years of age. Twenty-seven boys and twenty-seven girls of patrician descent, with both parents living (*patrimi et matrimi*), were enrolled on June 3 to sing the hymn composed expressly by Horace: CARMEN COMPOSUIT Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS. So the report says in line 149. The first stanzas of the beautiful canticle were sung when the procession was on its way from Apollo's temple to the Capitol, the middle ones before Jupiter's temple, the last on the way back to the Palatine. This is, at least, the interpretation given by Mommsen to lines 147–149 of the report, which, taken literally, would signify that the whole hymn was sung twice, once on the Palatine, again on the Capitol. This seems hardly possible. In the first place, the canticle is addressed to "Phœbus silvarumque potens Diana," and it would have sounded out of place if sung entire before Jupiter's altar; in the second place, it is too long (seventy-six verses) to have admitted of a repetition the same day. The accompaniments were played by the orchestra and the trumpeters of the official choir (*tibicines et fidicines qui sacris publicis præsto sunt*[2]).

I wish these lines might fall under the eyes of my illustrious friend Alma Tadema, and give him an inspiration for one of his masterpieces. The scene of magnificence and beauty which the Roman citizens beheld on the morning of June 3, 17 B. C., can be felt and seen as in a dream, but baffles description. Imagine the group of fifty-four young patricians, clad in snow-white tunics, crowned with flowers, and waving branches of laurel, led by Horace down the Vicus

[1] In the report of 204 A. D., two Vestals, Numisia Maximilla and Terentia Flavola, are distinctly mentioned as standing near the Empress Julia Domna. Their statues and eulogies were discovered in 1883, in the Atrium Vestæ. The date inscribed on Numisia's pedestal is the year 201. She presided over the sisterhood at least fourteen years, and was succeeded by Terentia Flavola in 215.

[2] The *columbaria* of these *tibicines* and *fidicines* were discovered in 1873, under my supervision, near the church of S. Eusebio on the Esquiline.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apollinis, the street which led from the Summa Sacra Via to the middle of the Palatine, and the Sacra Via, to sing the praises of the immortal gods,

"Quibus septem placuere colles!"

In these three days and nights Augustus gave evidence of a truly remarkable strength of mind and body, never missing a ceremony, and performing himself the sacrifice of the victims. Nine lambs and nine goats were slain the first night, in honor of the Fates; a bull the following morning, in honor of Jupiter. The second night he offered twenty-seven cakes to the Ilithyiæ. These cakes, as well as those offered to Apollo and Diana at the close of the triduum, were of three kinds. The first, called *libum*, was composed of flour and grated cheese; the recipe is given by Cato (De Re Rustica, 75). The second, called *popanus*, was an old Greek concoction, not unlike Cato's cake. The recipe of the third, called φθοῖς, is given by Athenæus, a mixture of grated cheese, honey, and aniseed sifted through a copper sieve and rolled together. On the morning of the second day a cow was sacrificed to Juno, and the next night a pregnant sow to Mother Earth. Agrippa shows less power of endurance than his friend and master, Augustus; he appears only in the daytime, helping the Emperor in addressing supplications to the gods and immolating the victims.

I cannot close this article in a better way than by quoting the text of these supplications, truly admirable in their simplicity: —

"O Fates [or Jupiter, Juno, etc.], as it is written in those books [meaning the Sibyllines], I have duly offered to you a sacrifice. . . . I entreat you to increase the power and majesty of the Roman people, both at home and abroad; to protect forever the Latin name; to give to the Roman people immunity from evils, victory, health. Be merciful and benevolent to the Roman people and their legions, to the College of the Quindecimviri, to myself, to my house and family."

Rodolfo Lanciani.

WITH THE NIGHT.

O doubts, dull passions, and base fears,
  That harassed and oppressed the day,
Ye poor remorses and vain tears,
  That shook this house of clay:

All heaven to the western bars
  Is glittering with the darker dawn;
Here with the earth, the night, the stars,
  Ye have no place: begone!

Archibald Lampman.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON ORSINO.

IV.

THE rage of speculation was at its height in Rome. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of persons were embarked in enterprises which soon afterwards ended in total ruin to themselves, and in very serious injury to many of the strongest financial bodies in the country. Yet it is a fact worth recording that the general principle upon which affairs were conducted was an honest one. The land was a fact, the buildings put up were facts, and there was actually a certain amount of capital, of genuine ready money, in use. The whole matter can be explained in a few words.

The population of Rome had increased considerably since the Italian occupation, and house-room was needed for the newcomers. Then the partial execution of the scheme for beautifying the city had destroyed great numbers of dwellings in the most thickly populated parts, and more house-room was needed to compensate the loss of habitations, while extensive lots of land were suddenly set free and offered for sale upon easy conditions in all parts of the town.

Those who availed themselves of these opportunities before the general rush began realized immense profits, especially when they had some capital of their own to begin with. But capital was not indispensable. A man could buy his lot on credit; the banks were ready to advance him money on notes of hand, in small amounts at high interest, wherewith to build his house or houses. When the building was finished, the bank took a first mortgage upon the property; the owner let the house, paid the interest on the mortgage out of the rent, and pocketed the difference as clear gain. In the majority of cases it was the bank itself which sold the lot of land to the speculator. It is clear, therefore, that the only money which actually changed hands was that advanced in small sums by the bank itself.

As speculation increased, the banks could not afford to lock up all the small notes of hand they received from various quarters. This paper became a circulating medium as far as Vienna, Paris, and even London. The crash came when Vienna, Paris, and London lost faith in the paper, owing, in the first instance, to one or two small failures, and returned it upon Rome. The banks, unable to obtain cash for it at any price, and being short of ready money, could then no longer discount the speculator's further notes of hand; so that the speculator found himself with half-built houses upon his hands, which he could neither let, nor finish, nor sell, and owing money upon bills which he had expected to meet by giving the bank a mortgage on the now valueless property. That is what took place in the majority of cases, and it is not necessary to go into further details, though of course chance played all the usual variations upon the theme of ruin.

What distinguishes the period of speculation in Rome from most other manifestations of the kind in Europe is the prominent part played in it by the old landholding families, a number of which ruined themselves in wild schemes which no sensible man of business would have touched. This was more or less the result of recent changes in the laws regulating the power of persons making a will.

Previous to 1870 the law of primogeniture was as much respected in Rome as in England, and was carried out with considerably greater strictness. The heir got everything; the other children got practically nothing but the smallest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pittance. The palace, the gallery of pictures and statues, the lands, the villages, and the castles descended in unbroken succession from eldest son to eldest son, indivisible in principle and undivided in fact.

The new law requires that one half of the total property shall be equally distributed by the testator amongst all his children. He may leave the other half to any one he pleases, and as a matter of practice he leaves it to his eldest son.

Another law, however, forbids the alienation of all collections of works of art, either wholly or in part, if they have existed as such for a certain length of time, and if the public has been admitted daily or on any fixed days to visit them. It is not in the power of the Borghese or the Colonna, for instance, to sell a picture or a statue out of their galleries, nor to raise money upon such an object by mortgage or otherwise.

Yet these works of art figure at a very high valuation in the total property of which the testator must divide one half amongst his children, though in point of fact they yield no income whatever. But it is of no use to divide them, since none of the heirs could be at liberty to take them away or realize their value in any manner.

The consequence is that the principal heir, after the division has taken place, finds himself the nominal master of certain enormously valuable possessions which in reality yield him nothing, or next to nothing. He also foresees that in the next generation the same state of things will exist in a far higher degree, and that the position of the head of the family will go from bad to worse, until a crisis of some kind takes place.

Such a case has recently occurred. A certain Roman prince is bankrupt. The sale of his gallery would certainly relieve the pressure, and would possibly free him from debt altogether. But neither he nor his creditors can lay a finger upon the pictures, nor raise a centime upon them. This man, therefore, is permanently reduced to penury, and his creditors are large losers, while he is still, *de jure* and *de facto*, the owner of property probably sufficient to cover all his obligations. Fortunately, he chances to be childless, a fact consoling, perhaps, to the philanthropist, but not especially so to the sufferer himself.

It is clear that the temptation to increase "distributable" property, if one may coin such an expression, is very great, and accounts for the way in which many Roman gentlemen have rushed headlong into speculation, though possessing none of the qualities necessary for success, and only one of the requisites, namely, a certain amount of ready money, or free and convertible property. A few have been fortunate, while the majority of those who have tried the experiment have been heavy losers. It cannot be said that any one of them all has shown natural talent for finance.

Let the reader forgive these dry explanations, if he can. The facts explained have a direct bearing upon the story I am telling, but shall not, as mere facts, be referred to again.

I have already said that Ugo Del Ferice had returned to Rome soon after the change, had established himself with his wife, Donna Tullia, and at the time I am speaking about was deeply engaged in the speculations of the day. He had once been tolerably popular in society, having been looked upon as a harmless creature, useful in his way and very obliging. But the circumstances which had attended his flight some years earlier had become known, and most of his old acquaintances turned him the cold shoulder. He had expected this, and was neither disappointed nor humiliated. He had made new friends and acquaintances during his exile, and it was to his interest to stand by them. Like many of those who had played petty and dishonorable parts in the revolutionary times, he had succeeded in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

building up a reputation for patriotism on a very slight foundation, and had found persons willing to believe him a sufferer who had escaped martyrdom for the cause, and had deserved the crown of election by a constituency as a just reward of his devotion. The Romans cared very little what became of him. The old Blacks confounded Victor Emmanuel with Garibaldi, Carron with Persiano, and Silvio Pellico with Del Ferice in one sweeping condemnation, desiring nothing so much as never to hear the hated names mentioned in their houses. The Gray party, being also Roman, disapproved of Ugo on general principles, and particularly because he had been a spy; but the Whites, not being Romans at all, and entertaining an especial detestation for every distinctly Roman opinion, received him at his own estimation, as society receives most people who live in good houses, give good dinners, and observe the proprieties in the matter of visiting-cards. Those who knew anything definite of the man's antecedents were mostly persons who had little histories of their own, and they told no tales out of school. The great personages who had once employed him would have been magnanimous enough to acknowledge him in any case, but were agreeably disappointed when they discovered that he was not amongst the common herd of pension hunters, and claimed no substantial reward save their politeness and a line in the visiting-lists of their wives. And as he grew in wealth and importance they found that he could be useful still, as bank directors and members of parliament can be, in a thousand ways. So it came to pass that the Count and Countess Del Ferice became prominent persons in the Roman world.

Ugo was a man of undoubted talent. By his own individual efforts, though with small scruple as to the means he employed, he had raised himself from obscurity to a very enviable position. He had only once in his life been carried away by the weakness of a personal enmity, and he had been made to pay heavily for his caprice. If Donna Tullia had abandoned him when he was driven out of Rome by the influence of the Saracinesca, he might have disappeared altogether from the scene. But she was an odd compound of rashness and foresight, of belief and unbelief, and she had at that time felt herself bound by an oath she dared not break, besides being attached to him by a hatred of Giovanni Saracinesca almost as great as his own. She had followed him and had married him without hesitation; but she had kept the undivided possession of her fortune, while allowing him a liberal use of her income. In return, she claimed a certain liberty of action when she chose to avail herself of it. She would not be bound in the choice of her acquaintances, nor criticised in the measure of like or dislike she bestowed upon them. She was by no means wholly bad, and if she had a harmless fancy now and then, she required her husband to treat her as above suspicion. On the whole, the arrangement worked very well. Del Ferice, on his part, was unswervingly faithful to her in word and deed, for he exhibited in a high degree that unfaltering constancy which is bred of a permanent, indispensable, financial interest. Bad men are often clever, but if their cleverness is of a superior order they rarely do anything bad. It is true that when they yield to the pressure of necessity their wickedness surpasses that of other men in the same degree as their intelligence. Not only honesty, but all virtue collectively, is the best possible policy, provided that the politician can handle such a tremendous engine of evil as goodness is in the hands of a thoroughly bad man.

Those who desired pecuniary accommodation of the bank in which Del Ferice had an interest had no better friend than he. His power with the directors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed to be as boundless as his desire to assist the borrower. But he was helpless to prevent the foreclosure of a mortgage, and had been moved almost to tears in the expression of his sympathy with the debtor and of his horror at the hard-heartedness shown by his partners. To prove his disinterested spirit, it need only be said that on many occasions he had actually come forward as a private individual and taken over the mortgage himself, distinctly stating that he could not hold it for more than a year, but expressing a hope that the debtor might in that time retrieve himself. If this really happened, he earned the man's eternal gratitude; if not, he foreclosed, indeed, but the loser never forgot that by Del Ferice's kindness he had been offered a last chance at a desperate moment. It could not be said to be Del Ferice's fault that the second case was the more frequent one, nor that the result to himself was profit in either event.

In his dealings with his constituency he showed a noble desire for the public welfare, for he was never known to refuse anything in reason to the electors who applied to him. It is true that in the case of certain applications he consumed so much time in preliminary inquiries and subsequent formalities that the applicants sometimes died, and sometimes emigrated to the Argentine Republic, before the matter could be settled; but they bore with them to South America — or to the grave — the belief that the Onorevole Del Ferice was on their side, and the instances of his prompt, decisive, and successful action were many. He represented a small town in the Neapolitan province, and the benefits and advantages he had obtained for it were numberless. The provincial highroad had been made to pass through it; all express trains stopped at its station, though the passengers who made use of the inestimable privilege did not average twenty in the month; it possessed a Piazza Vittorio Emmanuela, a Corso Garibaldi, a Via Cavour, a public garden of at least a quarter of an acre, planted with no less than twenty-five acacias, and adorned by a fountain representing a desperate-looking character in the act of firing a finely executed revolver at an imaginary oppressor. Pigs were not allowed within the limits of the town, and the uniforms of the municipal brass band were perfectly new. Could civilization do more? The bank of which Del Ferice was a director bought the octroi duties of the town at the periodical auction, and farmed them skillfully, together with those of many other towns in the same province.

So Del Ferice was a successful man; and it need scarcely be said that he was now not only independent of his wife's help, but very much richer than she had ever been. They lived in a highly decorated, detached modern house in the new part of the city. The gilded gate before the little plot of garden bore their intertwined initials, surmounted by a modest count's coronet. Donna Tullia would have preferred a coat of arms, or even a crest; but Ugo was sensitive to ridicule, and he was aware that a count's coronet in Rome means nothing at all, whereas a coat of arms means vastly more than in most cities.

Within, the dwelling was somewhat unpleasantly gorgeous. Donna Tullia had always loved red, both for itself and because it made her own complexion seem less florid by contrast, and accordingly red satin predominated in the drawing-rooms, red velvet in the dining-room, red damask in the hall, and red carpets on the stairs. Some fine specimens of gilding were also to be seen, and Del Ferice had been one of the first to use electric light. Everything was new, expensive, and polished to its extreme capacity for reflection. The servants wore vivid liveries, and on formal occasions the butler appeared in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shortclothes and black silk stockings. Donna Tullia's equipage was visible at a great distance, but Del Ferice's own coachman and groom wore dark green with black epaulets.

On the morning which Orsino and Madame d'Aragona had spent in Gouache's studio, the Countess Del Ferice entered her husband's study in order to consult him upon a rather delicate matter. He was alone, but busy, as usual. His attention was divided between an important bank operation and a petition for his help in obtaining a decoration for the mayor of the town he represented. The claim to this distinction seemed to rest chiefly upon the petitioner's marked evidence in regard to his own moral rectitude, yet Del Ferice was really exercising all his ingenuity to discover some suitable reason for asking the favor. He laid the papers down with a sigh as Donna Tullia came in.

"Good-morning, my angel," he said suavely, as he pointed to a chair at his side, the one usually occupied at this hour by seekers for financial support. "Have you rested well?" He never failed to ask the question.

"Not badly, not badly, thank Heaven!" answered Donna Tullia. "I have a dreadful cold, of course, and a headache; my head is really splitting."

"Rest is what you need, my dear."

"Oh, it is nothing. This Durakoff is a great man. If he had not made me go to Carlsbad — I really do not know. But I have something to say to you. I want your help, Ugo. Please listen to me."

Ugo's fat white face already expressed anxious attention. To accentuate the expression of his readiness to listen, he now put all his papers into a drawer and turned towards his wife.

"I must go to the Jubilee," said Donna Tullia, coming to the point.

"Of course you must go."

"And I must have my seat among the Roman ladies."

"Of course you must," repeated Del Ferice, with a little less alacrity.

"Ah! You see. It is not so easy. You know it is not. Yet I have as good a right to my seat as any one; better, perhaps."

"Hardly that," returned Ugo, with a smile. "When you married me, my angel, you relinquished your claims to a seat at the Vatican functions."

"I did nothing of the kind. I never said so, I am sure."

"Perhaps if you could make that clear to the major-domo" —

"Absurd, Ugo. You know it is. Besides, I will not beg. You must get me the seat. You can do anything with your influence."

"You could easily get into one of the diplomatic tribunes," observed Ugo.

"I will not go there. I mean to assert myself. I am a Roman lady and I will have my seat, and you must get it for me."

"I will do my best. But I do not quite see where to begin. It will need time and consideration and much tact."

"It seems to me very simple. Go to one of the clerical deputies and say that you want the ticket for your wife" —

"And then?"

"Give him to understand that you will vote for his next measure. Nothing could be simpler, I am sure."

Del Ferice smiled blandly at his wife's ideas of parliamentary diplomacy.

"There are no clerical deputies in the parliament of the nation. If there were the thing might be possible, and it would be very interesting to all the clericals to read an account of the transaction in the Osservatore Romano. In any case, I am not sure that it will be much to our advantage that the wife of the Onorevole Del Ferice should be seen seated in the midst of the Black ladies. It will produce an unfavorable impression."

"If you are going to talk of impressions" — Donna Tullia shrugged her massive shoulders.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No, my dear. You mistake me. I am not going to talk of them, because, as I once told you, it is quite right that you should go to this affair. If you go, you must go in the proper way. No doubt there will be people who will have invitations, but will not use them. We can perhaps procure you the use of such a ticket."

"I do not care what name is on the paper, provided I can sit in the right place."

"Very well," answered Del Ferice. "I will do my best."

"I expect it of you, Ugo. It is not often that I ask anything of you, is it? It is the least you can do. The idea of getting a card that is not to be used is good; of course they will all get them, and some of them are sure to be ill."

Donna Tullia went away satisfied that what she wanted would be forthcoming at the right moment. What she had said was true. She rarely asked anything of her husband. But when she did, she gave him to understand that she would have it at any price. It was her way of asserting herself from time to time. On the present occasion she had no especial interest at stake, and any other woman might have been satisfied with a seat in the diplomatic tribune, which could probably have been obtained without great difficulty. But she had heard that the seats there were to be very high, and she really did not wish to be placed in too prominent a position. The light might be unfavorable, and she knew that she was subject to growing very red in places where it was hot. She had once been a handsome woman and a very vain one, but even her vanity could not survive the daily shock of the looking-glass torture. To sit for four or five hours in a high light, facing fifty thousand people, was more than she could bear with equanimity.

Del Ferice, being left to himself, returned to the question of the mayor's decoration, which was of vastly greater importance to him than his wife's position at the approaching function. If he failed to get the man what he wanted, the fellow would doubtless apply to some one of the opposite party, would receive the coveted honor, and would take the whole voting population of the town with him at the next general election, to the total discomfiture of Del Ferice. It was necessary to find some valid reason for proposing him for the distinction. Ugo could not decide what to do just then, but he ultimately hit upon a successful plan. He advised his correspondent to write a pamphlet upon the rapid improvement of agricultural interests in his district under the existing ministry, and he even went so far as to inclose with his letter some notes on the subject. These notes proved to be so voluminous and complete that when the mayor had copied them he could not find a pretext for adding a single word or correction. They were printed upon excellent paper, with ornamental margins, under the title Onward, Parthenope! Of course every one knows that Parthenope means Naples, the Neapolitans and the Neapolitan province, a siren of that name having come to final grief somewhere between the Chiatamone and Posilippo. The mayor got his decoration, and Del Ferice was reëlected; but no one has inquired into the truth of the statements made in the pamphlet upon agriculture.

It is clear that a man who was capable of taking so much trouble for so small a matter would not disappoint his wife when she had set her heart upon such a trifle as a ticket for the Jubilee. Within three days he had the promise of what he wanted. A certain lonely lady of high position lay very ill just then, and it need scarcely be explained that her confidential servant fell upon the invitation as soon as it arrived and sold it for a round sum to the first applicant, who happened to be Count Del Ferice's valet. So the matter was arranged, privately and without scandal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Rome was alive with expectation. The date fixed was the 1st of January, and as the day approached the curious foreigner mustered in his thousands and tens of thousands, and took the city by storm. The hotels were thronged. The billiard tables were hired as furnished rooms; people slept in the lifts, on the landings, in the porters' lodges. The thrifty Romans retreated to roofs and cellars, and let their small dwellings. People reaching the city on the last night slept in the cabs they had hired to take them to St. Peter's before dawn. Even the supplies of food ran low, and the hungry fed on what they could get, while the delicate of taste very often did not feed at all. There was of course the usual scare about a revolutionary demonstration, to which the natives paid very little attention, but which delighted the foreigners.

Not more than half of those who hoped to witness the ceremony saw anything of it, though the basilica will hold some eighty thousand people at a pinch, and the crowd on that occasion was far greater than at the opening of the Œcumenical Council in 1869.

Madame d'Aragona had also determined to be present, and she expressed her desire to Gouache. She had spoken the strict truth when she had said that she knew no one in Rome, and so far as general accuracy is concerned it was equally true that she had not fixed the length of her stay. She had not come with any settled purpose beyond a vague idea of having her portrait painted by the French artist, and unless she took the trouble to make acquaintances there was nothing attractive enough about the capital to keep her. She allowed herself to be driven about the town, on pretense of seeing churches and galleries, but in reality she saw very little of either. She was preoccupied with her own thoughts, and subject to fits of abstraction. Most things seemed to her intensely dull, and the unhappy guide who had been selected to accompany her on her excursions wasted his learning upon her on the first morning, and subsequently exhausted the magnificent catalogue of impossibilities, which he had fabricated for the especial benefit of the uncultivated foreigner, without eliciting so much as a look of interest or an expression of surprise. He was a young and fascinating guide, wearing a white satin tie, and on the third day he recited some verses of Specchetti, and was about to risk a declaration of worship in ornate prose, when he was suddenly rather badly scared by the lady's yellow eyes, and ran on nervously with a string of deceased popes and their dates.

"Get me a card for the Jubilee," she said abruptly.

"An entrance is very easily procured," answered the guide. "In fact, I have one in my pocket, as it happens. I bought it for twenty francs this morning, thinking that one of my foreigners would perhaps take it of me. I do not even gain a franc, — my word of honor."

Madame d'Aragona glanced at the slip of paper.

"Not that," she answered. "Do you imagine that I will stand? I want a seat in one of the tribunes."

The guide lost himself in apologies, but explained that he could not get what she desired.

"What are you for?" she inquired.

She was an indolent woman, but when by any chance she wanted anything Donna Tullia herself was not more restless. She drove at once to Gouache's studio. He was alone, and she told him what she needed.

"The Jubilee, madame? Is it possible that you have been forgotten?"

"Since they have never heard of me! I have not the slightest claim to a place."

"It is you who say that. But your place is already secured. Fear nothing. You will be with the Roman ladies."

"I do not understand."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It is simple. I was thinking of it yesterday. Young Saracinesca comes in and begins to talk about you. There is Madame d'Aragona who has no seat, he says. One must arrange that. So it is arranged."

"By Don Orsino?"

"You would not accept? No. A young man, and you have met only once. But tell me what you think of him. Do you like him?"

"One does not like people so easily as that," replied Madame d'Aragona. "How have you arranged about the seat?"

"It is very simple. There are to be two days, you know. My wife has her cards for both, of course. She will go once only. If you will accept the one for the first day, she will be very happy."

"You are angelic, my dear friend! Then I go as your wife?" She laughed.

"Precisely. You will be Faustina Gouache instead of Madame d'Aragona."

"How delightful! By the bye, do not call me Madame d'Aragona. It is not my name. I might as well call you Monsieur de Paris, because you are a Parisian."

"I do not put Anastase Gouache de Paris on my cards," answered Gouache, with a laugh. "What may I call you? Donna Maria?"

"My name is Maria Consuelo d'Aranjuez."

"An ancient Spanish name," said Gouache.

"My husband was an Italian."

"Ah! Of Spanish descent, originally of Aragona. Of course."

"Exactly. Since I am here, shall I sit for you? You might almost finish to-day."

"Not so soon as that. It is Don Orsino's hour, but as he has not come, and since you are so kind, by all means."

"Ah! Is he unpunctual?"

"He is probably running after those abominable dogs, in pursuit of the feeble fox, — what they call the noble sport." Gouache's face expressed considerable disgust.

"Poor fellow!" said Maria Consuelo. "He has nothing else to do."

"He will get used to it. They all do. Besides, it really is the natural condition of man. Total idleness is his element. If Providence meant man to work, it should have given him two heads, one for his profession and one for himself. A man needs one entire and undivided intelligence for the study of his own individuality."

"What an idea!"

"Do not men of great genius notoriously forget themselves, — forget to eat and drink and dress themselves like Christians? That is because they have not two heads. Providence expects a man to do two things at once, — sing an air from an opera and invent the steam engine at the same moment. Nature rebels. Then Providence and Nature do not agree. What becomes of religion? It is all a mystery. Believe me, madame, art is easier than nature, and painting is simpler than theology."

Maria Consuelo listened to Gouache's extraordinary remarks with a smile.

"You are either paradoxical or irreligious, or both," she said.

"Irreligious? I, who carried a rifle at Mentana? No, madame, I am a good Catholic."

"What does that mean?"

"I believe in God, and I love my wife. I leave it to the Church to define my other articles of belief. I have only one head, as you see." Gouache smiled, but there was a note of sincerity in the odd statement which did not escape his hearer.

"You are not of the type which belongs to the end of the century," she said.

"That type was not invented when I was forming myself."

"Perhaps you belong rather to the coming age, the age of simplification."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"As distinguished from the age of mystification, religious, political, scientific, and artistic," suggested Gouache. "The people of that day will guess the Sphinx's riddle."

"Mine? You were comparing me to a sphinx the other day."

"Yours, perhaps, madame. Who knows? Are you the typical woman of the ending century?"

"Why not?" asked Maria Consuelo, with a sleepy look.

V.

There is something grand in any great assembly of animals belonging to the same race. The very idea of an immense number of living creatures conveys an impression not suggested by anything else. A compact herd of fifty or sixty thousand lions would be an appalling vision, beside which a like multitude of human beings would sink into insignificance. A drove of wild cattle is, I think, a finer sight than a regiment of cavalry in motion; for the cavalry is composite, half man and half horse, whereas the cattle have the advantage of unity. But we can never see so many animals of any species driven together into one limited space as to be equal to a vast throng of men and women, and we conclude, naturally enough, that a crowd consisting solely of our own kind is the most imposing one conceivable.

It was scarcely light, on the morning of New Year's Day, when the Princess Sant' Ilario found herself seated in one of the low tribunes on the north side of the high altar in St. Peter's. Her husband and her eldest son had accompanied her, and having placed her in a position from which they judged she could easily escape at the end of the ceremony, they remained standing in the narrow, winding passage between improvised barriers which led from the tribune to the door of the sacristy, and which had been so arranged as to prevent confusion. Here they waited, greeting their acquaintances when they could recognize them in the dim twilight of the church, and watching the ever-increasing crowd that surged slowly backward and forward outside the barrier. The old prince was entitled by an hereditary office to a place in the great procession of the day, and was not now with them.

Orsino felt as though the whole world were assembled about him within the huge cathedral, as though its heart were beating audibly and its muffled breathing rising and falling in his hearing. The unceasing sound that went up from the compact mass of living beings was soft in quality, but enormous in volume and sustained in tone, — a great whispering which might have been heard a mile away. One hears in mammoth musical festivals the extraordinary effect of four or five thousand voices singing very softly; it is not to be compared with the unceasing whisper of fifty thousand men.

The young fellow was conscious of a strange, irregular thrill of enthusiasm which ran through him from time to time and startled his imagination into life. It was only the instinct of a strong vitality unconsciously longing to be the central point of the vitalities around it. But he could not understand that. It seemed to him like a great opportunity brought within reach, but slipping by untaken, not to return again. He felt a strange, almost uncontrollable longing to spring upon one of the tribunes, to raise his voice, to speak to the great multitude, to fire all those men to break out and carry everything before them. He laughed audibly at himself. Sant' Ilario looked at his son with some curiosity.

"What amuses you?" he asked.

"A dream," answered Orsino, still smiling. "Who knows?" he exclaimed, after a pause. "What would happen if, at the right moment, the right man could stir such a crowd as this?"

"Strange things," replied Sant' Ilario

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gravely. "A crowd is a terrible weapon."

"Then my dream was not so foolish, after all. One might make history to-day."

Sant' Ilario made a gesture expressive of indifference.

"What is history?" he asked. "A comedy in which the actors have no written parts, but improvise their speeches and actions as best they can. That is the reason why history is so dull and so full of mistakes."

"And of surprises," suggested Orsino.

"The surprises in history are always disagreeable, my boy," answered Sant' Ilario.

Orsino felt the coldness in the answer, and felt even more his father's readiness to damp any expression of enthusiasm. Of late he had encountered this chilling indifference at almost every turn, whenever he gave vent to his admiration for any sort of activity.

It was not that Giovanni Saracinesca had any intention of repressing his son's energetic instincts, and he assuredly had no idea of the effect his words often produced. He sometimes wondered at the sudden silence which came over the young man after such conversations, but he did not understand it, and on the whole paid little attention to it. He remembered that he himself had been different, and had been wont to argue hotly and not unfrequently to quarrel with his father about trifles. He himself had been headstrong, passionate, often intractable, in his early youth, and his father had been no better at sixty, and was little improved in that respect even at his present great age. But Orsino did not argue. He suggested, and if any one disagreed with him he became silent. He seemed to possess energy in action and a number of rather fantastic aspirations, but in conversation he was easily silenced, and in outward manner he would have appeared too yielding if he had not often seemed too cold.

Giovanni did not see that Orsino was most like his mother in character, while the contact with a new generation had given him something unfamiliar to the old; an affectation at first, but one which habit was amalgamating with the real nature beneath.

No doubt it was wise and right to discourage ideas which would tend in any way to revolution. Giovanni had seen revolutions, and had been the loser by them. It was not wise, and certainly was not necessary, to throw cold water on the young fellow's harmless aspirations. But Giovanni had lived for many years in his own way, rich, respected, and supremely happy, and he believed that his way was good enough for Orsino. He had, in his youth, tried most things for himself, and had found them failures so far as happiness was concerned. Orsino might make the series of experiments in his turn, if he pleased, but there was no adequate reason for such an expenditure of energy. The sooner the boy loved some girl who would make him a good wife, and the sooner he married her, the sooner he would find that calm, satisfactory existence which had not finally come to Giovanni until after thirty years of age. As for the question of fortune, it was true that there were four sons; but there was Giovanni's mother's fortune, there was Corona's fortune, and there was the great Saracinesca estate behind both. They were all so extremely rich that the deluge must be very distant.

Orsino understood none of these things. He realized only that his father had the faculty and apparently the intention of freezing any originality he chanced to show, and he inwardly resented the coldness, quietly, if foolishly, resolving to astonish those who misunderstood him by seizing the first opportunity of doing something out of the common way. For some time he stood in silence, watching the people who came by, and glancing from time to time at the dense crowd outside the barrier. Suddenly he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aware that his father was watching intently a lady who advanced along the open way.

"There is Tullia Del Ferice!" exclaimed Sant' Ilario in surprise.

"I do not know her, except by sight," observed Orsino indifferently.

The countess was very imposing in her black veil and draperies. Her red face seemed to lose its color in the dim church, and she affected a slow and stately manner more becoming to her weight than was her natural restless vivacity. She had got what she desired, and she swept proudly along to take her old place among the ladies of Rome. No one knew whose card she had delivered up at the entrance to the sacristy, and she enjoyed the triumph of showing that the wife of the revolutionary, the banker, the member of parliament, had not lost caste after all.

She looked Giovanni full in the face with her disagreeable blue eyes, as she came up, apparently not meaning to recognize him. Then, just as she passed him, she deigned to make a very slight inclination of the head, just enough to compel Sant' Ilario to return the salutation. It was very well done. Orsino did not know all the details of the past events, but he knew that his father had once wounded Del Ferice in a duel, and he looked at Del Ferice's wife with some curiosity. He had seldom had an opportunity of being so near to her.

"It was certainly not about her that they fought," he reflected. "It must have been about some other woman, if there was a woman in the question at all."

A moment later he was aware that a pair of yellow eyes were fixed on him. Maria Consuelo was following Donna Tullia at a distance of a dozen yards. Orsino came forward, and his new acquaintance held out her hand. They had not met since they had first seen each other.

"It was so kind of you," she said.

"What, madame?"

"To suggest this to Gouache. I should have had no ticket. Where shall I sit?"

Orsino did not understand, for, though he had mentioned the subject, Gouache had not told him what he meant to do. But there was no time to be lost in conversation. Orsino led her to the nearest opening in the tribune and pointed to a seat.

"I called," he said quickly. "You did not receive" —

"Come again; I will be at home," she answered in a low voice, as she passed him. She sat down in a vacant place beside Donna Tullia, and Orsino noticed that his mother was just behind them both. Corona had been watching him unconsciously, as she often did, and was somewhat surprised to see him conducting a lady whom she did not know. A glance told her that the lady was a foreigner; as such, if she were present at all, she should have been in the diplomatic tribune. There was nothing to think of, and Corona tried to solve the small social problem that presented itself. Orsino strolled back to his father's side.

"Who is she?" inquired Sant' Ilario, with some curiosity.

"The lady who wanted the tiger's skin, — Aranjuez. I told you of her."

"The portrait you gave me was not flattering. She is handsome, if not beautiful."

"Did I say she was not?" asked Orsino, with a visible irritation most unlike him.

"I thought so. You said she had yellow eyes, red hair, and a squint." Sant' Ilario laughed.

"Perhaps I did. But the effect seems to be harmonious."

"Decidedly so. You might have introduced me."

To this Orsino said nothing, but relapsed into a moody silence. He would have liked nothing better than to bring about the acquaintance, but he had met

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maria Consuelo only once, though that interview had been a long one, and he remembered her rather short answer to his offer of service in the way of making acquaintances.

Maria Consuelo, on her part, was quite unconscious that she was sitting in front of the Princess Sant' Ilario; but she had seen the lady by her side bow to Orsino's companion in passing, and guessed, from a certain resemblance, that the dark, middle-aged man might be young Saracinesca's father. Donna Tullia had seen Corona well enough, but as they had not spoken for nearly twenty years she decided not to risk a nod where she could not command an acknowledgment of it. So she pretended to be unaware of her old enemy's presence.

Donna Tullia, however, had noticed, as she turned her head in sitting down, that Orsino was piloting a strange lady to the tribune, and when the latter sat down beside her she determined to make her acquaintance, no matter upon what pretext. The time was approaching at which the procession was to make its appearance, and Donna Tullia looked about for something upon which to open the conversation, glancing from time to time at her neighbor. It was easy to see that the place and the surroundings were equally unfamiliar to the new-comer, who gazed with evident interest at the twisted columns of the high altar, at the vast mosaics in the dome, at the red damask hangings of the nave, at the Swiss guards, the chamberlains in court dress, and at all the mediæval-looking, motley figures that moved about within the space kept open for the coming function.

"It is a wonderful sight," said Donna Tullia in French, very softly, and almost as though speaking to herself.

"Wonderful indeed," answered Maria Consuelo, "especially to a stranger."

"Madame is a stranger, then," observed Donna Tullia, with an agreeable smile.

She looked into her neighbor's face, and for the first time realized that she was a striking person.

"Quite," replied the latter briefly, and as though not wishing to press the conversation.

"I fancied so," said Donna Tullia, "though on seeing you in these seats, among us Romans" —

"I received a card through the kindness of a friend."

There was a short pause, during which Donna Tullia concluded that the friend must have been Orsino. But the next remark threw her off the scent.

"It was his wife's ticket, I believe," said Maria Consuelo. "She could not come. I am here on false pretenses." She smiled carelessly.

Donna Tullia lost herself in speculation, but failed to solve the problem.

"You have chosen a most favorable moment for your first visit to Rome," she remarked at last.

"Yes. I am always fortunate. I believe I have seen everything worth seeing ever since I was a little girl."

"She is somebody," thought Donna Tullia. "Probably the wife of a diplomatist, though. Those people see everything, and talk of nothing but what they have seen."

"This is historic," she said aloud. "You will have a chance of contemplating the Romans in their glory; Colonna and Orsini marching side by side, and old Saracinesca in all his magnificence. He is eighty-two years old."

"Saracinesca?" repeated Maria Consuelo, turning her tawny eyes upon her neighbor.

"Yes; the father of Sant' Ilario, — grandfather of that young fellow who showed you to your seat."

"Don Orsino? Yes, I know him slightly."

Corona, sitting immediately behind them, heard her son's name. As the two ladies turned towards each other in conversation, she heard distinctly what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they said. Donna Tullia was of course aware of this.

"Do you?" she asked. "His father is a most estimable man, — just a little too estimable, if you understand! As for the boy" —

Donna Tullia moved her broad shoulders expressively. It was a habit of which even the irreproachable Del Ferice could not cure her. Corona's face darkened.

"You can hardly call him a boy," observed Maria Consuelo, with a smile.

"Ah, well — I might have been his mother," Donna Tullia answered, with a contempt for the affectation of youth which she rarely showed. But Corona began to understand that the conversation was meant for her ears, and grew angry by degrees. Donna Tullia had indeed been near to marrying Giovanni, and in that sense, too, she might have been Orsino's mother.

"I fancied you spoke rather disparagingly," said Maria Consuelo, with a certain degree of interest.

"I? No, indeed. On the contrary, Don Orsino is a very fine fellow, but thrown away, positively thrown away, in his present surroundings. Of what use is all this English education — But you are a stranger, madame; you cannot understand our Roman point of view."

"If you could explain it to me, I might, perhaps," suggested the other.

"Ah, yes, if I could explain it! But I am far too ignorant myself. — no, 'ignorant' is not the word, — too prejudiced, perhaps, to make you see it quite as it is. It may be I am a little too liberal, and the Saracinesca are certainly far too conservative. They mistake education for progress. Poor Don Orsino, I am sorry for him."

Donna Tullia found no other escape from the difficulty into which she had thrown herself.

"I did not know that he was to be pitied," said Maria Consuelo.

"Oh, not he in particular, perhaps," answered the stout countess, growing more and more vague. "They are all to be pitied, you know. What is to become of young men brought up in that way? The club, the turf, the card-table, — to drink, to gamble, to bet, — it is not an existence!"

"Do you mean that Don Orsino leads that sort of life?" inquired Maria Consuelo indifferently.

Again Donna Tullia's heavy shoulders moved contemptuously.

"What else is there for him to do?"

"And his father? Did he not do likewise in his youth?"

"His father? Ah, he was different — before he married — full of life, activity, originality!"

"And since his marriage?"

"He has become estimable, most estimable." The smile with which Donna Tullia accompanied the statement was intended to be fine, but was only spiteful. Maria Consuelo, who saw everything with her sleepy glance, noticed the fact.

Corona was disgusted, and leaned back in her seat as far as possible, in order not to hear more. She could not help wondering who the strange lady might be to whom Donna Tullia was so freely expressing her opinions concerning the Saracinesca, and she determined to ask Orsino after the ceremony. But she wished to hear as little more as she could.

"When a married man becomes what you call estimable," said Donna Tullia's companion, "he either adores his wife or hates her."

"What a charming idea!" laughed the countess. It was tolerably evident that the remark was beyond her.

"She is stupid," thought Maria Consuelo. "I fancied so from the first. I will ask Don Orsino about her. He will say something amusing. It will be a subject of conversation, at all events, in place of that endless tiger I invented the other day. I wonder whether this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman expects me to tell her who I am? That will amount to an acquaintance. She is certainly somebody, or she would not be here. On the other hand, she seems to dislike the only man I know besides Gouache. That may lead to complications. Let us talk of Gouache first, and be guided by circumstances."

"Do you know Monsieur Gouache?" she inquired abruptly.

"The painter? Yes; I have known him a long time. Is he perhaps painting your portrait?"

"Exactly. It is really for that purpose that I am in Rome. What a charming man!"

"Do you think so? Perhaps he is. He painted me some time ago. I was not very well satisfied. But he has talent." Donna Tullia had never forgiven the artist for not putting enough soul into the picture he had painted of her when she was a very young widow.

"He has a great reputation," said Maria Consuelo, "and I think he will succeed very well with me. Besides, I am grateful to him. He and his painting have been a pleasant episode in my short stay here."

"Really, I should hardly have thought you could find it worth your while to come all the way to Rome to be painted by Gouache," observed Donna Tullia. "But of course, as I say, he has talent."

"This woman is rich," she said to herself. "The wives of diplomatists do not allow themselves such caprices, as a rule. I wonder who she is?"

"Great talent," assented Maria Consuelo; "and great charm, I think."

"Ah, well, of course, I dare say. We Romans cannot help thinking that for an artist he is a little too much occupied in being a gentleman, and for a gentleman he is quite too much an artist."

The remark was not original with Donna Tullia, but had been reported to her as Spicca's, and Spicca had really said something similar about somebody else.

"I had not got that impression," said Maria Consuelo quietly.

"She hates him, too," she thought. "She seems to hate everybody. That means either that she knows everybody, or is not received in society."

"But of course you know him better than I do," she added aloud, after a little pause.

At that moment a strain of music broke out above the great, soft, muffled whispering that filled the basilica. Some thirty chosen voices of the choir of St. Peter's had begun the hymn Tu es Petrus, as the procession began to defile from the south aisle to the nave, close by the great door, to traverse the whole distance thence to the high altar. The Pope's own choir, consisting solely of the singers of the Sistine Chapel, waited silently behind the lattice under the statue of St. Veronica.

The song rang out louder and louder, simple and grand. Those who have heard Italian singers at their best know that thirty young Roman throats can emit a volume of sound equal to that which a hundred men of any other nation could produce. The stillness around them increased, too, as the procession lengthened. The great dark crowd stood shoulder to shoulder, breathless with expectation, each man and woman feeling for a few short moments that thrill of mysterious anxiety and impatience which Orsino had felt. No one who was there can ever forget what followed. More than forty cardinals filed out in front from the chapel of the Pietà. Then the hereditary assistants of the Holy See, the heads of the Colonna and the Orsini houses, entered the nave, side by side for the first time, I believe, in history. Immediately after them, high above all the procession and the crowd, appeared the great chair of state, the huge white feathered fans moving slowly on each side, and upon the throne, the central figure of that vast display, sat the Pope, Leo XIII.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then, without warning and without hesitation, a shout went up such as has never been heard before in that dim cathedral, nor will, perhaps, be heard again: —

"*Viva il Papa-Rè!*" Long life to the Pope-King!

At the same instant, as though at a preconcerted signal, — utterly impossible in such a throng, — in the twinkling of an eye, the dark crowd was as white as snow. In every hand a white handkerchief was raised, fluttering and waving above every head. And the shout, once taken up, drowned the strong voices of the singers as long-drawn thunder drowns the pattering of the raindrops and the sighing of the wind.

The wonderful face, that seemed to be carved out of transparent alabaster, smiled and slowly turned from side to side, as it passed by. The thin, fragile hand moved unceasingly, blessing the people.

Orsino Saracinesca saw and heard, and his young face turned pale, while his lips set themselves. By his side, a head shorter than he, stood his father, lost in thought as he gazed at the mighty spectacle of what had been, and of what might still have been but for one day of history's surprises.

Orsino said nothing, but he glanced at Sant' Ilario's face, as though to remind his father of what he had said half an hour earlier; and the elder man knew that there had been truth in the boy's words. There were soldiers in the church, and they were not Italian soldiers; some thousands of them in all, perhaps. They were armed, and there were, at the very least computation, thirty thousand strong grown men in the crowd. And the crowd was on fire. Had there been a hundred, nay a score, of desperate, devoted leaders, who knows what bloody work might have been done in the city before the sun went down? Who knows what new surprises History might have found for her play? The thought must have crossed many minds at that moment. But no one stirred; the religious ceremony remained a religious ceremony, and nothing more; holy peace reigned within the walls, and the hour of peril glided away undisturbed to take its place among memories of good.

"The world is worn out!" thought Orsino. "The days of great deeds are over. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die; they are right in teaching me their philosophy."

A gloomy, sullen melancholy took hold of the boy's young nature; a passing mood, perhaps, but one which left its mark upon him. For he was at that age when a very little thing will turn the balance of a character; when an older man's thoughtless words, recalled and repeated for a score of years, may direct half a lifetime in a good or evil channel. Who is it that does not remember that day when an impatient "I will," or a defiant "I will not," turned the whole current of his existence in the one direction or the other, towards good or evil, or towards success or failure? Who that has fought his way against odds into the front rank has forgotten the woman's look that gave him courage, or the man's sneer that braced nerve and muscle to strike the first of many hard blows?

The depression which fell upon Orsino was lasting, for that morning at least. The stupendous pageant went on before him; the choirs sang; the sweet boys' voices answered back, like an angels' song, out of the lofty dome; the incense rose in columns through the streaming sunlight, as the high mass proceeded. Again the Pope was raised upon the chair and borne out into the nave, whence in the solemn silence the thin, clear aged voice intoned the benediction three times, slowly rising and falling, pausing and beginning again. Once more the enormous shout broke out, louder and deeper than ever, as the pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cession moved away. Then all was over.

Orsino saw and heard, but the first impression was gone, and the thrill did not come back.

"It was a fine sight," he said to his father, as the shout died away.

"A fine sight? Have you no stronger expression than that?"

"No," answered Orsino, "I have not."

The ladies were already coming out of the tribunes, and Orsino saw his father give his arm to Corona to lead her through the crowd. Naturally enough, Maria Consuelo and Donna Tullia came out together very soon after her. Orsino offered to pilot the former through the confusion, and she accepted gratefully. Donna Tullia walked beside them.

"You do not know me, Don Orsino," said she, with a gracious smile.

"I beg your pardon; you are the Countess Del Ferice. I have not been back from England long, and have not had an opportunity of being presented."

Whatever might be Orsino's weaknesses, shyness was certainly not one of them, and as he made the civil answer he calmly looked at Donna Tullia as though to inquire what in the world she wished to accomplish in making his acquaintance. He had been so situated during the ceremony as not to see that the two ladies had fallen into conversation.

"Will you introduce me?" said Maria Consuelo. "We have been talking together."

She spoke in a low voice, but the words could hardly have escaped Donna Tullia. Orsino was very much surprised, and not by any means pleased, for he saw that the elder woman had forced the introduction by a rather vulgar trick. Nevertheless he could not escape.

"Since you have been good enough to recognize me," he said, rather stiffly, to Donna Tullia, "permit me to make you acquainted with Madame d'Aranjuez d'Aragona."

Both ladies nodded and smiled the smile of the newly introduced. Donna Tullia at once began to wonder how it was that a person with such a name should have but a plain "Madame" to put before it. But her curiosity was not satisfied on this occasion.

"How absurd society is!" she exclaimed. "Madame d'Aranjuez and I have been talking all the morning, quite like old friends, and now we need an introduction!"

Maria Consuelo glanced at Orsino as though expecting him to make some remark. But he said nothing.

"What should we do without conventions?" she said, for the sake of saying something.

By this time they were threading the endless passages of the sacristy building, on their way to the Piazza Santa Marta. Sant' Ilario and Corona were not far in front of them. At a turn in the corridor Corona looked back.

"There is Orsino talking to Tullia Del Ferice!" she exclaimed, in great surprise. "And he has given his arm to that other lady who was next to her in the tribune."

"What does it matter?" asked Sant' Ilario indifferently. "By the bye, the other lady is that Madame d'Aranjuez he talks about."

"Is she any relation of your mother's family, Giovanni?"

"Not that I am aware of. She may have married some younger son of whom I never heard."

"You do not seem to care whom Orsino knows," said Corona, rather reproachfully.

"Orsino is grown up, dear. You must not forget that."

"Yes, I suppose he is," Corona answered, with a little sigh. "But surely you will not encourage him to cultivate the Del Ferice!"

"I fancy it would take a deal of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

encouragement to drive him to that," said Sant' Ilario, with a laugh. "He has better taste."

There was some confusion outside. People were waiting for their carriages, and as most of them knew each other intimately every one was talking at once. Donna Tullia nodded here and there, but Maria Consuelo noticed that her salutations were coldly returned. Orsino and his two companions stood a little aloof from the crowd. Just then the Saracinesca carriage drove up.

"Who is that magnificent woman?" asked Maria Consuelo, as Corona got in.

"My mother," replied Orsino. "My father is getting in now."

"There comes my carriage! Please help me."

A modest hired brougham made its appearance. Orsino hoped that Madame d'Aranjuez would offer him a seat. But he was mistaken.

"I am afraid mine is miles away," said Donna Tullia. "Good-by. I shall be so glad if you will come and see me." She held out her hand.

"May I not take you home?" asked Maria Consuelo. "There is just room. It will be better than waiting here."

Donna Tullia hesitated a moment, and then accepted, to Orsino's great annoyance. He helped the two ladies to get in, and shut the door.

"Come soon," said Maria Consuelo, giving him her hand out of the window.

He was inclined to be angry, but the look that accompanied the invitation did its work satisfactorily.

"He is very young," thought Maria Consuelo, as she drove away.

"She can be very amusing. It is worth while," said Orsino to himself, as he passed in front of the next carriage and walked out upon the small square.

He had not gone far, hindered as he was at every step, when some one touched his arm. It was Spicca, looking more cadaverous and exhausted than usual.

"Are you going home in a cab?" he asked. "Then let us go together."

They got out of the square, scarcely knowing how they had accomplished the feat. Spicca seemed nervous as well as tired, and he leaned on Orsino's arm.

"There was a chance lost this morning," said the latter, when they were under the colonnade. He felt sure of a bitter answer from the keen old man.

"Why did you not seize it, then?" asked Spicca. "Do you expect old men like me to stand up and yell for a republic, or a restoration, or a monarchy, or whichever of the other seven plagues of Egypt you desire? I have not voice enough left to call a cab, much less to howl down a kingdom."

"I wonder what would have happened, if I, or some one else, had tried?"

"You would have spent the night in prison with a few kindred spirits. After all, that would have been better than making love to old Donna Tullia and her young friend."

Orsino laughed.

"You have good eyes," he said.

"So have you, Orsino. Use them. You will see something odd, if you look where you were looking this morning. Do you know what sort of a place this world is?"

"It is a dull place. I have found that out already."

"You are mistaken. It is hell. Do you mind calling that cab?"

Orsino stared a moment at his companion, and then hailed the passing conveyance.

F. Marion Crawford.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEARNESS OF ANIMALS TO MEN.

THE late Professor von Prantl[1] takes the ground that the lower animals are endowed with moral and intellectual faculties, but adds: "They are destitute of any logical apprehension and power of abstraction; for while they comprehend objects and their optical, acoustic, and other efficient qualities in a certain abiding manner, they have no conception of substance or attribute, of coexistence or succession. Animals perceive also an actual causal connection, and are therefore capable of drawing causative conclusions, reasoning forward and backward, from cause to effect and from effect to cause, but not capable of a logical deduction; they seek a cause, but not a logical ground or reason, and are, by virtue of such endowment, wary and cautious, but without foresight" (*behutsam und vorsichtig, aber ohne Voraussicht*). In other words, "animals think without logic, but not therefore illogically."

Again, "in order to formulate precisely the distinction between man and beast," he sums up this difference in the succinct statement, "man has time-sense." Beasts have "space-sense," or the "sensual perception of expansive being," but not "time-sense; that is to say, the brain activity of man is competent to comprehend also pure succession as such, and the pure intensity of occurrence in general."

In proof of this proposition Prantl states that "man can count." Even without the use of names or numerals "he can fix the succession of days by marks, or express the number of objects lying before him gesticulatively with his fingers." This "sense of continuity, denied to the whole world of lower animals," renders man "conscious of being the same in a later as in a former time," and thus endows him with "immutable ego-consciousness, or Kant's transcendental apperception." It enables him to look before and after, to bind together the past and the future, and thus to create law and order, domestic, social, and political institutions, ethics, art, religion, science, and history, and to make external things serve his purposes and supply his wants. "Man, and man only, fabricates weapons and tools, kindles fire, plants seeds in the earth, and is alone capable of self-renunciation and suicide." "By virtue of this continuity of his self-consciousness and his look into the future, he transforms the realities around him and makes them minister to his ideals." The sole and ultimate source of all these higher developments and ideal acquisitions of humanity, individual, social, political, industrial, and artistic, is to be sought in "the far-reaching and fundamental postulate that man is endowed with time-sense."

For this reason man alone is able to distinguish between the subjective and the objective, to conceive of the subject as an object, and to apprehend mathematical truths and relations, which are purely ideal, as real. "It would be ridiculous to ascribe mathematics to animals; nevertheless the labors of the bee and of the spider excite astonishment; but inasmuch as, with genuinely animal limitations, they always appear in a definite geometrical form, they show that they are not products of spontaneous mathematical thinking."

Prantl also denies that expressions of sorrow, remorse, or gratitude on the part of animals furnish any evidence that they act under the impulse of moral ideas, but interprets them as having

[1] In a paper on Reformgedanken zur Logik, read before the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, and printed in its Proceedings for March 6, 1875.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reference to their own well-being or comfort. To talk of the "art-instinct of animals" is, he thinks, a mere confusion of terms, "since we demand of art that it shall realize an idea." Still, after all his metaphysical distinctions, he admits that the essential nature of man as distinguished from that of the beast is "only the result of a progressive upward evolution." If this conclusion be correct, and it is all that the most advanced zoöpsychologist has ever claimed, then the distances (*Abstände*) between man and beast are not impassable, and even "human speech" (*die menschliche Sprache*) is but a higher development of "animal utterance" (*die thierische Kundgebung*).

The weak point of these speculations concerning the mental powers of animals is that they are too exclusively metaphysical, constituting a logical and systematic exposition of conceptions or notions without that accurate and exhaustive observation of facts which no acuteness of analysis and no vigorous process of pure thinking can supply. Not only is Prantl ignorant of the habits and aptitudes of animals, denying them capacities which they are known to possess, but he is liable to an opposite error, equally fatal to his theories, in his tendency to ascribe to the human race as a whole faculties which are characteristic of man only in a high state of civilization. He ignores the savage and the boor, and compares beasts with the most cultivated and most highly developed human beings, overlooking the long period which man existed on the earth before he even learned how to chip flints.

As to the "ideal-sense," upon which Prantl lays peculiar stress, there are low tribes in which it is wholly wanting, and which are as destitute of historical annals as any herd of apes. How much knowledge of the past may be transmitted from generation to generation by tradition in a community of monkeys it is impossible to determine. The amount of information thus preserved and accumulated in simian hordes is probably very small and exceedingly vague, since even human hordes, not native to the countries they inhabit, soon lose all recollection of the early migrations of their ancestors, and all traditions concerning the cradle of their race. This is why savages always regard themselves as autochthones, even in cases in which it can be clearly proved that they are not aboriginal to the soil, and that their immigration is of comparatively recent date.

There is no reason to believe that "time-sense," which Prantl claims to be the exclusive attribute of man, and from which he derives the superior mental evolution and equipment of the human race, is wholly lacking in the lower animals. Every creature endowed with personal consciousness and memory must know that it is the same being to-day that it was yesterday, or, in other words, that it exists in time. The possession of this knowledge does not imply the possibility of indulging in philosophical reflections about it any more than the possession of thoughts necessarily involves the power of thinking about thoughts, although it would be rash to affirm that animals may not be capable of giving themselves up to meditation by recalling mental impressions and making them objects of thought.

Time-sense is very highly developed in domestic fowls and many wild birds, as well as in dogs, horses, and other mammals, which keep an accurate account of days of the week and hours of the day, and have, at least, a limited idea of numerical succession and logical sequence. A Polish artist, residing in Rome, had an exceedingly intelligent and faithful terrier, which, as he was obliged to go on a journey, he left with a friend, to whom the dog was strongly attached. Day and night the terrier went to the station to meet every train, carefully observing and remembering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time of their arrival, and never missing one. Meanwhile he became so depressed that he refused to eat, and would have died of starvation, if the friend had not telegraphed to his master to return at once if he wished to find the animal alive. Here we have a striking exhibition of time-sense as well as an example of all-absorbing affection and self-renunciation likely to result in suicide.

Love, gratitude, devotion, the sense of duty, and the spirit of self-sacrifice are proverbially strong in dogs, and only a "hard-shell" metaphysician, who neither knows nor cares anything about them, would venture to deny them all moral qualities, and to assert that they are governed solely by a regard for their own individual well-being. There are also many apparently well-authenticated instances of animals deliberately taking their own lives; and without too credulously accepting anecdotes of this sort, in which it is difficult to determine whether the creature was a *felo-de-se* or the victim of an accident, there is no psychological reason for rejecting them as old-wives' fables.

According to Spinoza, benevolence in animals consists in the exercise of friendly feelings towards their kind, and this is all that we have a right to demand of them. A good cat, for example, is a cat that is good to her kittens, however cruel she may be to birds and mice. Indeed, her goodness, from a feline as well as from a human point of view, is in direct proportion to her destructiveness of the smaller rodents. A like standard of virtue prevails among low races of men, and constitutes the highest ideal of tribal ethics. The best man among barbarians is the one who is most terrible to their foes, and can put the greatest number of them to death in the shortest time. Such manifestations of love of kin and love of country are only enlargements of self-love: and it is a long way from this primitive form of egotism to universal philanthropy, and to the still broader benevolence which Buddhism inculcates towards all sentient creatures. One is inclined to pardon the gruff cynicism of Dr. Johnson in denouncing patriotism as "the last refuge of scoundrels," when one sees how much individual selfishness finds a covert under this fine-sounding word, and what fierceness of interdynastic and international strife it is made to provoke and to palliate.

Not only the social instincts, but also the moral sentiments growing out of social relations, are common to man and to beast. It is evident that germs of moral ideas and perceptions of moral obligations enter into the conjugal unions of beasts, and impart a certain stability and sacredness to these ties. Many animals are strict monogamists, and have thus attained what Aryan civilization now generally accepts as the highest and purest form of sexual affection and association. With beasts, too, as with men, it is the male which scruples least at transgressing the monogamous principle, and makes light of this breach of fidelity, treating it as a pardonable peccadillo.

The mandarin duck is proverbial for conjugal faithfulness, and the Chinese are accustomed to carry a pair of these fowls in bridal processions, as an emblem of connubial love and an example of constancy for the newly wedded couple. Canaries are also characterized by the same virtue, and the attempt to force them into bigamy by keeping one male and two females in the same cage is uniformly destructive of domestic bliss, and frequently fatal to the young. Jealousies are quite sure to arise in consequence of a preférence of the male for one of his mates; and the consort that feels aggrieved by marital neglect will take every opportunity to avenge herself by pecking and pestering her favored rival, and destroying her nest with its contents of eggs or callow brood. Even the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young which are reared under such circumstances are far inferior in beauty and vigor, as well as in numbers, to the offspring of a peaceful monogamous canary household.

Whether the family may be the originary nucleus of the tribe, or, as is more probable, may have been developed through a process of differentiation out of a primitive community, whose members lived in sexual promiscuity,[1] the impulse to herd, as well as the purposes it subserves, are the same in savages and in beasts. Wolves hunt in packs; cattle, horses, and sheep unite for mutual protection; and this tendency remains even after their domestication, when it is no longer essential to their safety, and becomes, as in man, a purely social feeling. Birds of passage assemble for their annual or semi-annual migrations, and separate into families as soon as they have reached their destination; still preserving, however, their larger and laxer social organization as "birds of a feather," which enables them to "flock together" again with facility, whenever the general interest requires united action of any kind. This sense of community is especially strong in rooks and storks, which seem to have a regular system of government, by means of which they enforce discipline, reproving and correcting deviations from their common standard of rectitude, and even inflicting capital punishment for certain transgressions. In such cases the family ceases to exercise jurisdiction over its own members, and recognizes the superior penal authority of the commonwealth.

The instances recorded of animals holding courts of justice and laying penalties upon offenders are too numerous and well authenticated to admit of any doubt. This kind of criminal procedure has been observed particularly among rooks, ravens, storks, flamingoes, martins, sparrows, and occasionally among some gregarious quadrupeds. It is as clearly established as human testimony can establish anything that these creatures have a lively sense of what is lawful or allowable in the conduct of the individual, so far as it may affect the character of the flock or herd, and are quick to resent and punish any act of a single member that may disgrace or injure the community to which he belongs.

Sometimes an irascible husband may take the law into his own hands, and summarily avenge himself on a faithless wife and her guilty paramour without bringing the case before a general assembly of his kind. Usually, however, it is the whole body which, after due deliberation, pronounces and executes judgment and maintains the majesty of the law. The penalty does not always involve the forfeiture of life, but varies in rigor according to the turpitude of the offense; the culprit being often condemned to a severe castigation, after which he resumes his position in society a sadder and wiser member of it.

Dr. Edmonson states that the hooded crows in the Shetland Islands hold regular assizes at stated periods, and usually in the same place. When there is a full docket, a week or more is spent in trying the cases; at other times, a single day suffices for the judicial proceedings. The capitally condemned are killed on the spot.

The owner of a house near Berlin found a single egg in the nest of a pair of storks, built on the chimney, and substituted for it a goose's egg, which in due time was hatched, and produced a gosling instead of the expected storkling. The male bird was thrown into the greatest excitement by this event, and finally flew away. The female, however, remained on the nest, and continued to care for the changeling as though it were her own offspring. On the morning of the fourth day the male reappeared accompanied by nearly five

[1] Yet see on this subject the important work by Westermarck, The History of Human Marriage. — Ed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hundred storks, which held a mass-meeting in an adjacent field. The assembly, we are informed, was addressed by several speakers, each orator posting himself on the same spot before beginning his harangue. These deliberations and discussions occupied nearly the entire forenoon, when suddenly the meeting broke up, and all the storks pounced upon the unfortunate female and her supposititious young one, killed them both, and, after destroying the polluted nest, took wing and departed, and were never seen there again.

It happens occasionally that the confidence of the male stork in the virtue of his spouse is too strong to be shaken even by the presence of such questionable progeny; or, if he suspects her of frailty, he deems it best to condone the fault. They then unite in exterminating the bastard brood, and prudently keep the mysterious episode of ciconian domestic life to themselves.

Professor Carl Vogt tells the story of a pair of storks which had lived together for many years in a village near Soletta. One day, while the male was absent providing for his family, a younger suitor appeared, and began to pay court to the wife. She received his addresses at first with indifference; but as the woman who hesitates is lost, so she finally fell into the snares of her passionate and persistent adorer. His visits became more frequent, and at last he succeeded in so completely fascinating the matron that she was persuaded to accompany him to a marshy meadow, where her unsuspecting husband was engaged in catching frogs, and to join her gay paramour in putting the old stork to death.

A similar case occurred recently in north Germany. A pair of storks had had their nest on the roof of a barn for several seasons, without any apparent discord in their domestic relations. Suddenly, early in the spring, a powerful male stork made his appearance, and violently attacked the husband, who bravely defended himself; his spouse, strangely enough, taking no part in the fray. The assailant withdrew towards evening, his feathers dappled with blood, but renewed the attack on the following morning. The proprietor of the estate on which the scene took place resolved to interfere and shoot the intruder, but unfortunately aimed at the wrong bird and killed the husband. After this mishap, the female remained quietly perched on the roof by the side of the stranger, with whom she soon began to chatter in a very lively manner. The talk continued for about an hour, when both storks, as with one accord, fell upon the nest, threw out the eggs, tore it in pieces, and, after gazing for a moment on the ruins, rose together into the air, and, mounting in ever higher circles, vanished from view. Here the wife was at least accessory to the crime after its commission, and her conduct during the combat would seem to indicate that the strange stork was her accepted lover, and his coming preconcerted. Such occurrences, however, are exceptional. As a rule, storks are distinguished for conjugal fidelity no less than for their superior intelligence and the strong ties of affection which they form for human beings.

Ravens also have been known to destroy a nest in which a young owl had been discovered, and to kill both the birds whose home had thus suffered contamination, being evidently determined that the ancient and honorable race of *Corvus corax* should not be corrupted; and cocks, in several cases, are said to have killed hens which had hatched the eggs of ducks or partridges. One would hardly suspect such susceptibilities in a polygamous fowl, and least of all in our sultan of the barnyard, who guards his harem with the fierce jealousy of a Turk, but bears his paternal responsibilities very lightly, leaving the brooding mothers and their young for the most part to shift for themselves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The impulses and motives which lead to the commission of crime are essentially the same in beasts and in man, and students of penal jurisprudence are just beginning to learn that the psychology of criminality in civilized society can never be fully understood except by a careful scientific study of it not only in savages, but also in the lower animals. The incentives to deeds of violence are pretty much the same in both. Many actions, such as the killing of deformed or sickly infants and of old and infirm individuals, are common to barbarians and to beasts, and are regarded as right because they contribute to the collective strength and consequent safety of the tribe or herd; but with the civilization of man and the domestication of the brute this precaution is no longer needed, and the primitive practice is abandoned. Mice take excellent care of their aged, blind, or otherwise helpless kin, concealing them in safe places and providing them with food. It must be remembered, however, that the mouse has lived in a semi-domestic state as the companion of man from time immemorial.

In the development and organization of social and civic life the bee and the ant hold the foremost place among articulates, corresponding to that of man among vertebrates. They stand respectively at the head of their class, and represent the highest point attained by insect and mammal in the process of evolution. As regards form of government, it is a mistake to speak of the bee state as a monarchy; it is, on the contrary, the most radical of republics, or rather a democracy of the most rigorous kind, with absolute power vested in the working class. The claims of "labor" to the exercise of supreme control in political affairs are here fully recognized and practically realized. The so-called queen is really the mother of the hive; her functions are maternal rather than regal. If she may be said to reign in a certain sense, the workers rule, deciding all questions and performing all acts affecting the common weal. The existence of but a single queen leaves no room for those dynastic enmities and rivalries which have so often disturbed the peace of human empires, and inflicted such untold misery upon mankind. If perchance two queens are produced at the same time, instead of forming factions in the state and exciting civil war, they contend personally for sovereignty, until one of them is killed. Sometimes the workers intervene, and put the less desirable of the claimants to death; or if the hive is populous and circumstances are favorable, a portion of the inmates swarm and carry off one of the contestants to found a new colony. In all these operations the queen initiates nothing; she is a passive instrument in the hands of the workers, whose decisions she accepts, but does not influence in the slightest degree. There is no "blue blood" in her veins except such as may be produced by a process of pampering; she is simply a worker, taken in a larval state and fattened into regal favor and function by what Huber calls "royal treatment;" that is, by relieving her from all toil and supplying her with richer nutriment. If, on account of bad weather or for any other reason, the bees do not wish to swarm, they do not hesitate to throw all superfluous members of the royal family out of the hive. The institution of appanage is unknown to apian communities. But, in order to provide for emergencies, several larvæ are reared in a single cell, which the old queen is never permitted to approach, since she is as jealous of these royal scions as was ever Persian padishah of his next of kin. For this reason they are kept in close confinement until they are needed.

Doubtless the queen has certain constitutional rights, but they are very limited. She is in the condition of Queen Victoria with Mr. Gladstone as prime minister: she is not asked what ought to be done,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but is simply told what the cabinet intends to do, and is expected to indorse it, whether agreeable to her feelings or not. But this relation does not prevent a strong sentiment of loyalty towards her on the part of the workers, who are ready to defend her at the risk of their own lives.

On the other hand, they do not show the slightest affection for the males, or drones, who are in the unenviable position of prince consorts, or mere propagators of the race. No provision is made for them when the winter supplies of food are laid in; they fulfill their mission in summer, flying abroad on wedding tours with the queens of various hives and enjoying their honeymoon; but with the early frosts they are thrust out of the hives, and perish of hunger and cold. Meanwhile the queens preserve the sperm in a sac, and use it at pleasure for fecundating the eggs; as the fecundated eggs produce females and the unfecundated males, the numerical relation of the sexes can be easily regulated. The workers, or neuters, are really females, whose sexual organs remain rudimentary because all their energies are absorbed in labor. The ovary is only partially formed, and they are incapable of laying eggs; but it needs only a course of "royal treatment," consisting of luxury and idleness, to develop any of the larvæ into queens. The queen has no heirs, either apparent or presumptive, and no right of succession is recognized. Any larviform worker can be metamorphosed into a queen, as every American schoolboy is a possible President of the United States.

That this perfect social and industrial organization, in which the principle of the division of labor is so admirably applied and a career opened to every talent, is the result of gradual growth and evolution is evident from the more primitive habits of other hymenoptera, such as wasps, hornets, and bumblebees. Tame honey bees also differ greatly in this respect from wild ones, and are known to have changed their manner of life and to have improved their methods of work to a considerable extent within the memory of man. They have ceased to make comb since the apiarist has begun to furnish them with a good manufactured article, and devote all their activity to filling the cells, an arrangement apparently satisfactory to both parties. It is probable, too, that bees, after having been supplied with artificial comb for several generations, would finally forget how to make it, and perhaps be no longer able to secrete the wax.

Populous and powerful bee communities sometimes relapse into barbarism, renounce the life of peaceful industry for which they have become proverbial, acquire predatory habits, and roam about the country as freebooters, plundering the smaller and weaker hives, and subsisting on the spoils. These brigand bees seldom reform: if they busily "improve each shining hour," it is not to "gather honey all the day from every opening flower," but to range the fields in looting parties, and ransack the homes of honest honey-makers. Against these anarchists of apian society and other foes the honey bees often fortify their hives, barricading the entrance by a thick wall, with bastions, casemates, and deep, narrow gateways. When there seems to be no immediate danger of hostile attack, these defensive works, which seriously interfere with the ordinary industrial life of the hive, are removed, and not rebuilt until there is fresh occasion for alarm. The common bee (*Apis mellifica*) not only rifles the nest of the bumblebee (*Bombus*), but numbers of them often surround one of the latter and force him to give up the sacs of honey he has gathered. The clumsy and not very courageous bumblebee submits to the demands of these highwaymen, surrenders his treasure without much ado, and then flies afield in search of more.

It is undeniable that, in the life of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

honey bee, a sort of historical connection exists between the mother hive and her colonies. This sense of kinship extends to the colonies of colonies, and thus gives rise to something like international relations between a large number of apian communities, which share the friendships and the hatreds of the original stock and transmit them to their posterity. Lenz relates his own experience on this point. Six of his hives were blown down by the wind; he hastened to set them up again, but the bees, rushing out and seeing him thus engaged, regarded him as the cause of the disaster, and stung him. For years afterwards they pursued him whenever he approached their hives, and this unjust antipathy was inherited by all the swarms which issued from these hives and founded colonies elsewhere.

Here we have a striking instance of hereditary enmity, such as often characterizes families, tribes, and clans, and takes the form of the vendetta. The bees that had suffered the supposed wrong never forgot it, and communicated their feelings to their descendants by way of tradition.[1]

Prantl's assertion that animals do not plant seeds in the earth and raise crops is merely one of many *a priori* deductions from his assumption that they lack time-sense, and therefore can have no appreciation of the succession of seasons. All facts opposed to this inference he would treat with a skeptical shrug of the shoulders, or relegate with an incredulous smile to the realm of fable. Nevertheless it is only by the careful observation and critical sifting of facts that such questions can be decided.

It has now been ascertained beyond a doubt that in Texas and South America, as well as in southern Europe, India, and Africa, there are ants which not only have a military organization and wage systematic warfare, but also keep slaves and carry on agricultural pursuits. Nineteen species of ants with these habits have been already discovered, and their modes of life more or less fully described.

Nearly half a century ago Dr. Linsecom began his studies of the Texan agricultural ant (*Atta malefaciens*), and after devoting some fourteen years to this subject communicated the results of his researches to Mr. Darwin, who embodied them in a paper read before the Linnean Society of London April 18, 1861. This ant, he informs us, "dwells in what may be termed paved cities, and, like a thrifty, diligent, provident farmer, makes suitable and timely arrangements for the changing seasons. . . . It bores a hole, around which it raises the surface three and sometimes six inches, forming a low circular mound having a very gentle inclination from the centre to the outer border, which, on an average, is three or four feet from the entrance. On low, flat, wet land, liable to inundation, though the ground may be perfectly dry at the time when the ant sets to work, it nevertheless elevates the mound in the form of a pretty sharp cone to the height of fifteen to twenty inches or more, and makes the entrance near the summit. Around this mound, in either case, the ant clears the ground of all obstructions, and levels and smooths the surface to the distance of three or four feet from the gate of the city, giving it the appearance of a handsome pavement, as it really is. Within this paved area not a blade of anything is allowed to grow, except a single species of grain-bearing grass. Having planted this crop in a circle around, and two or three feet from the centre of, the mound, the insect tends and cultivates it with constant care; cutting away all other grasses and weeds that may spring up amongst it, and all around outside the farm circle to the extent of one or two feet or more. The cultivated grass grows luxuriantly, and produces a heavy crop of small, white, flinty seeds, which under the microscope very closely

[1] Cf. Wundt, Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thierseele, ii. 196–200. Also article Bees in Encyclopædia Britannica.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resemble ordinary rice. When ripe, it is carefully harvested, and carried by the workers, chaff and all, into the granary cells, where it is divested of the chaff and packed away. The chaff is taken out and thrown beyond the limits of the paved area. During protracted wet weather, it sometimes happens that the provision stores become damp, and are liable to sprout and spoil. In this case, on the first fine day, the ants bring out the damp and damaged grain, and expose it to the sun till it is dry, when they carry back and pack away all the sound seeds, leaving those that had sprouted to waste." They also check the tendency of the seeds to germinate by biting off the incipient sprouts, treating them as a farmer does his potatoes or onions under similar circumstances.

In pasture-lands, the grass cultivated by the ants is liable to be cropped by cattle, and thus prevented from bearing seeds and producing a harvest. In order to avert such a disaster, the ants avoid the meadows, which are given up to grazing, and establish themselves in the fence-corners of cultivated fields, along garden walks or near gateways, or in other protected places, where their crops run the least risk of being destroyed.

These observations, the truth of which is amply confirmed by other writers, as, for example, by Dr. Henry C. McCook in The Agricultural Ants of Texas, are a complete refutation of Prantl's zoöpsychology; for no husbandman ever showed greater skill in adapting himself to circumstances, or manifested a higher degree of intelligence and foresight in conducting his agricultural operations, and in consulting for this purpose the nature of the soil and the variety of the seasons, than are exhibited by these marvelous insects.

Indeed, nearly all the institutions and gradations of culture and civilization which the human race has passed through, and of which we find survivals among the different tribes of men, exist also among ants. Besides the tillers of the soil just mentioned, there are other species, like the Peruvian cazadores, which still lead a nomadic life, having no permanent homes, but wandering from place to place; entering the houses of the natives by millions; killing rats, mice, snakes, and all sorts of vermin; devouring offal; and performing in general the useful functions of itinerant scavengers. On the approach of these hordes the inhabitants quit their dwellings, and do not return until the invading host has passed on. Dr. Hans Meyer, in an account of his ascent of the Kilima-Njaro, in equatorial Africa, states that his camp was one night attacked by an army of driver-ants, and had to be abandoned. He describes the army as divided into three distinct classes, or castes, superior officers, under officers, and the rank and file, each of which is provided with mandibles of different size and efficiency as weapons, and corresponding with the duties they have to perform. Other ants have advanced beyond this nomadic life of pillage, and have acquired fixed habitations; they do not cultivate the soil, but keep herds of aphides, or plant-lice, which yield them a milky substance, and are also slaughtered for food.

The slaveholding ants are of several kinds, and differ greatly in the manner in which they treat their vassals. Some make them do all the work under the direction of overseers; others share their labors; while still others have fallen into such habits of luxury as to be unable or unwilling to wait upon or even to feed themselves, and are carried about and provided with food by their body-servants. In many cases this sybaritism is the mere ostentatious love of being served. The incapacity is not physical, but moral, and arises from an aristocratic aversion to any kind of menial labor, from the pleasure of being served by a train of obsequious attendants, and the notion that it is more dignified and distinguished to be borne along and to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have food put into their mouths than to walk on their own legs and to help themselves to victuals; since these apparently so helpless ants are agile and energetic enough as warriors, when it is a question of conquering and plundering their peaceful neighbors. It is the false sense of honor, fostered by the military spirit, which takes pride in brandishing a sword and, on the slightest provocation, plunging it into the vitals of a fellow-man, but would deem it a deep disgrace for an officer to brush his own clothes or black his own boots.

Sometimes, in consequence of severe exactions, the slaves rise in revolt, and are mercilessly put to death; and formican like old Roman law seems to recognize the right of the master to inflict summary capital punishment in such cases. This power is often exercised by the red-bearded ant (*Formica rubibarbis*), who is a fierce slaveholder, and as pitiless in suppressing mutiny as was Barbarossa after the siege of Milan.

Ants differ in quickness of apprehension and in ingenuity quite as much as men do. Some with which Sir John Lubbock experimented, when cut off from their supply of food by the removal of a little strip of paper which had served as a bridge over a chasm a third of an inch in breadth, did not know enough to replace it. In similar cases, ants have been observed bringing straws from a distance for the express purpose of bridging chasms that separated them from a desirable article of food. Bridges for this purpose are often an inch long, and made of mortar or cement consisting of a mixture of fine sand with a salivary secretion.

In a monastery near Botzen, in the Tyrol, one of the monks put some pounded sugar, together with a few ants taken from an ant-hill in the garden, into an old inkstand, which he suspended by a string from the cross-piece of his window. Very soon the ants began to carry the sugar along the string to their home in the garden, and returned with many others that went to work in the same way. After two days, although the greater part of the sugar was still in the inkstand, no ants were seen on the string; and, on closer examination, it was found that about a dozen of them were in the inkstand, busily engaged in throwing the sugar down upon the window-sill below, where others were carrying it off to the hill. They thus saved themselves the trouble of climbing the whole length of the window and down the string into the inkstand and back again with their burdens, and avoided by this means an immense expenditure of strength and loss of time. This change in the plan of operations shows remarkable powers of observation and reflection, and was doubtless suggested by some of the more thoughtful and practical members of the community, and, after being communicated to the others, was adopted by them.

As regards moral attributes, says Dr. McCook in his work on the honey ants: "I am much inclined to the view that anything like individual benevolence, as distinguished from tribal or communal benevolence, does not exist. The apparent special cases of beneficence, outside the instinctive actions which lie within the lines of formicary routine, are so rare and so doubtful as to their cause that, however loath, I must decide against anything like a personal benevolent character on the part of my honey ants." [1]

It is often quite impossible to determine whether human actions arise from public spirit or private feeling; and an attempt to fathom the motives of ants, and to decide whether they are animated by a love of their kind and a desire to promote the general weal, or by a special good will towards individuals and what we call personal kindness, is at-

[1] The Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods, and the Occident Ants of the American Plains. page 45.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tended with equal difficulty. But what the author affirms of honey ants is also true of savages, whose benevolence is tribal rather than personal: even civilized man, with rare exceptions, moves in the same narrow traditional rut, and is swayed in all his sentiments by national prejudices and prepossessions. The feeling of kinship is nevertheless especially strong in ants, and is not weakened by long absence. Mr. Darwin shut several of them in a bottle with asafœtida, and then released them and brought them back to their colony. At first their fellow-ants threatened to attack them and thrust them out, but soon recognized them under their offensive disguise, and received them with evident marks of affection. Still, no one would be justified in asserting that the elements of individual love and personal preference do not also enter into these relations. There is no doubt that strong attachments are formed between animals, and that they are capable of emotions of pity and acts of generosity not only towards their own kind, but even towards creatures of another species. A gentleman who had a great number of doves used to feed them near the barn; at such times not only chickens and sparrows, but also rats, were accustomed to come and share the meal. One day he saw a large rat fill its cheeks with kernels of corn and run to the coach-house, repeating this performance several times. On going thither he found a lame dove eating the corn which the rat had brought. Such an action on the part of human beings would be looked upon as a charitable desire to relieve the necessities of a helpless cripple, and every one would be satisfied with this simple explanation; but as a rat is assumed to be incapable of similar feelings, its conduct is regarded as the resultant of a series of impulses of sensation, perception, and conception, under which the animal is led to do wonderful things in an automatic way, without any consciousness of the purpose for which it does them; and thus a moral virtue is obscured and wholly hidden from view by a mass of metaphysical jargon.

Again, the ability to use tools and to wield weapons, which Prantl derives from the possession of time-sense, is not exclusively human. Ants build bridges with splinters of wood, small pebbles, grains of sand, and other available materials, and tunnel small streams, and their skill in performing such feats of engineering and in meeting any emergencies that may arise is almost incredible; but the testimony of Bates and Bär and other naturalists leaves no doubt as to the reality of these achievements. They also make a clever and effective use of implements in capturing and killing the ferocious sand-hornet, which they seize by the legs and fasten to the ground by means of sticks and stones, and then devour at their leisure. Here we have an unmistakable instance of the use of instruments for the accomplishment of a particular purpose. The same is true of the ant-lion when it prepares a pitfall and lies in wait for its prey, just as any hunter would do.

Mr. Romanes seems to think that the only tool-using vertebrates are apes and elephants, but such a restriction is hardly justified by facts. The following incident, which is vouched for by Mr. William B. Smith, on whose farm at Mount Lookout it occurred, proves that an ass may understand the worth of weapons, and be able to avail himself of them. A donkey, which was in the same pasture with an Alderney bull, was frequently attacked by the latter, and worsted in the combat. Convinced that his heels were no match for his adversary's horns, the ass took a pole between his teeth, and, whirling it about, whacked his assailant so vigorously over the head that the latter was finally glad to give up the contest, and lived thenceforth on a peaceful footing with his long-eared and long-headed companion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cats and dogs open doors by pressing the latch-key, or cause them to be opened by pulling the bell-cord or lifting the knocker; and every farmer knows, to his frequent vexation, how readily cows familiarize themselves with the mechanism of gates.

Crows, cormorants, gulls, and other birds carry shellfish into the air and drop them on rocks, in order to break their hard covering and to eat the flesh. If the first fall is not sufficient, they carry it up still higher, and thus virtually hit it a harder blow. If a boy cracks a nut by hurling it against a stone, he makes use of the stone as a tool as truly as if he should take a stone in his hand and strike the nut with it. The former process is that employed by the birds, which are in this respect tool-using animals. There are rocks on the seacoast which have served generations of birds as stationary hammers for smashing mollusks, and are evidently regarded by them as a permanent slaughter-house.

It is well known that monkeys living near the seashore, where the ebb tide leaves the rocks covered with oysters, evince extraordinary expertness in opening these bivalves with sharp stones, just as a man would do under like circumstances. It would require only a very slight increase of intelligence for a monkey to learn to break a stone into proper shape, instead of selecting a suitable one from the shingle of the beach, and, by thus fabricating a tool, bring himself abreast, intellectually, with the flint-chipping man of the early stone age. Indeed, it has been suggested by some scientists that man had not yet appeared upon the earth in the miocene age, and that the chipped flints of that period are the work of semi-human pithecoid apes of superior intelligence; and there is nothing in the theory of evolution or the facts of natural history that would render such a supposition absurd. Monkeys use stones as hammers and sticks as levers, and appreciate the advantage to be derived from this the simplest of the mechanical powers. With them, as with primitive or uneducated men, this knowledge is purely empirical, a product of experience, and does not imply a perception of mathematical truths or principles any more than the taking of a short cut diagonally across a field involves a knowledge of the relation of the hypothenuse to the other two sides of a right-angled triangle. In neither case is there any question of what Prantl calls "spontaneous mathematical thinking."

Simian dexterity is greatly increased by association with human beings and by observation of their doings. The owner of a pet monkey, which annoyed him by ringing the servants' bell, tied several knots in the cord, in order to make it shorter and place it out of the animal's reach. But the crafty creature was not to be thwarted by such a clumsy device, and, climbing up on a chair, artfully untied all the knots, and then gave the bell a succession of violent jerks to signalize his triumph.

Prantl also characterizes man as the only animal familiar with the use of fire, and capable of applying it to culinary and economical purposes and to the increase of personal comfort. But this attainment is by no means common to all mankind. *Homo sapiens* inhabited the earth for ages before he discovered methods of generating this element and making it subservient to his interests. The habitual use of fire is the sign of a very considerable advancement towards civilization, and marks an important epoch in the evolution of the race. Chimpanzees, gorillas, and orang-outangs have been repeatedly seen bringing brushwood and throwing it on the camp-fires which travelers have left burning; showing that they have learned by observation how to keep up a fire, although they have no means and do not understand the art of kindling it. By associating with man they soon acquire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this knowledge, igniting friction matches, and often have to be watched carefully, like children, lest they should do immense mischief unwittingly as incendiaries. The same is true of ravens, which, when tamed, are fond of throwing pieces of paper and other light combustibles on the glowing coals, and seeing them flash into flame. This favorite pastime renders them exceedingly dangerous inmates of the house; and it is probably this bird that was spoken of by Pliny as *avis incendiaria*.

Ants store in their chambered hillocks certain substances which, by fermentation, produce quite a high temperature, and are put there for the sole purpose of generating heat and warming their dwellings. Some birds, as, for example, the Australian megapode, or tungle fowl, hatch their eggs by artificial heat, resulting from the decomposition of the leaves and decaying substances with which they cover them; raising large mounds that are sometimes twenty or thirty metres in circumference, and serve as incubators for successive generations of birds. Thus, while it is true that animals do not make use of fire, they are not ignorant of the properties of heat, which they turn to practical account in matters of domestic economy and household life.

It is questionable whether Prantl's statement that animals "expect an effect, but not a logical sequence, and seek a cause, but not a logical ground," can be maintained. The following incident, related by Dr. Schomburgk, director of the zoölogical garden at Adelaide, in South Australia, would seem to render such a distinction untenable. An old monkey of the genus *Macacus sinicus*, which was confined in a cage with two younger ones, flew at the keeper one day as he was supplying them with fresh water, and bit him so severely in the wrist as to injure the sinews and artery and to endanger his life. Schomburgk ordered the animal to be shot, but as an attendant approached the cage with a gun the culprit showed the greatest consternation, fled into the sleeping apartment of the cage, and could not be induced by any offers of tempting food to come out of this place of refuge. It must be added that the monkeys were perfectly accustomed to firearms, which had been frequently used for killing rats near the cage, and had never manifested the slightest fear of them. Even now the other monkeys ate their food as usual, with a conscience void of offense, and were not at all disturbed by the sight of the murderous weapon. No sooner had the man with the gun withdrawn and concealed himself than the old monkey sneaked out, and, snatching some of the food, rushed back into his asylum; but when he tried to repeat this experiment a keeper closed the sliding-door from without, and thus cut off his retreat. As the man with the gun drew near again, the poor monkey seemed quite beside himself with terror. He first tried to open the sliding-door, then ran into every nook and corner of the cage in search of some way of escape, and finally, in despair, threw himself flat on the floor and awaited his fate, which soon overtook him. The conduct of the monkey in this case can be explained only by assuming the animal to have been endowed with a moral sense and a logical faculty, implying a clear perception of right and wrong, a consciousness of guilt, a knowledge of the use of firearms, and quite a complicated process of reasoning from these premises to a perfectly correct conclusion.

Perhaps the most human of anthropoid apes, as regards intelligence, is a species of chimpanzee called the soko, first discovered by Livingstone, and most fully described by him in his Last Journals. The teeth of these creatures, he says, "are slightly human, but their canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They live in communities consisting of about a dozen individuals, and are strictly monogamous in their conjugal relations, and vegetarian, or rather frugivorous, in their diet, their favorite food being bananas." The aborigines, the Manyuema, are, on the contrary, cannibals, and are described by Livingstone as "the lowest of the low." One of them, who had killed a woman, offered his grandmother to be killed in expiation of his offense, and this vicarious punishment was accepted as satisfactory. Even the sokos have a higher and more correct conception of justice than this; at least they do not make the innocent atone for the crimes of the guilty. If a soko "tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite in boxing and biting the offender." "Numbers of them come down in the forest within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like foxhounds. This is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko and seized. He roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him, as if he had done it in play." It is evident that these animals have some sense of humor and appreciate a practical joke. They are inoffensive and unaggressive, but fearless and energetic in self-defense. They never molest women or unarmed men, but if any one approaches them with a spear they rush upon him and wrest the weapon from his hands. If struck with a dart or an arrow, they pull it out, and stanch the blood by stuffing leaves into the wound. The natives recognize their harmless and human character, and say, "Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him."

Sometimes they kidnap a child and take it up into a tree, but they never hurt it, and are ready to exchange it at any time for a bunch of bananas. Perhaps the robbery is for the sake of the ransom. When roaming through the forest, the female usually carries her infant in her arms; but in crossing a glade or other open ground, where they would be more exposed to danger, the father takes the child, and returns it to the mother as soon as they enter the wood again. They are extremely fond of assembling in a remote part of the forest and drumming on hollow trees and other resonant objects, accompanying this fearful din with loud yells, like sopranos and tenors of strong pulmonary powers trying to outshriek the clash and clang of a Wagnerian orchestra. This deafening noise does not differ greatly from "the natives' embryotic music," and is quite as harmonious and pleasant to the ear as much of the music of the Chinese and other Oriental peoples.

Livingstone had a young female soko, which, after having been petted for some time, was "quite like a spoiled child." She enjoyed shaking hands, and took as much pleasure in this tiresome manual ceremony as any American citizen who honors the President of the United States by calling on him at the White House. She liked to be carried about, and would beg people to take her in their arms. If they refused, she seemed greatly aggrieved, and would make a wry face, as if about to burst into tears, and wring her hands, apparently in severe distress of mind. She learned to eat whatever was set before her, drew grass and leaves around her for a bed, and covered herself with a mat when she went to sleep. She could untie a knot with her fingers and thumbs "in quite a systematic way," "looked daggers" at any one who interfered with her doings, and resented every attempt to touch what she regarded as her personal property.

Indeed, the idea of personal property, in distinction from communal property, — such, for example, as the provisions stored by ants for winter, — is quite as strongly developed in many of the higher species of animals as in some of the lower races of men.

E. P. Evans.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VENETIAN PRINTER-PUBLISHER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE subject of this study is Gabriele Giolito, the chief of a firm of printers and booksellers who flourished in Venice during a large part of the sixteenth century. Our information has been derived from a most excellent sketch of Gabriele's life which has recently been published by Salvatore Bongi, under the auspices of the Italian minister of public instruction.

The course of this essay will show how a great hereditary family of printers left their native city, and, settling in Venice, founded a business of European importance; how the head of the family conducted his affairs; how he opened branch establishments in other Italian cities, and was cheated by his agents. We shall learn something, too, about Gabriele's literary connections, his friends, the men with whom he came in contact, and shall gain some pleasant glimpses of his home life. One episode in Gabriele's career, though by no means an uncommon one at his epoch, is of special interest: he became involved in a trial, for a press offense, before the Holy Office; and the minutes of the case show us the grave difficulties to which booksellers and printers were then exposed by the ceaseless vigilance of the Inquisition.

At the eastern end of that line of hills upon which the Superga, the tomb of the House of Savoy, now stands is a little valley in the district of Monferrat, called Valle de' Gioliti, and its inhabitants are for the most part named after their valley. This was the original home of that family whose fortunes we are about to follow. It was from the Valle de' Gioliti that they moved into the town of Trino, on the other side of the Po, some time before we find them becoming known to fame as printers. The name Giolito is not unknown in modern Italy; a late minister of finance bore it, though it has changed its quantity, and is now wrongly pronounced Giólito, in place of Giolíto, as it ought to be. One of the family pleased himself with a derivation from the French *joli;* asserting that an ancestor who had passed some time in France gained the endearing epithet from his grace of person. The Gioliti bore another name, De Ferrari or De Ferraris, which they exchanged at pleasure with that of Giolito; so that we find indifferently Giolito de Ferrari or Ferrari de Giolitis, though the former is the more common.

The Gioliti settled in the town of Trino at least as early as the end of the fourteenth century. They took an active part in the civic life of their home; were wealthy merchants and became nobles of Trino, where they possessed houses and property of value. Their descendant, Gabriele, had occasion to write from Venice to the Duchess of Mantua, whose husband, the Duke, was also Lord of Monferrat, complaining bitterly of the damage done to his house in Trino by the continual billeting of soldiers therein; "whose number and insolence," he says, "have grown day by day to such a pitch that if your Highness does not interfere on my behalf, and that quickly, the whole place will go to ruin." Gabriele's petition produced the desired effect. The soldiery were withdrawn from the Giolito house. But the relief did not long endure. Very shortly we find Gabriele writing to the imperial ambassador, lamenting that the mischief of the billeting has been renewed with twofold violence, and imploring the ambassador to secure for him the privilege that no troops may be lodged in his house without his leave. "Not that I wish to avoid my just bur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dens, but that my property may not be entirely destroyed."

In the annals of the town of Trino the names of other members of the Giolito family, distinguished in war and in commerce, frequently occur; and we conclude that the Gioliti, at the time when they embarked upon printing and bookselling, had attained a very high position in their adopted city. It is impossible now to discover what induced them to add the book trade to their other industries. The idea was in the air. The new art had been introduced into Italy in 1465; and the attention of cultivated society was attracted to it. The district in which Trino stands soon became one of the chief centres of the art; the whole country around the home of the Gioliti is full of memories of the earliest masters of typography, and the names of Trino, Gabiano, Verelengo, will recall to bibliographers many a precious specimen of Italian *incunabula*. Other Trinesi had already preceded the Gioliti in the exercise of the new industry, among them Bernardino Stagnino and Guglielmo, the latter of whom rejoiced in the tender nickname of Animamia. Perhaps the success of these induced the wealthy and mercantile Gioliti to follow in their steps. However that may be, we can hardly doubt that the migration of Bernardino and Animamia to Venice and their activity in that city attracted the Gioliti also to the capital of the Venetian republic; and the example set by them was continued through centuries. The number of Trinesi to be found among Venetian printers is quite remarkable. The succession is continued from the year 1483 down to the close of the last century, when Trino was represented by the family of the Pezzana, successors of the famous firm of Giunta, whose Florentine lily they bore as a sign.

Giovanni Giolito, father of Gabriele, set up a printing-press in Trino in the year 1508, and continued to print there till the year 1523, when the disasters of war compelled him to close his workshops. His chief issues were legal tomes, printed in Gothic character; and the activity of his press was in no way remarkable, for only thirty Giolitan editions are recorded between 1508 and 1523. In all probability Gabriele was born during the earlier years of this period; so that he was brought up within sight and sound of a printing-press. When political troubles compelled Giovanni to close his shop in Trino, he went to Venice, and appears to have put himself at once in relations with his compatriots, Stagnino and others, who had preceded him to the city of the lagoons. It is possible that he was in straitened circumstances at the moment, for, though Venice offered such an excellent field for the art of printing, we do not find that Giovanni established a press, or even issued any works under his own name, whereas it is nearly certain that he was employed by other printer-publishers. Giovanni took with him, or caused to follow him to Venice, some of his family, among them his son Gabriele. But of this period in the history of the Gioliti we know almost nothing. The next certain point is Giovanni's return to his native city in 1534. There he reëstablished his press; using this time not Gothic character, but that exquisite Roman type copied from the font of Nicolas Jenson, and known then as *carattere rotondo* or *veneziano*. Giovanni occupied himself in printing for the University of Turin; and his books were sold contemporaneously in Trino and in Turin. But this new venture was destined to a brief existence. The French army seized Trino in the year 1534; and Giovanni found himself obliged to leave his native city, and to betake himself once more to the safety and shelter of the only quiet state in Italy, the republic of Venice.

This brief period of Giovanni's sojourn in Trino is of moment in the history of the Gioliti, for it introduces us

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the first time to the subject of this study, Gabriele Giolito, whom his father had left behind in Venice. Gabriele's name occurs in an epistle dedicatory, dated January 18, 1535, and prefixed to Giovanni's edition of Perotto's grammar. The letter was written by Prè Antonio Craverio, proof-reader and schoolmaster in Turin. He says: "Notwithstanding my daily occupation in matters spiritual and temporal, I am resolved right readily, gladly, and willingly to undertake the revision of those works which you propose to print in Venetian character in the city of Turin. And with the help of the highest and most mighty God, I will make it my care that they shall be published in such a fashion as to spread throughout the whole world, and especially in Turin, where the printer's art has ever been held in such esteem. The nobility of your profession and the fame you enjoy, not only in your native Trino, but in Venice, Germany, France, and Spain, urge me to comply with your request; and in truth your merits, which also adorn your son Master Gabriele, whom you have left in Venice to fill your place, render both you and him dear to all the learned; for you live not for yourselves alone, and therefore do they bear you great affection and good will." From the reference to Gabriele in this letter, it seems probable that he was already a full-grown man, left behind in Venice in order to maintain business relations, but as yet without a press or bookshop of his own; for when Giovanni returned to Venice, after the closing of his university press, he was obliged once more to employ other printing-presses to produce the volumes he proposed to issue, — the press of Bridoni for his Ariosto, and that of Stagnino for his Dante. This dependence on others did not satisfy Giovanni, and soon after his return to Venice he established a printing-press of his own, from which, in the years 1538 and 1539, several works were issued, bearing on their title-page the well-known emblem of the Gioliti, a phœnix rising from the flames, surmounting a globe, ribboned with the motto *Semper eadem*.

Giovanni died in 1540, and left to his son Gabriele, who now became the head of the firm, his printing business, at that time merely in its infancy, his wealth, and a lawsuit which proved a source of considerable trouble to Gabriele. Giovanni had been twice married, and by these marriages he had had four sons and some daughters. He made a will during the lifetime of his second wife, directing that children born posthumously should share equally with those for whom he now provided. His second wife died, however, and Giovanni took a third wife, by whom he had one son and three daughters, who claimed the right to share with the children of the former marriages. The case was probably tried at Casale; and Gabriele was compelled to leave Venice in 1541, in order to attend to the suit against him. The opinion of counsel was hostile to the children of the third marriage; but we do not know how the court decided the case. Gabriele was not detained for any long time away from Venice. He returned to that city, and set himself seriously to the great business of his life, the establishment of the famous Giolitan press and book trade.

Gabriele's first step in this direction was a modest one. He found the plant of his father's press inadequate to the work he proposed to undertake. He accordingly began by acquiring both the stock and the plant of two eminent printer-publishers: the one his compatriot Bernardino Stagnino; the other Bartolomeo Zanetti, a Brescian, well known in the literary world as the object of a scurrilous attack by that free lance Gian Francesco Doni. With these imperfect instruments Gabriele worked for two years. That he conducted his business successfully is proved by the fact that at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the end of this time he was able to furnish his shop with type and ornaments, quite new and all his own. It is interesting, as an indication of public taste, to note the works to which Gabriele owed these beginnings of his fortune: they were the Decamerone and the Orlando Furioso, published in 1542, the Cortegiano of Castiglione, Bede's Commentary on St. Paul, and Nicolò Franco's Dialoghi and Petrarchista.

At the outset of his career, Gabriele enjoyed three great advantages over the majority of his brother tradesmen: he was a man of means, of education, and of position. The first of these qualifications, his wealth, enabled him to embark upon editions without waiting for orders, and so to keep his press constantly alive. All that was required of him to insure his success was intelligence in the choice of the works he printed, and a just perception of the general current of public taste. And here his two other qualifications of position and of education were of value to him. He was a good judge of the literary impulse of his day; and his position enabled him to make the acquaintance of many of the more eminent lights in the world of letters. His taste was catholic, as a great publisher's must needs be. We find among his friends persons of such varied ability and character as Aretino, Bernardo Tasso, Nicolò Franco, Doni, Giovanni Battista Giraldi, the novelist, Antonio Brucioli, Remigio Fiorentino, Sansovino, Porcacchi. For some of these Gabriele acted as printer and publisher; others were employed by him, either to write books on subjects suggested by him, or in the correction of works on which he had resolved to embark his capital. Many of these collaborators lodged with Gabriele in his house at Sant' Aponal, beyond the Rialto. The house was a large one, and fitted with considerable luxury; large enough and sumptuous enough to entertain the Duke of Mantua on the occasion of a visit to Venice. Gabriele himself records this fact with pride in the dedication of the Life of the Emperor Frederick to the Emperor's daughter, the Duchess of Mantua, wherein, recounting the honors done him by the Duke, her husband, he says, "But greatest of all was the favor he showed me in deigning to lodge in my small and humble hostelry in Venice."

Gabriele's chief difficulty in the way of a successful career lay, as we have already suggested, in the choice of a line of business. Between the date of the introduction of printing into Italy and the period with which we are dealing a change had come over the literary quality of Italian taste. Two divergent currents displayed themselves. The pure scholars still existed, the men who lived with the classics, and considered a translation a doubtful boon. But the classics had all been edited and published with the greatest diligence and in the most sumptuous form. Critical scholarship had not made advance sufficient to render new editions a necessity; and the art of printing had so deteriorated that there was little prospect of a reprint competing in beauty with the works of John of Spires, of Jenson, or of Aldus. On the other hand, the men with whom Gabriele was thrown in contact were almost all engaged in developing the vulgar tongue, in letters, in comedies, in novels, in translations. The press had performed its inevitable function of *gran volgarizzatore;* the reading public was immensely increased in number, but had ceased, for the most part, to be truly literate. It is therefore obvious that Gabriele's own good sense and business acumen would lead him to make the choice he did, and to determine to devote the chief energies of his press to works in the vulgar tongue. As a proof of Gabriele's activity in the publication of the Italian classics, and as an indication of the public taste, we note that between the years 1542 and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1560 he issued twenty-eight editions of the Orlando Furioso, twenty-two of Petrarch, nine of the Decamerone, and one edition of Dante. On comparing these figures with the list of all editions between 1536 and 1560, it becomes clear that Gabriele played a very large part in the diffusion of these great Italian texts. During these twenty-four years the Orlando was published sixty-nine times, Petrarch sixty-one, the Decamerone twenty-six, and Dante nine times.

The most fruitful and flourishing period of Gabriele's career as a publisher may be reckoned from 1560 to 1575. But within this period the character of the Giolitan publications, while still retaining its general quality of the vulgar tongue, underwent a change, the causes of which are to be sought in the history of the times, and more especially in the attitude of the Church towards the press. Gabriele had begun by dealing largely in *belles-lettres*, light literature, and the skeptical philosophers. The works of Boccaccio, Ariosto, Nicolò Franco, and Machiavelli employed a large part of his activity. But the spirit of reform in manners, which was animating the Church and being formulated in the sessions of the Council of Trent, was about to make itself felt in the world of letters. The Church resolved to attack light literature and skeptical teaching. In 1549 the first Italian Index, or catalogue of prohibited books, was published in Venice. Gabriele, whether from conviction or from prudence, determined immediately to comply with the movement. He abandoned almost entirely light literature, and ceased to print Ariosto, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Machiavelli, although they had hitherto formed the chief staple of his publishing business. We shall see presently that this ready obedience to the wishes of the Church did not save Gabriele from a collision with the Holy Office. In the mean time, however, he found it necessary to inaugurate some new line of industry to compensate for that source of profit which he found was suddenly run dry. Without renouncing his predeliction for the vulgar tongue, he devised a scheme of publication which was undoubtedly the most remarkable and most original feature in his career as printer-publisher. It had been no infrequent habit of the early publishers to issue in one volume the works of several different authors on cognate subjects. But the idea of a series, in our sense of the word, was absolutely unknown to the publishers of that day. Gabriele conceived the idea of presenting to the world translations of the Greek and Latin classics and the masterpieces of Italian literature in uniform series of many volumes. The various series he called *collane*, or necklaces; each necklace was to be composed of *anelli*, or links, represented by the various authors in the series, and of *gioielli*, or gems, represented by excursuses for the elucidation of those authors. This idea of Gabriele, though never carried to completion, was probably the parent of those numerous series which have continued to multiply down to the present day. But, like many novel ideas, the scheme was conceived on too grandiose a scale. Gabriele was unable to carry the execution of his design for any considerable distance. The Collana Istorica was entrusted to Tommaso Porcacchi as editor, and he published the programme of the Greek portion in the preface to the translations of Thucydides and Polybius; the programme of the Latin authors who were to form links in the historical necklace was prepared, but never published; the Italian links and all the gems are wanting. The proposal appears to have met with favor from the learned; but the plan was too vast. Gabriele very soon found himself obliged to reprint translations already in vogue, instead of supplying new renderings, as he intended, in order to satisfy an impatient public, and to fill the serious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gaps in his necklace. Nor were internal difficulties the only ones which confronted him. The plague broke out in Venice, and for a time brought all trade to a standstill. Gabriele's historical series remained uncompleted, a mere sketch of the design he had set before him. But the collection of all that Gabriele had ever printed, together with the attempt to fill up his programme from other sources, was for long a hobby with Italian bibliophiles.

Giolito did not confine his idea of a series to the works of profane writers only. He embarked upon an undertaking of less ambition than his Collana Istorica, and in this he succeeded. Among his intimates and collaborators Gabriele numbered, besides men of letters, many learned divines, the most distinguished of whom was Remigio Fiorentino. With the help of these men he collected and published a series to which he gave the name of Ghirlanda Spirituale, or Spiritual Garland, in which the various volumes formed the flowers. Not content with the Garland, he projected a second series of pious works, to be known as the Albero Spirituale, or Spiritual Tree, with various fruits, the component parts of the series, on its branches. The Garland was completed, and enjoyed a wide circulation; but only the seventh fruit on the Spiritual Tree, Tauler's Exercises, ever came to maturity.

The conception and execution of these series are the most striking episodes in Giolito's life as a publisher. He was proud of his idea, and allowed one of his editors to address him in a dedication as "he who has set before himself the task of bettering the world by Christian and pious books, printed in his splendid type, as he has already enriched it with the works of historians and poets, to his own great fame and glory." This praise bestowed on Gabriele's type leads us to consider his position as a printer. One of the most extraordinary features in the story of the Venetian printing-press is the great beauty of its very earliest productions and the rapidity with which deterioration set in. It would almost be safe to affirm that nothing more lovely typographically than the monuments of the first Venetian presses, the works of the brothers John and Wendelin of Spires, of Nicolas Jenson, or of Bernard Pictor and Ratdolt, ever issued from the workshops of that city. At the period of which we are writing the press was in rapid decadence, and the praise bestowed on the books brought out by Gabriele Giolito must be taken as relative to the work of his contemporaries; in which case, no doubt, his publications deserve the title of *bellissime stampe*. Among the various causes of the decline of the typographical art in Venice, one of the most important has hardly received sufficient attention from bibliographers: we mean the rise of type founding as a separate branch of industry. The earlier masters, such as Jenson, were frequently men accustomed to cut in metal, and therefore able to produce their own punches from which the moulds for their fonts were impressed. Much of a printer's success depended on his skill in cutting punches, and on his artistic sense of proportion and form in the letters he designed. The punches of men like Jenson and Aldus were valuable property, worthy to be bequeathed by will, and finding ready purchasers when they came into the market. The result of this individual design of his type by the printer himself was that the works of the early masters had each a style and *cachet* of their own. No one would confuse a Jenson with a John of Spires, for example: the notes of their character, the forms of their letters, their signs of contraction, distinguish them at once from each other. But about the middle of the sixteenth century a type foundry, independent of any particular printer or group of printers, was opened as a commercial speculation in Venice. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

object of the promoters was monetary success, and the chief means towards this end was cheapness. The result was that in a very short time the printing-presses of Venice were supplied with a character uniform in quality and inferior in artistic beauty. The book-buying public was willing to accept the innovation. The days were already past in which the printed book was expected to rival the manuscript in elegance of form. The literary world seemed indifferent to the quality of their books; and even such well-known printers as Giovanni Rossi, Paul Manutius, and Gabriele Giolito yielded to the temptation, and lost their distinctive features in the general mass. The date of this revolution in printing may be placed in the year 1555, so that Gabriele had been at work about thirteen years with characters of his own, displaying his conception of a good type, before his press was invaded by the undistinguished and undistinguishable flood of mediocre characters produced wholesale by speculating type founders. The brilliant period of Gabriele Giolito's career as a printer was previous to the year 1555; and if his books at any time merited the title of bellissime stampe, it was before the opening of the wholesale type foundry. But, as we have said, the general public did not resent the deterioration. In 1560 Gabriele was employed to produce Bernardo Tasso's Amadigi. It was a work of great importance, eagerly looked for in the literary world, and author and publisher were united in the desire to do it justice. Yet we find that the character employed was that to be found in almost every press in Venice, the work of the type foundry. Gabriele never suffered in his publishing business from yielding to the innovation, and the years of his greatest activity were subsequent to his adoption of the new type.

So far, then, we have followed Gabriele's course as a publisher and as a printer, two branches of the book trade which he combined, like most of his contemporaries, and personally superintended, in his large establishment at Sant' Aponal, called the Libreria della Fenice. His fame among his contemporaries and his high position in Venice are beyond a doubt. Aretino said of him that he "printed like a prince, not like a bookseller;" Charles V. sent him a present of a work of art — what, we do not know — representing his famous emblem, the Phœnix; the Duke of Mantua came to lodge with him; and the republic bestowed upon him the citizenship of Venice.

But Giolito's business was not confined to Venice. As his reputation became Italian, if not European, he opened branches in Ferrara and Bologna for the sale of books, and thought of establishing a press in the former city if the duke would grant him special privileges. A third shop, of which we shall have more to say presently, was opened in Naples. Besides carrying on these branch shops, which were known to be his, and in all likelihood displayed the sign of the Phœnix, Gabriele was in business relations with book merchants not only in Italy, but also abroad. At Mantua, for instance, he was creditor of three booksellers, one of whom never discharged his debt; and in Lyons he had most cordial relations with the printer Roville, who wrote of him that he was "a man truly deserving of his time, for he had published more beautiful books in Italian and in Spanish than any one alive." At his branch shops, Gabriele, following the example of Aldus and many Venetian houses, kept in stock not only his own publications, but also the works of other printers; moreover, he undertook to supply foreign books, which were purchased for him at the great German fairs, like Frankfort, which Venetian merchants were in the habit of frequenting. In this way he combined three branches of the book trade which are generally conducted separately: he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was at once a printer, a publisher, and a bookseller.

But to return to the Naples branch, which was the source of much trouble to Giolito. We find that he had entrusted the conduct of this business in Naples to a certain Pietro Ludrini. As time went on, however, Gabriele had occasion to suspect Ludrini's honesty. He accordingly sent Giovanni Battista Capello to Naples to take the management of the house; and for Capello he drew up the following instructions, with which he dispatched him on the delicate task of expelling Ludrini and assuming the direction of the Neapolitan shop. The document is so vivid and so instructive that we shall translate it nearly in full:

"In the name of God, April 10, 1563, in Venice.

"I, Gabriele Giolito, present to you, Giovanni Battista Capello, this memorandum of that which you are to do when once you are in Naples, whither God lead you safe and sound. First, as soon as you reach Naples you will put yourself in communication with Messer Stefano Corsini, merchant, and Messer Giovanni de Bottis, bookseller, and will ask their advice as to the best means for becoming possessed of my shop. And do not forget to have an inventory made out by a notary; for I desire that my affairs should be all clear and in order, even if I have to spend a little more upon them. It will be as well to call in the arm of the law; so that if Pietro makes any resistance you may be able to compel him to reason. Do not let Pietro know that you are in Naples till all is ready. When you are quite prepared, go to Pietro, and pretend that you have only just arrived. Give him my letters, in which I charge him to surrender my business to you. If he yield quietly, lose no time, but send for a notary at once to draw up the inventory; and ask Pietro to hand over all moneys he may have on my account, and give him a receipt for the same. If he resist, enter a formal protest holding him responsible for all damage or loss that may arise. Messer Corsini will consign to you nineteen boxes and five sacks, numbered from one to twenty-four. They contain books for stocking the shop. I have given you the invoice, and you will verify the contents. I have told Messer Corsini to furnish you with money for legal and other expenses. You will keep minutely a day-book of the shop, in which you will enter all income and expenditure. Further, should you find in my shop any prohibited books, I will not have them on sale. They must be put aside. The Spiceleguirn is copyrighted in the kingdom of Naples, and cannot be sold there. When once you have everything in your hands, you will see that new keys are made for all the doors and all the chests, so that no one who has duplicates of the old keys can play any tricks. Letters for me are to be handed to Corsini, but franked as far as Rome. You will also take stock of all my books, for I fear that many are imperfect. I know that Pietro used to sell loose sheets of them to make up other booksellers' copies. Send me a list of all imperfections, and they shall be remedied at once. Above all, live like a good Christian, with the fear of God before your eyes, if you wish to get on. Don't get into bad habits, for they ruin a man; fly them if you desire that this our good beginning should endure. God give you light to act fairly by us both.

"I forgot to say that if Pietro offers you any debtors for books sold on credit let him look to them himself. But if he draws the cash enter it to his credit. He had no authority from me to sell a single sheet on credit; and I charge you not to do so, either. If, however, you should hear that a debtor is of better substance than Pietro, you may accept him and enter him on the books. All the takings of the shop you will consign every month to Corsini."

This memorandum, apart from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light it throws on Gabriele's character as a man of business, is of great importance in the history of his life, for it was the means of clearing him when on trial before the Inquisition.

Capello arrived in Naples; and, so far as we know, Ludrini surrendered the shop and the stock without raising any opposition. An inventory was drawn up; and Capello, in obedience to his instructions, sorted out the prohibited books and placed them in the entresol above the shop. But Ludrini was bent upon revenge for his expulsion: and he took it in a way which was certain to prove most troublesome both to Capello and to Giolito. In January, 1565, he made out a list of prohibited books which he knew to be in Giolito's shop, and presented it at the office of the Neapolitan Inquisition. The result of this denunciation was that Giovanni Ortega de Salina, captain of the civic guard of Naples, in obedience to orders from the Holy Office, went to the sign of the Phœnix, and, finding Capello there with some shopmen, he announced his intention of searching the dwelling-house. The quest proved fruitless. No books were found in Capello's rooms. But on coming downstairs Salina turned aside into the entresol; and there he saw a number of books piled upon tables. In answer to a question Capello said that all these were books forbidden by the Index, and that he had set them aside because he had been told that the Holy Office had ordered the bookshops of Naples to be searched. When asked how he came to have prohibited books in his possession at all, Capello replied that he had them in his shop in virtue of a license; but, on being ordered to produce it, he admitted that the license was only a verbal one, and did not exist in writing. Giolito's memorandum shows that Capello's last answers and explanations were disingenuous; and it is difficult to understand why he gave such compromising replies, unless he did so under a lively terror of the Inquisition. The result was inevitable: both he and his master became seriously embroiled with the Holy Office. On receiving Capello's replies, Salina at once ordered all the books to be placed in three trunks, which he sealed and deposited in a neighboring shop, with orders that they were to be surrendered to the Inquisition officers, and to no one else. Capello was arrested and confined in the Vicaria.

The books seized were certainly of a nature to bring Capello and Giolito into trouble. They included Antonio Brucioli's translation of the New Testament, and many works of Aretino, Machiavelli, Melanchthon, Boccaccio, and Erasmus; and the Neapolitan Inquisition showed a desire to proceed rapidly and with vigor. On February 2 Capello was examined before the Tribunal. He declared that, when the captain of the guard appeared at his house, he thought forbidden arms, not forbidden books, were the object of his search. When Salina had asked him about the books found in the entresol, he had answered that they were forbidden books which he had placed there so that they might not be sold, and that he was awaiting instructions from his master Giolito, to whom he had applied for orders in the matter. He also stated that the only forbidden book he had for sale was the Adagia of Erasmus.

The introduction of Gabriele's name made the Inquisition determine to involve him too in the trial. The Holy Office of Naples placed itself in communication with the Venetian Inquisition, and sent a list of interrogatories which were to be applied to Giolito. The scene of the trial now shifts to Venice, where Gabriele was summoned to appear before the Sacred Tribunal in May, 1565. He deposed as follows: "I have three shops, one in Naples, one in Bologna, and one in Ferrara, besides my own shop here in Venice at Rialto. My agent in Naples is a certain Giovanni

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Battista Capello; before him my agent was Pietro Ludrini, who left me because he said he was going to marry. Since Capello went to Naples I have supplied him with no books from Venice; he has had in Naples the stock in the shop, and also some bales of books which I had entrusted to Messer Stefano Corsini, since dead. I did not give these books to Ludrini, because I found he was dishonest; nor have I given them all to Capello, because I know that he too is cheating me. I have certainly never sent forbidden books to Naples so far as I am aware; but a copy of the invoices of all consignments to my agents is open to inspection. Perhaps my shopmen may have inadvertently dispatched some books on the Index. I have never read the Index; but when it was sent to me I had it placed in all my shops, with orders to clear the stock of all books whose names were on the prohibitory list." When asked if he knew a certain Francesco Spinola, Gabriele replied: "Yes, I have known him for three years, as he used to frequent the Fenice, and eventually stayed in my house as proof-reader and tutor to my son. We never discussed matters of faith, as I do not mix in affairs I do not understand. We parted because Spinola neglected both his proof-reading and his tutorship. Spinola once procured for me a copy of Sleidan's works which Dolce required for his Life of the Emperor Frederick." Gabriele admitted that he had attended the Lent lectures of Bernardino of Siena, and had found them most illuminating. As regards a certain Cesare de Lucca, he had once been in the service of Giolito, but had left him to serve the Giunti. Cesare never showed any dubious opinions in matters of faith, and conformed to the rule of the Giolito household which required all its members to confess and to communicate at least thrice a year. Finally, as a proof that he desired to obey the orders of the Church, and that he had acted *bona fide* in the whole matter, Gabriele produced the memorandum which he had drawn up for Capello's instruction on his departure for Naples. The orders in the memorandum appear to have satisfied the Inquisition, and Giolito's trial proceeded no further; nor did it entail any punishment or evil consequences upon him, though we cannot but be surprised that he should have ventured to plead ignorance of the contents of the Index, when we remember that he himself had issued the Venetian Index of 1554.

We have followed Gabriele through the details of his business as far as they have been recorded for us by Salvatore Bongi's patient research. It only remains, in conclusion, to give some account of his family and of his private life, which will show him to have been as engaging in his home relations as he was astute and able in his business affairs. In the year 1544 Gabriele married Lucrezia Bini, whose family lived in Venice. Lucrezia herself gives us much information about her relations in the will which she made five years after her marriage. "Considering," she says, "the dangers of this fragile life, I have resolved to make this my will. And first I commend my soul to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to all the court of heaven. I name as my executors my husband, my mother-in-law, my uncles Benedetto and Giovanni Pietro Bini, my brother Alvise, and my maternal uncles Alvise and Francesco de' Anzoli. I desire to be buried wherever my husband may appoint, but on condition that within two years of my death he shall have erected a tomb for me to lie in. Failing this, I wish my body to be placed in the tomb of my uncles in the Franciscan Church; and until the condition be complied with or neglected my corpse shall be left in some safe depository." After making several legacies, Lucrezia continues: "To my husband I leave as a pledge of love my big ruby, and that is all; for he has no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need of aught. The rest of my dower, and all that I may subsequently become possessed of, I leave in equal portions to my children, should I have any. When I depart this life, I wish to be wrapped in the habit of the Madonna della Conception, for to that guild I belong." Lucrezia's phrase about her children, "*se ne haverò*," leaves some doubt as to whether any had yet been born, or whether those born had died. A letter written by Gabriele to his kinsman, Lelio Montalerio, and dated August 19, 1570, sufficiently explains the position of the family at that date. "I have two sons," he writes, "one sixteen rising seventeen, the other eight; and I have four daughters, one fifteen, another twelve, another ten, and another seven. This makes up the half dozen. Another half dozen are in heaven. That makes twelve in all, and now we intend to rest, if so it shall please God. And may he grant us to live all together till they be old enough to govern themselves without our aid." Under their mother's guidance the Giolito family was brought up in all the exercises of piety. Gabriele's friends in the world of religious letters bear testimony to their appreciation of her rule. Fra Remigio Fiorentino dedicated his translation of the Imitatio to Lucrezia, that she might be able to place it in the hands of her youthful family. Tommaso Porcacchi sent a reproduction of the same work to Lucrezia, with a letter in which he praises the piety and discipline of the Giolito household, "which seems a sainted Paradise, made glorious by the beauty and goodness of those little angels who day by day sing psalms and lauds and hymns to the honor of God;" and, making all allowance for the florid emphasis of the period, we can quite believe that the family of Gabriele was distinguished for its piety. We find a sober confirmation of the religious atmosphere in which they lived in the words of Bonaventura Gonzaga, who records the daily celebration of the divine offices in a chamber set apart in the house for that purpose.

Among the daughters born to Gabriele and Lucrezia, the one of whom we hear most was called Fenice, doubtless in memory of the famous sign over Gabriele's house. She was born in 1555, and, under her mother's care, became the chief centre of the religious fervor which characterized the family. When a little girl, seven years old, she one day asked her father's friend, Fra Remigio, to recommend a work which should teach her how to acquire and keep the divine grace. Remigio replied by publishing, and dedicating to Fenice, Girolamo Sirino's Modo dele d'Acquistare la Divina Gratia. Fenice's pious bent of mind acquired force with her growing years, until she at last announced her resolve to become a nun. This occasioned a display of Gabriele's sound sense. Writing to Montalerio, he says: "My eldest girl is fifteen years old, and God has inspired her with the wish to be a nun. Though it is now two years that she has been begging me to place her in a convent, I have always refused my consent until she should have reached a ripe age and shown me that her resolve is permanent. As yet she is at home with the others. But she is to enter a convent for three or four months, and then I will bring her home again for a month more, to see whether her resolve is firm, and whether she likes a convent better than her own home." The experiment was tried; but Fenice's resolve held firm, and she became a nun in the Benedictine convent of Santa Marta.

If Gabriele's sons were employed in their father's business at all, it was not as partners; for Gabriele's name alone continues to appear on the Giolitan title-pages till his death. There is a note of lassitude in the first letter to Montalerio from which we have quoted, and, as it were, a summing up of his life's work by a man who felt that his career was drawing to a close. Old age and wea-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riness were creeping over Gabriele, and showed their presence in the gradual relaxing of that activity which had characterized his press. As to the exact date and cause of Giolito's death we have no information. But it appears that he escaped the plague, which was raging in 1576 and 1577, only to die the year after its cessation. The Corporation Rolls of the Booksellers, Printers, and Binders prove that Gabriele was already dead before the 3d of March, 1578. Nor did his wife survive him long. In the year 1581, their sons Giovanni and Giampolo raised, in the church of Santa Marta, where Fenice, their sister, was a nun, a monument to the memory of Gabriele and Lucrezia, with this inscription:

GABRIELI IOLITO DE FERRARIIS NOBILI VIRO, ET INTEGERRIMO, LVCRETIÆQE BINÆ MATRI HONESTISSIMÆ IOANNES ET IOANNES PAVLVS FRATRES PARENTIBVS OPTIMIS ET B. M. SIBI IPSIS, AC POSTERIS MONVMENTV̄ HOC PONENDVM CVRARV̄T ANNO DN̄I 1581.

Giovanni Giolito, the elder son, assumed the direction of the business; but in the brief space of ten years he too died, and Giampolo became the head of the house. He found the business little to his taste. He allowed the press to remain idle throughout entire years at a time; and the appearance of the Giolitan editions was more and more infrequent. Indeed, it would appear that soon after his brother's death Giampolo resolved to withdraw from printing and publishing; and for that purpose he issued the only catalogue of Giolitan editions ever put forth by the firm. The prices were added in order to facilitate the disposal of the stock. In the year 1606, while the republic was in the very heat of its famous quarrel with Paul V., the Giolitan editions finally ceased, and the famous press, after a brilliant career of seventy years, no longer occupied a place in the annals of Venetian printing.

Horatio F. Brown.

HER PRESENCE.

I LONG in vain by day, but when the night
With all its jewels stars the waiting sky,
And vagrant fireflies like stray souls flit by,
She seeks me in the tender waning light,
And sits beside me there, a Presence white; —
Her eyes yearn for me, and her dear lips sigh,
But if to clasp her cold soft hands I try
The shadows deepen, and she fades from sight.

O lost and dear! — by what strange, devious way
Does she escape? for fain I too would flee
From all the hollow pageantry of life,
And with her through immortal meadows stray.
The free winds mock my quest, stars laugh to see,
And I wait helpless till Death end the strife.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DESCENDANT OF THE DOGES.

I.

He was not a descendant of all the Doges, only of one, but it pleased Miss Goodwin to speak of the boy as if he were directly related to each illustrious head of the Venetian republic. Miss Goodwin also spoke of him as *il mio amico;* his family and the neighbors spoke of him as Marcantonio.

Not far from where the bridge of the Rialto crosses the Grand Canal stands a magnificent palace, marked with two stars before its name in the strangers' guidebook. This was the former home of the particular Doge from whom Marcantonio had descended. Marcantonio himself lived in a narrow alley behind the garden of a house in which Miss Goodwin, the American signorina, was comfortably established for a long Italian summer.

Miss Goodwin sat in her room one May afternoon, the faded green shutters tightly closed. According to the custom of the country, the woman behind the shutters should have been taking an after-dinner nap, but she never slept in the daytime, not even in Italy. Moreover, ever since the English lady had publicly declared at the table that, to her ears, the music of a mandolin was much like the music of a mosquito, Miss Goodwin had felt obliged to practice when the English lady was out. She was out now; gone, with paint-box and sketch-block, in search of a certain pink door having an old stone head watching over it, and a mass of green showing from a concealed garden. Herr Lindemann, the German artist, had mentioned the pink door at dinner as a simple and suitable subject for a water-color. Herr Lindemann himself was busy before his easel in a shady corner, close by the water's edge, on the other side of the canal. Miss Goodwin had noticed him only a few moments before, as she leaned out of her high window. She had noticed likewise a small boy standing on tiptoe and stretching his neck in a dangerous manner, that he might get a nearer view of the picture growing on the canvas. The picture represented a wall rising from the water, and hung with a honeysuckle vine in bloom. Behind the wall were roof-tops with quaint chimneys, and behind the roof-tops was a church tower, about which birds were flying. When the light was favorable there were always artists sitting in the corner, under the shade of the bridge, and it was curious to see what different pictures these artists made. Some put in a great many birds, others only two or three. Very often the birds looked exactly as if they were flying; very often, also, they looked like nothing but little black specks on the canvas.

Miss Goodwin, in her pleasantly darkened room, sat steadily practicing the Baby Polka. Hitherto she had been much encouraged by the singing of the gondoliers below her window, — a gentle, subdued singing, politely adapted to the time in which the signorina was able to perform; but to-day, when the polka was going with such delightful smoothness that there would have been no need of restraining one's singing from motives of good manners, there was no one to sing. With five exceptions, all Venice seemed to have fallen asleep. The five exceptions were the German artist and the boy tiptoeing about him, the English lady painting the pink door, the American signorina practicing the Baby Polka, and the tortoise-shell cat on her way to visit the American signorina, it being the tortoise-shell cat's habit to pay this visit precisely at three every afternoon.

It was now two minutes before three.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Herr Lindemann had just put the birds into the picture, and the birds looked, every one of them, as if they were merrily whirling around the tower, when there came the sound of a splash followed by a shriek. Miss Goodwin threw open the blinds. She saw a sailor plunging into the canal on one side, and Herr Lindemann pulling the small boy out on the other. She saw a boat dart forth from under a bridge, and a policeman, with a sleepy frown, lazily shaking a little figure, as it stood dripping on the pavement. She saw the figure, made slightly less dripping by the shaking, disappear in the nearest doorway. All these things happened in the first minute; in the second, Herr Lindemann was quietly adding a deeper bloom to the honeysuckle vine of his picture, the boat and the policeman had vanished, and the tortoise-shell cat came creeping composedly along the ledge that ran beneath the roof.

"It must be a very disagreeable feeling to fall into the water," said Miss Goodwin to her visitor, "especially if one is not able to swim."

The tortoise-shell cat blinked assentingly, and the two sat in silence considering the subject, until the woman spoke again.

"If you will excuse me," she said, "I should like to go over to the Lido."

"Certainly, by all means," answered the tortoise-shell cat; "don't let me detain you," — or at least Miss Goodwin understood this to be the answer.

II.

The baby Angelica, crowing and cooing in her father's arms, headed the procession. If the other members of the family had not been so old, they would have crowed also. They felt like crowing. Under the circumstances they were obliged to content themselves with cooing gently in soft Italian. Marcantonio, made wise by the accident of the preceding day, was on the way to his first swimming lesson. He intended to live in the canal during the rest of the summer, coming out occasionally to eat and sleep, and to watch the artists painting the birds.

The family procession grew larger as it approached the bridge. Angelica's crowing and cooing attracted as much attention as if she had been a man with a drum. Angelica was known in the neighborhood as a very winsome baby.

In the corner where the German artist had sat the afternoon before, broad steps led down to the water. It being high tide, only three of these were now visible. Upon the upper ones the family seated itself: the old grandmother with the contented eyes; the mother with Angelica; the two aunts, each wearing a cinnamon-colored shawl over her head; and the four little sisters, holding one another by the hand. On the lower step stood the boy with his father. The former had a rope about his waist, and a board, which the father had taken from a boat, floated near by in the water. Overhead the sky was aglow with rose-color.

But what had happened to Marcantonio? He had never had such a dreadful feeling before in all his life. He wished the lady sitting in the balcony window of the house opposite would go away. He wished the women would not linger as they crossed the bridge. He wished the family were at home in the alley. He wished the rose-colored sky would suddenly grow black, and the rain come down in torrents. A gentleman joined the lady at the balcony window. It was the German artist, who could make such beautiful birds. The women lingering on the bridge increased in number. The sky changed to a deeper rose.

"Now, my little son," said the father encouragingly, and Marcantonio found himself struggling in the water.

He had been practicing swimming on dry land since early that morning. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knew just what to do with his arms and legs, how to hold his head, and how to breathe; but swimming on dry land was a very different thing from this. How was it possible to throw out one's arms when one was clinging to a board, and how was it possible to let go the board when there was nothing certain under one's feet?

"Never mind," said the father, as the boy stood again on the lower step, "the next time we shall do better." But matters were not improved at the second trial, and at the third tears and despair had grown threefold in quantity, and hope was threefold less.

The father wrapped a cloak around the boy, and the procession turned homeward, the four little sisters still holding one another by the hand, and the old grandmother cheerfully repeating, "Things might be worse, — things might be much worse." But all the rose had faded from the sky.

Marcantonio could by no means agree with his grandmother in thinking things might be worse. Throughout the next day he sat mournfully stringing black beads, and each bead seemed to him like a gloomy shape of bitter disappointment. Late in the afternoon the German artist appeared in search of the grandmother. He wanted her to come to his studio on the following morning, and he particularly wished her to make no changes in her faded clothing.

The grandmother laughed, and said she knew enough to come as old and faded as possible. The signor need have no fear.

"Why does the gentleman wish thee to come old and faded, grandmother dearest?" asked Marcantonio.

"They say age makes things more beautiful, age softens the colors."

"Then it is beautiful to be old, grandmother mine?" observed the boy thoughtfully.

"That depends on many things," returned the woman. "If one is made of lace, or china, or rich cloth, or carved wood, then it is very beautiful."

At this point in the conversation Miss Goodwin wandered into the alley. She was in search of a short way home, and as she was constantly in search of short ways of reaching places, she was constantly going astray. She too stopped before Marcantonio's doorway.

"It is very warm," she said to the grandmother. "Do you think it will grow much warmer? Is not this the child who is learning to swim?"

The mother came out with Angelica, and a chair for the signorina. The two aunts and the four little sisters, joining the group, settled themselves in a picturesque family circle.

"If I were President of the United States," said Miss Goodwin, with a very friendly smile, "I should make a law compelling every one to learn to swim, or else to be beheaded; but I would give the citizens plenty of time in which to learn. The older ones should be sent to Venice, because it is easy to swim in the Adriatic, there is so much salt in the sea, and there is also no danger of a chill, which is a great advantage, especially if one is troubled with rheumatism. Things ought to be made easy for old people. But one is never too old to learn. When I saw this boy fall into the water, two days ago," and Miss Goodwin placed her hand on Marcantonio's shoulder, "I thought, 'What is to prevent my falling in twenty times daily, this being a place where a near-sighted person is always in danger?' I shall go to the Lido every afternoon now for a swimming lesson; I shall learn to swim, — I have made up my mind to learn."

"I had made up my mind to dive from the top of the bridge last evening," remarked the boy, somewhat cheered by the conversation. "Does the signorina expect to be able to do that?"

Miss Goodwin said she had not thought of it, but that it would certainly be a fine thing to do. Then she asked what the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baby's name was, and wrote her own on the margin of a newspaper: "Mary Elizabeth Goodwin, Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A."

The grandmother inquired if Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A., were in New York, and observed that it must be a very delightful place, since it was the home of the charming signorina. The charming signorina herself, who knew her Venetian history as thoroughly as that of the Pilgrim Fathers, found an exciting possibility in the second half of the baby's name.

"There was formerly a famous Doge," she began.

"And this boy is his descendant," continued the grandmother. "We are all his descendants; we are an old and faded remnant of a once distinguished family."

When Miss Goodwin went out of the alley, Marcantonio put down his string of black beads, and began stringing blue ones. After a time he put these down also, and walked gravely to the bridge under the signorina's window. The birds were flying around the tower, and the sky was rose-color again.

"Wings in the air," said the child, "are something like arms in the water. I must learn to use my wings."

"What have you been doing all day?" asked the English lady at supper. The English lady asked this question every evening. Sometimes Miss Goodwin said she had been writing letters, sometimes reading Ruskin, sometimes sitting in St. Mark's, sometimes feeding the pigeons on the Piazza. She had not mentioned the swimming lessons. To-night, however, she had a new answer ready. "I have been discovering a descendant of the Doges," she said, "with a large family of female relatives;" to which the English lady replied that she never did see anything like Americans for poking about by themselves and finding out things.

III.

One morning, the Descendant, looking over the high wall of the garden, saw the American signorina sitting under a tree, with a book in her hand and the tortoise-shell cat in her lap. The book was an Italian dictionary, out of which the lady had just learned two words, "thunderstorm" and "confidential." She was repeating these words to herself, when the cat jumped from her lap, and climbed up to the boy, who put his arm about her.

"That is a very nice cat," said Miss Goodwin.

"Yes," answered the Descendant, "she *is* a nice cat; she is my cat."

"Your cat is my friend. She comes to me every afternoon; she comes over the roofs and in through the window. She never stays away on account of the weather; yesterday, she came in the midst of a great thunderstorm."

"I am glad the signorina likes my cat. Is the window the upper one, on the canal side?"

"Yes," replied Miss Goodwin; "it is the window with the fine view. I spend a good deal of time there."

"So much the better," thought the boy. "Some day, when she is looking out, she will hear a splash below. At first she will see nothing; then she will see my head come up from the water, and she will hear me calling, 'Buon giorno, signorina!' and she will exclaim, 'Saints of Paradise! why, it is little Marcantonio! How well he has learned to swim!'"

"I talk to your cat," said Miss Goodwin, intent upon introducing her second new word into the conversation. "I ask her advice, I tell her my secrets, I play to her on my mandolin. She is my very good friend; she is the only friend I have in Italy, — I mean the only confidential friend. There is nothing so beautiful as confidential friendship."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marcantonio let himself down into the garden. "Is confidential friendship like the other things? Is it better old?"

"What other things?"

"Lace," said the boy, — "lace, and china, and cloth, and carved wood; and does the signorina think that my dear grandmother is more beautiful than Angelica, and that a poor family in an alley is better than a rich family in a palace? But possibly the signorina is not an artist, and does not know about it. Artists like things old and faded; the German signor was delighted when he found my grandmother."

"Yes, I know about it," said Miss Goodwin, "only it is not easy to explain," and she looked at the tortoise-shell cat on the wall, as if to ask, "In case you had to explain this, how should you begin?"

The tortoise-shell cat looked back with a warning expression, which said plainly, "I should not begin."

"I must tell you first," continued the lady, not heeding the warning, "why it is beautiful to be young. If one is made of lace, or china, or cloth, or carved wood, it is beautiful to be young because one has no weak places, no stains, and no scars; and if one is a person, it is beautiful to be young for somewhat the same reasons. The baby Angelica resembles the early morning, when nothing has yet happened, but all manner of wonderful things are going to happen. Some people like the early morning better than the evening; that is a matter of taste. I think perhaps one has to be an artist to like the evening best. To be an artist does not always mean that one is able to paint pictures or write poems. It means a certain way of seeing and feeling. A great many people are able to see and feel in this way who could never paint a picture nor write a poem; and the reason that artists, and people with the eyes and feelings of artists, like old things best is because the beauty of old things is so much rarer and finer than the beauty of young things. One can be young once only, but that once is certain, whereas old age is not certain at all. Many a piece of lace, or china, or cloth, or wood has been destroyed before it had time to grow old. When things are allowed to live through a great many years, they often become of priceless value. This is partly on account of soft changes which creep into their coloring, partly because of their rareness, partly because of their story. There is no story in the morning or in very young things; instead of a story there is the promise of one."

Miss Goodwin paused to collect her thoughts; on the wall the tortoise-shell cat nodded approvingly.

"It is much more difficult for a person to fade well than for a thing," the lady began again. "We know at once if a person has faded well by the expression of the eyes and the sound of the voice. In order for a person to fade well, the person must try to have good thoughts. I am fading now; therefore I have to be very careful about my thoughts. Of course it is better if one has always been careful."

Miss Goodwin arose and went towards the house. At the doorway she turned back, and said to the boy, who had followed her: "I forgot to tell you about friendships and families. Friendships are best old; it does not so much matter about families, and whether it is worth more to be a Doge in a palace or a descendant in an alley depends entirely upon the Doge and upon the descendant."

IV.

The English lady, the American signorina, and the German artist were on their way to a *serenata*, — a serenata being on the present occasion a serenade given by Venice herself to herself, under the windows of her own palaces.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was very quiet passing through the narrow canals, walled in by the tall, still houses, and watched over by silent stars, until the last water-street ended suddenly before the splendors of a floating Eastern garden, which had been caused to spring up and blossom for this summer festa. In the garden stood a palm-tree, whose leaves were like leaves of silver, and all about rose smaller trees covered with brilliant fruit and snow-white flowers. The gondola had come into the Grand Canal, where close together, with the garden of light in the midst, hundreds upon hundreds of other gondolas had assembled, each boat touching its neighbor, and all the high iron prows turned in the same direction. The boats were waiting to drift with the tide and the music through the length of the broad river, until the late hours of the night themselves should drift into morning.

The prima donna, standing on the musicians' barge, began her song, and slowly the gondola fleet floated towards the great black arch of the Rialto, and the bridge flashed into a glow of crimson, as if from very excitement; for how could the palm-tree pass under unharmed? "How, indeed?" the people asked curiously.

The tree settled the question by gradually sinking into half its former size, and then rising again when safely beyond the bridge, quite like a tree in a fairy tale. Then, on the balconies of the nearest palace appeared dark-faced men in flowing robes and white turbans, royal guests from an Eastern court. In their honor the boats paused for a moment, the musicians played the Carnival of Venice, the prima donna sang her most warbling song, and the people cried, "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!"

Directly across the canal rose the palace of Marcantonio's ancestor, upon which a golden light had been thrown, causing it to shine like a thing enchanted. At Miss Goodwin's side the English lady was saying, "Your interesting acquaintances are in the next boat."

The Descendant and his family were arranged very much as they had been that night on the water-steps: in front, the boy and his father; behind, the grandmother with the contented eyes, the mother with Angelica, the two aunts still wearing cinnamon-colored shawls over their heads, and the four little sisters still holding one another by the hand. The Descendant and his family were all smiling. As Miss Goodwin smiled back, Marcantonio thought, from the look in her eyes, that she must be fading very well, and that she was a thousand times more beautiful in her white hat and dress than the prima donna with the roses in her hair; and he wondered if this charming American signorina were now able to do anything so difficult as diving from the top of the bridge.

"To-morrow evening," said the boy to himself, "when I have done it, I shall ask her if I may become her confidential friend; and then she will play to me on her mandolin, and tell me the secrets she tells to the tortoise-shell cat."

The concert drifted slowly away from the palace of Marcantonio's ancestor. As it passed the Santa Maria della Salute, a white light covered the church like a bridal veil, and below, in the square, the old bell tower flushed crimson, exactly as the bridge of the Rialto had done two hours before. Again and again the prima donna sang her most warbling songs. Again and again the baby Angelica laughingly reached out her arms to the glittering palm-tree. Again and again the people shouted, "Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!" Then the white, white church and the red, red tower vanished, the garden of light became a garden of shadows, the gay lanterns on the ships grew dim, the boats parted company, and there was nothing more to be seen except the faint outlines of a city and a sky filled with twinkling stars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Goodwin awoke the next morning, as she generally did, to the confused sounds of strange cries and the treading of many feet on the bridge below. If she had listened, she would have noticed that the cries were louder and stranger than she had ever heard before, and the movement of feet was more hurried; but she neither listened nor opened the faded green shutters. It was better that she should keep them closed on this summer morning; better, too, that for once she should pay no attention to the sounds without.

A little later she went down to the breakfast-room. As she entered, she heard the German artist exclaiming that he did not understand how people could be so imprudent as to let a boatful of children go off by themselves; and the English lady, looking very pale, said she was of quite the same opinion. One of the maids stood by the table weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Goodwin.

"Matter!" said the English lady. "Where have you been? What were you doing half an hour ago?"

Miss Goodwin replied that she was in her room; that she did remember hearing a good deal of noise, but one always heard that in the morning; she had not even opened her shutters.

"I wish I had not," said the English lady. "It was terrible. I shall never forget it."

Herr Lindemann had gone to the balcony, and was talking to some one below. "Were you there, Valentino?" he asked.

"Si, signor," answered the man. "I was the first to reach the boat. The children are all saved, but we almost lost little Angelica. We should have lost her without our brave Marcantonio. God be praised for the boy's courage! It is a pretty story about his learning to swim. He wished to do something for the American signorina, in order to become her friend. He thought it would please her to see him dive from the top of the bridge. He felt obliged to tell me, because he feared that if I did not know his intention I might think he had fallen into the water again. The signor remembers how he fell in before."

In the alley every one was weeping and smiling and embracing whoever came near, after a most unrestrained and unlimited fashion. Marcantonio himself was nowhere to be seen.

"There are times when it is not pleasant to have a fuss made over one," said the English lady, who had been mildly participating in the alley's demonstrations. "I give the child credit for a great deal of proper feeling. I am going down to the Piazza to buy him a present," and she asked Herr Lindemann, upon whose judgment she was in the habit of relying, to accompany her.

Miss Goodwin, therefore, went home alone. As she passed the garden she heard a child sobbing. The Descendant was lying on the grass, his head resting against the tortoise-shell cat.

"My dear little friend," said Miss Goodwin, sitting down beside the boy.

The Descendant raised his head. "Is the signorina speaking to me or to my cat?"

"I am speaking to you."

"I thank the signorina," said the boy, whose eyes were shining. "I was coming to ask this evening if I might be the signorina's friend, but I was going to do something for her first. I did not cry when the boat was overturned. It was afterward, when I looked at Angelica, and remembered how near she came to being like one of those things that get lost, and never have any story."

"One must cry some time," remarked Miss Goodwin, who was crying herself a little in a cheerful way, "and the best time is always afterward."

She stroked the cat's damp fur, saying that she felt very proud of her two Italian friends.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Confidential," corrected Marcantonio.

"Of my two confidential Italian friends," repeated Miss Goodwin.

"Will it grow old, does the signorina think?"

"You mean our friendship? It is old already. Age in friendship does not always mean years."

The Descendant laughed joyfully. The tortoise-shell cat jumped up from the grass and danced around with a spray of the honeysuckle vine. From the top of the wall a bird flew up to the tower. Under the cool arcades of the Piazza, the English lady, with the fresh color back in her cheeks, had just poured a cup of coffee for Herr Lindemann, and another for herself. Altogether it was a very happy day in Venice.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

WHAT FRENCH GIRLS STUDY.

I AM often asked if, in my experience of French school life, I found the standards of education for girls as high in France as in America. I can only answer that the French ideas of what a young girl should study and how she should study are so different from ours that it is hard to say which has the highest standards. Perhaps the best answer I can give is to describe the course of studies pursued at a high-class French school, and leave my readers to form their own opinions.

I shall not write about public schools, as I have had no experience with them in either country. Before passing on to private schools, however, I should like to say a few things about the opportunities of higher education for women, — a subject popular in both countries. In this French women have an immense advantage over American women, from the fact that all the schools of the University of Paris except the (Protestant) theological school are open to them; that they may pass its examinations, take its degrees, and share its privileges and honors equally with the men; and that its courses are nearly all *free:* so that the highest education in the world lies within easy reach of the poorest girl. The same is true of many of the universities of southern Europe, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and France; and this is no new thing, but a relic of the Middle Ages.[1] Before America was discovered women were taking honors and even filling chairs at the great Italian and Spanish universities; and though this enthusiasm for study among women died out with other effects of the Renaissance, and has only lately been revived, their privileges have never been wholly lost, and are to-day greater than those enjoyed by the women of northern Europe, of England, or of the United States. If the women of southern Europe are not as highly educated as the men, it is from choice, for they have few educational disabilities.

But the women students of the University of Paris must not be mistaken for college undergraduates. Their position is very different. The Continental

[1] During the Dark and Middle Ages education was always free, — not in the sense of modern free education, which is provided by the state from taxes levied for the purpose, but as a free gift to the people from the Church and the monastic orders. At the gate of every cathedral and of the principal monasteries rose the free school, and from these schools developed the great universities of the Middle Ages. See Creighton in his several writings on the English universities, and Drane's Christian Schools and Scholars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

universities do not give undergraduate courses as we understand them. These are given at the lyceums and colleges, where boys from ten to eighteen years of age are educated, and where they are prepared for the degrees of bachelors in arts and sciences and letters. The diplomas for these degrees are given by the Council of the University at competitive examinations, held before the Council or its appointees, but French youths do not attach the dignity to them that our young men do to an A. B. The French young man looks upon his bachelor's degree simply as the necessary preparatory step to something higher, and does not consider that he has a liberal education, or is in any sense a university man, until he has *fait son droit ;* that is, taken his degree in law or one of the other faculties, whether he means to be a professional man or not, law being the usual study of the young men of leisure and fashion. Thus a French youth expects to take his bachelor's degree at eighteen or nineteen, and his degree in law or his master's or doctor's degree at twenty or twenty-one. The longer school terms and greater discipline and concentration of his early life at preparatory schools and colleges bring him out from two to three years ahead of the average American young man.

The women students of the University of Paris, then, are on a higher level than our college girls. They are following courses in the schools or faculties of law, medicine, and pharmacy, or studying for master's and doctor's degrees in arts and sciences and letters. Over two hundred professors teach in these schools, and the lectures are attended by more than ten thousand students, who are admitted without regard to sex, nationality, religion, or color. Among them are representatives of twenty-five nationalities, and a large number of women. The courses are free to foreigners as well as to the French. A small examination fee only is required from those who are candidates for degrees.

The women students get their preparatory training sometimes at private schools, sometimes at normal schools, and sometimes on the lecture system. This system will need some explanation to Americans, as we have nothing that exactly corresponds to it. It is a long-standing custom in the French colleges and lyceums, as well as in many of the classic and scientific public schools for boys and young men in Germany, and one that has been adopted in Italy also, to repeat many of their most important courses of lectures to classes of girls, — much on the system adopted later at the Harvard Annex, but with these notable differences : that in the French, German, and Italian system these courses are not only given by the same professors, but they are given in the same class-rooms and with the use of the same apparatus ; and they are also free, these schools being state institutions. A number of young girls from ten to eighteen years of age, though they do not aspire to university honors, are educated on the lecture system. They follow pretty closely the courses prescribed for the boys. These are not the exact equivalent of our college courses, as the French college does not teach the dead languages, which are taught in the lyceums or classical schools.[1] A French lad

[1] Colleges are supported by the cities and towns, and their courses of study vary somewhat in the different localities. Lyceums, which are supported by the state, follow practically the same course everywhere. Paris has seven public lyceums, three colleges for young men and three for young women. Twelve thousand students attend these institutions. There are besides, in the city, many private colleges and institutions, whose students are also candidates for degrees. In private colleges for boys, especially those conducted by religious orders, the ancient classics are generally included. Modern languages are little taught except in commercial schools. Young people of the upper classes usually learn these in early childhood from governesses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has to make up his mind early as to what he means to do in life. He must decide at ten years of age whether to take the classical course at the lyceum and go up for university honors, or to take the modern course at the college and afterwards study a profession, either at the University, or at the Polytechnic, the School of Mines, the School of Political Sciences, the School of Fine Arts, or some other of the great professional institutions of Paris. The college course gives the best "all round" education, and is the one generally followed by the girls. It is eight years long, and includes grammar, rhetoric, logic, French composition, literature, the history of literature, French constitutional history, universal history, geography, the natural sciences, mathematics, and philosophy.

The most popular *cours* or courses of lectures are decidedly those of the College of France. This famous institution is unlike other colleges in having no students, properly speaking, and in teaching not only the classical courses, but everything within the range of human knowledge worth teaching. It is a body of forty-two professors, representing every known branch of learning, who give courses of instruction on their special subjects, which are free and open to all, without distinction of sex or race, whether candidates for degrees or not. It is probably the most advanced school of learning that exists. The renown of its professors is world-wide, and as it comes under the immediate direction and patronage of the Ministry of Public Instruction, it is a special pet of the government, and never lacks means to carry out its most ambitious schemes. Many hundred women attend its lectures, and they are not all advanced students or those preparing for university honors; for it has been a popular thing in Paris, the last twenty years or so, for bright young girls, even of the most fashionable families, to follow certain of its courses during the last few years of school life; that is, from about their thirteenth to their eighteenth year.

It will readily be seen that it would be impossible to compare a French girl who has studied four or five years at the College of France with a girl graduate of one of our coeducational or girls' colleges, for the reason that she does not follow a prescribed course of studies, and is not required to pass examinations. There are open to her the finest opportunities for advanced study that the world affords, but, unless she goes up to the University examinations and takes a degree, there is nothing to prove whether she has simply been taking elementary courses in rhetoric, natural history, and physics, for example, or whether she has been pursuing profound studies in metaphysics, international law, and Sanskrit, and making original researches in the latest thing in science or medicine. Many young girls, daughters of wealthy and fashionable families, who are educated at home by their parents and governesses, go to the College of France for a limited number of special courses. The courses most popular among these young girls I found to be all branches of history, literature, the history of literature, rhetoric and composition, natural history and physics, while a few studied logic, psychology, and political science. They were instructed at home by private teachers in modern languages, music, arithmetic, penmanship and letter-writing, sewing and embroidery, and various domestic accomplishments, while some who had a taste for art worked several hours a week in studios. They usually took three or four courses at the College each year, with two or three lectures a week in each. Those who had taken the requisite courses went up to the public competitive examinations of the University at the Hôtel de Ville to try for the diploma qualifying them to teach. This diploma is the ambition of every bright French girl, whether she means

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to teach or not; and as the examinations are open to all, even to pupils of private schools, upon the payment of a small fee, girls of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families, who have been educated by governesses or at the most exclusive convents, do not hesitate to go up to the Hôtel de Ville side by side with the pupils of public colleges and normal schools, and so have made these competitive examinations the fashion of the educational day.

In going back and forth to the public lectures, the girls are always accompanied by one of their parents or by a governess, and these chaperons sit in the class-room during the lectures, and often take as lively an interest in the courses as the girls themselves. When the parents are persons of leisure, it is their great delight to accompany their children in this way, and to help them afterwards in studying the subjects at home. As a general thing in France, parents, fathers as well as mothers, take a much more active interest and larger personal share in their children's education than is common with us.

As many friendless girls come up to Paris from the provinces and smaller cities for the advantages of the University and for the College lectures, there is a large convent established in the Latin Quarter, where the girls may obtain comfortable board and lodging with the good Sisters for a very small sum, and where their health and morals and manners will be well cared for and suitable chaperons provided for them. The chaperon system is strictly carried out everywhere with girls and young women, and with boys under eighteen, even in the middle and poorer classes; and, although it does not come under the head of studies, I cannot omit here a reference to this system, which is so strong a factor in the formation of a French child's mind and character. It does an admirable work in bringing the young into constant companionship and friendly intimacy with mature and experienced minds, as well as in keeping the old in touch with the interests and aspirations of the young, and is no doubt one explanation of that devotion to family life and home ties that is so pleasing a characteristic of the French, and one of their greatest charms in the eyes of those who dwell long enough in France to judge of its people from knowledge, and not from hearsay.

But, even with the safeguards they throw around it, the lecture system will never be as popular with the great mass of the French people, high or low, as the private religious school. The French take the broad view of education which includes the fullest development of the whole being, from its moral, spiritual, physical, and social as well as from its intellectual side. They also believe that a woman, to be thoroughly womanly, should be educated by women, a manly man by men. They carry out this theory even in the public elementary schools, the boys' and girls' schools being always in separate buildings, with a separate staff of teachers, — exclusively male teachers for the boys, women teachers for the girls. The custom prevalent among us, of classes of grown boys in grammar and high schools (or mixed classes of boys and girls) studying under women teachers, is one they would not tolerate. There is no nation where the relations between mother and son are more close and tender than among the French, yet save for his mother's influence the boy is early emancipated from the control of women, and given over to tutors, that they who train him for a man's work may be men. It is the same with girls. Nowhere do we see closer companionship between father and daughter, brother and sister, than in France, but the girl's educators, they who form her to truest womanhood, must be women.

It is, then, the exceptional girl who is educated on the lecture system.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the rich it is the almost universal rule to educate their children, both boys and girls, in private schools and colleges. The public elementary schools are frequented only by the children of the very poor, and never by the comparatively well-to-do, as with us. Even the poor prefer the free religious schools wherever they are established, and these, since 1880, have necessarily been private schools.[1] On the other hand, the university and professional schools, which in America are almost everywhere private institutions, are in France almost exclusively public free institutions, and are frequented by rich and poor alike.

The great majority of girls' private schools in France are convent schools. French parents prefer them for their children not only on account of the moral and religious training and the careful attention to health and manners insured, but also from the superior quality of the secular instruction given. This advantage springs from the life and methods of the instructors themselves. The nuns are the teachers, and they teach, not from any necessity of earning their living, but from devotion to a cause. When a woman decides to enter a religious order, she has the choice of a number of orders, consecrated to an immense variety of works; therefore, other things being equal, if she chooses an order devoted to the education of the rich, it is because she has certain mental gifts, a love of imparting knowledge, and an interest in and sympathy with young girls of this class that draw her to this sort of work rather than to any other. It is her life work, to which she freely consecrates her powers, and not a temporary occupation, which she is driven to by necessity, and will withdraw from as soon as she has made money enough. Before entering a teaching order she must first pass the government examinations and obtain the necessary diploma qualifying her to teach. After entering the order she usually passes through two novitiates: one, lasting a year or two, of a purely spiritual and religious character, in which she tests her fitness to lead a conventual life; then, if she perseveres, a second novitiate, lasting from two to five years, in which she is specially trained to her life work of education. Her capacities are carefully tested by her superiors, and her talents, in whatever direction they may lie, cultivated to the utmost. Some novices prove to have little gift for teaching, but may have great personal influence over the children, or a gift for practical affairs. Such are detailed for the general discipline of the school, or for the management of its household and business concerns. By this means the teachers are secured exemption from those outside cares and worries which, with teachers living in the world, do far more than the school routine towards breaking them down and unfitting them for the best and highest work. Thus we find three qualities in their teaching that are of immense advantage to the taught, — thoroughness, concentration, and enthusiasm.

The necessity for this thorough training will be better understood when I explain that the teaching is not done through textbooks and recitations, as in American schools, but through oral instruction. This method prevails entirely in the French as in most European schools. Textbooks are little used, at the most serving as books of reference, or outlines which the teacher fills in and amplifies. The lectures are preceded by an informal oral examination of the

[1] Before the law of 1880 public elementary education had been for several years in the hands of the religious orders, freedom of conscience being secured to Protestants and Jews by the erection of separate schools for them, supported by the state, and controlled by their own clergy. At present religious and moral instruction is not allowed in any state schools, which must be controlled by laymen, as in the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class on the subject of the preceding lecture; then the instructor takes up the subject of the day, on which she is prepared to give the most exhaustive information, often reading extracts from different writers of authority, showing the subject in all its aspects. The pupils take notes during the lecture, and afterwards, in study hour, write out abstracts from these notes. They are allowed to ask questions freely and to take up points of discussion, no matter how much the lecture may be interrupted thereby. The discussions, however, are held well in hand by the teacher, that they may not degenerate into mere battles of crude opinions among the pupils. This method of oral instruction is of course a strain upon the teacher, but it makes the work far more interesting both to her and to the class. The teachers are fully equipped to meet the strain, while the element of personal enthusiasm brought into the study, and the contact with their well-trained, mature, vigorous understandings, are invaluable as an inspiration to the pupils. The advantage this training in oral instruction is to the teachers themselves can hardly be overrated. If such experience as I have had with my own sex, in Europe or in America, may count for anything, I will say that nowhere have I found feminine intelligence so keen, well balanced, broad, and philosophical, or language so facile and elegant, lucid and strong, as among certain of our instructors in the schools of France and Germany who had been trained to oral methods, either in religious orders or in the normal schools.

A large number of private schools in Paris are boarding-schools. This comes from the manner of life of the aristocratic families. Many of them spend the greater part of the year, from Whitsuntide to New Year, on their estates in the country, where educational advantages are few, and live in Paris four or five months only, during the winter and spring. If the children followed the movements of their parents, it would be a serious interruption to their school work, so they stay at boarding-school till the summer vacation. While in Paris, the parents visit the children twice a week at the school, and may take them to walk or to drive; and once a month the children spend a day and night at home, and very jolly occasions these family reunions are.

All the day-schools, both private and public, whether for girls or boys, rich or poor, are really day boarding-schools; that is, the pupils spend the whole day at school, taking their noon meal there, having their recreations in the school playgrounds, and doing all their studying within school hours. This system is believed to have great advantages of health, discipline, and time-saving over the system of two sessions, or that of one long session with home study.[1] School begins at half past seven in the morning, or eight at the latest, the European nations being earlier risers than we. As the French never eat heartily in the early morning, the children take simply a cup of chocolate or soup or hot milk, with a little bread, before leaving home. They are accompanied to the school door by one of their parents, or by a governess or tutor. The father usually walks to school with his boys, the mother with her girls. Although I know no large city where a self-respecting woman or young girl can go about alone with more absolute and agreeable security than in Paris, yet it is a thing no French girl ever wants to do. It shocks her sense of maidenly dignity and reserve, — she would cry her eyes out with mortification, if forced to do it; and the attitude of American girls in this matter is something she will politely excuse, but wholly fails to understand. A boy, too, would feel neglected, — as if his parents did not care what became of him, — if

[1] Among the very poor it produces excellent results, in improving both their physical condition and their capacity for mental work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they let him roam the streets alone, to get into mischief or not at his own sweet will. He adores his father, is proud to walk the street arm in arm with him, and the two are usually close friends and affectionate companions.

Let us suppose that school begins at eight o'clock, though that is unfashionably late. First there is an hour of instruction, then an hour of study and writing, followed by the long instruction of an hour and a half. At half past eleven comes breakfast, — a hearty meal, consisting of meat or fish, vegetables, and pudding, with plenty of bread and a concoction of thin claret and water, popularly known as *abondance*, the usual beverage of children in southern Europe. In this, the most temperate portion of the civilized world, water is never drunk unless mixed with wine, even by babies. After breakfast there is half an hour or forty minutes of active exercise in the open air, — running, jumping, and playing of lively games on the school playgrounds, which are often very extensive, even in the heart of the city, owing to the French manner of building their houses around courtyards and having wide gardens in the rear. The girls are in their element at these recreations, big girls of sixteen or eighteen romping like children of six or eight. We were kept to strict silence in study hours, and the whole discipline of French schools is very austere; but at recreation, though always under supervision, the one rule impressed upon us was that no one should stand still and mope. A few delicate girls were taken on quiet walks, but for the rest of us, play we must, and play we did. The French say that the best players make the best workers, and that the girl who has a bit of the tomboy in her always makes the finest character. Certainly the French girls were as boisterous and irrepressible at play, as cram full and brimming over with fun and frolic and high spirits, as any girls it was ever my luck to see; but they were industrious, cheerful, and thorough workers in the schoolroom, docile, sweet-mannered and graceful in the parlor, while their sense of honor in observing the general discipline of school life was something fairly heroic. After recreation comes another hour of study, followed by an hour of manual work, — sewing, embroidery, drawing, and painting, — or by classes in music. Then there is another half hour of open-air recreation, then the afternoon recitation, and a final hour of study. Thus the school day of nine hours is divided into six and a half for study and instruction, one hour and a half for dinner and play, and one hour for manual work. Among the little children, the hours for study and instruction are broken into by frequent short indoor recreations, and by exercises in calisthenics, marching, dancing, and singing; so that they are never at one occupation more than half an hour. After they are eleven years old, however, the hours are generally arranged about as I have given them above. At half past four or five in the afternoon school breaks up, and the prettiest sight of the whole day is the merry, enthusiastic family meetings that take place, when school is over, in the entrance-hall, where the parents are waiting for the children. The inevitable walk follows, for the French are great walkers, and the father and his boys join the mother and her girls either in sight-seeing in the city or in merrymaking in the parks and gardens. The working day is over for father as well as for children; and the mother, too, has finished her home duties, her shopping and social visiting, and all are free to enjoy one another's society for the rest of the day and evening. In the long spring and summer afternoons they often make excursions together into the beautiful suburbs, taking their evening meal at an open-air restaurant.

Before we consider the subjects studied in a French private school there are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two things to be borne in mind. First, the element of stability in a schoolgirl's life. She enters at five years of age, sometimes at four, the school where she will remain till her education is finished. Her teachers know her from earliest childhood; they watch her character develop and her mind unfold. They understand her capacities. Perhaps her mother has been trained in the same school before her, or she may have relatives among the nuns. At any rate, she is their child; they know and love her, and they lay the foundations of her education well, for they are responsible for the whole structure. They have the end in view from the beginning. They lead her up gradually from one thing to another. They calmly lay out for her courses of study embracing five, six, ten, and even twelve years. There is always plenty of time and no hurry. Things are taken quietly and gone into deeply. The school terms are longer and school life is less broken into by vacations than with us. The girls study more hours a week and more weeks in the year than we do. School opens the last week in September, and does not close till the second week in August. There are no spring or winter vacations and no Saturday holidays. Six weeks in the late summer, a few days each at New Year and Easter, all Sundays and the principal Church holidays, and usually a half holiday on Thursday are all the breaks made in school life, which goes on almost uninterrupted in slow, healthful regularity for ten months and a half out of the twelve.

Another element in French school life is concentration. A girl's time is less broken into by outside interests than with us, and there is less strain upon nerves and imagination. Not till her growth is attained, her school life over, and her mind and character are fairly formed is she allowed to read novels, to go to parties and dances, to attend the theatre, or to indulge in any of the distractions and dissipations so frequently permitted to growing schoolgirls in America. No matter how wealthy and aristocratic her parents, she is inured to early hours, simple food, plain surroundings, and regular occupations; and her dress is the quiet dark uniform, without ribbon or ornament, which is customary in day-schools as well as boarding-schools. In my experience of private schools in both countries, it has seemed to me that the French girl is more simple and childlike, on the one hand, and more serious-minded, more capable of sustained work and thought, on the other, than the average American girl of the same age. From the fact of not having frivolous amusements and sentimental vagaries to disturb her mind and work on her nerves, and being better disciplined from infancy to obedience, regularity, and self-control, she throws her youthful energy and enthusiasm more wholly into the interests of her school work and her family life; and as a consequence she is less nervous than her American sister, less subject to backaches and headaches, works with less fatigue, is more active and merry at play, more simple in her tastes, more easily amused and contented with every-day life and labors, and perhaps more frank, loyal, and affectionate in her family relations and school friendships.

Novel-reading, with a few carefully selected exceptions, is never indulged in by young people in France, and rarely even by matrons. The French have a magnificent literature outside of fiction, and plenty of clever and entertaining stories of travel and adventure, history and biography, for the young people, who do not feel the need of romances, and are all the healthier and better without them. What is good for the young people, however, seems to be bad for the novels. It is an interesting question of cause and effect. Are so many French novels bad because, young people and well-bred women being debarred from reading them, the authors adapt themselves to the tastes of men and women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the world, or are young persons debarred from them because they are so bad that only men and women of the world may read them? The French, in fact, are almost Puritanical in their horror of novels. If a girl sees a novel in the hands of young women or lads, she shakes her head sadly and says, "Poor things! They have been badly brought up." Even the daily newspapers are avoided by women and young people. Yet Frenchwomen are remarkable for their intelligent interest in the political, social, and literary questions of the day. I think the fact that the masculine Gaul is less taciturn than the Anglo-Saxon male has something to do with this. A Frenchman dearly loves to talk, to sharpen his wits in lively conversation. He reads his paper at the café or the club, discusses its contents with his men friends on the boulevards by the hour, then returns, brimful of ideas, to his own fireside, and goes over the whole thing again, with unflagging interest, among his women folk and boys. It is not his fault if they are not well informed on all the topics of the day. He does not seem to be as firmly convinced of the mental incapacity of his wife and daughter as the less chivalrous American. Perhaps he has less reason to be, — who knows? Let us see if we can discover in a Frenchwoman's education the reason why she is such an intelligent and interesting companion to the men of her family.

And now that I come to the question of studies I have an admission to make which I fear will overthrow, in the minds of American readers, any respectful opinion they may have begun to form of the education of girls in France. I may as well say at once that the French never, or practically never, teach Latin or Greek or mathematics, and very little science, in girls' schools. I know that there are a few colleges for girls where these subjects are taught, and that they may be elected in the public *cours*; but they are rarely elected, and in the private schools they are politely ignored. Now that this is stated I feel that the worst is over, and that I can go on freely to explain why it is that girls neglect these branches, and what those studies are to which they give preference.

I think we all appreciate that a girl cannot learn everything before she is seventeen. If her school life is to stop at that age, then many subjects, admirable, useful, and desirable in themselves, must necessarily be omitted from her list. The question becomes, "What can be omitted from the average girl's education with least detriment to her own mind and character and to the advancement of the society in which she will take her place?" The French reply: "Her best mental and moral training will be to learn a few things well rather than many things superficially. In choosing what these few things shall be, do not omit the correct and elegant use of her own language, and a familiarity with all that is best and highest in its literature and in the literature of all ages. Let her get her knowledge of the classic literature through the medium of scholarly and well-written translations and essays, rather than spend years over grammar and dictionary for the sake of making a crude translation of her own. Let her have a practical knowledge of arithmetic; but if mental discipline is desired, let her study logic rather than mathematics, ethics rather than science. Do not omit thorough courses in universal history and the philosophy of history, in geography and natural history, in religion and ethics, — those studies that will interest her in her fellow-creatures, in the world about her, and in the great social, political, religious, and intellectual movements of to-day and of all times; opening her mind to the great interests of human society, and preparing her to take her place in it and to train a race of heroes and heroines. Do not omit the acquaintance with one or more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living languages, and some branch of polite accomplishments according to her gifts; and do not omit training in the domestic arts of sewing, the keeping of accounts, and the use of money. If in later life she chooses to take up the study of the classics, mathematics, and science, so much the better; but do not neglect ever so little, for their sake, the things that will make her a companionable, useful, and thinking member of society."

The usual studies, then, of a well-educated French girl are literary, historical, and ethical in character, artistic and practical. In the school that I attended, those who desired were prepared for the competitive examinations of the University of Paris, and there were post-graduate courses in philosophy and contemporary political and constitutional history. The courses in philosophy were extremely popular. They were given in the public parlors of the convent by professors of the Collége Ste. Geneviève, and were attended by many society ladies and graduates of other schools, and were always crowded to the doors.

It is not sufficient, however, to name the studies pursued by the girls, for it is in the thoroughness of the methods of study, and the time and attention given to each, that the great difference lies between our private schools and those of France.

In these schools, the children are usually divided into classes, according to their proficiency in their own language, its grammar and literature, and the art of rhetoric and composition. If a girl is in the first or second division, it means the first or second division in French. In all other studies she takes her place according to her capacities, independent of her division, and her work in these studies affects her standing in her division only by its excellence, and not as she is backward or advanced in the subject itself. This seems to give a fairer average, considering the inequality of mental gifts, and is an incentive to good work in all branches, as it is the work that counts. By this method more attention is paid to individual capacities, no girl having to be pushed forward or held back unduly to keep pace with her division in all things, while, besides affecting her general standing, any specially brilliant work in a single study is separately rewarded.

The test of scholarship is not parrot-learning, but good understanding. Having no text to memorize, we were obliged to listen attentively to the instructions, cultivate all the intelligence and memory we had, and learn to express ourselves in our own words, both at the frequent oral examinations and in our written abstracts. We had to take a good deal of pains with these abstracts, as we were marked on them as well as at the examinations. From the moment a child can hold a pen in her hand she spends the greater part of her working hours writing out abstracts, or copying them when corrected; and by the time we had listened to a lecture, taken notes of it, written out our abstract, had it corrected, been examined on it, copied it, reviewed it at the monthly examinations, and again at the quarterly examinations, we must have been stupid indeed if we had not acquired a pretty clear idea of the subject, and, what is more, learned to express our idea readily and in good language.

The knowledge of the French language and its literature is most strongly insisted upon. Fifteen hours a week, forty-five weeks in the year, for at least ten years, the French girl devotes to perfecting herself in her own language and literature. Every morning school opened with an hour's instruction in French; every afternoon it closed with preparation for the next day's lesson. Grammar, orthography, and definition for the younger children, rhetoric, composition, and the principles of logic (the French mind sees a connection between the art of reasoning well and the art

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of speaking or writing well) for the older girls, occupied the morning hour four times a week. The other two days the hour was given to the study of French literature, of which there were several courses, graded according to the children's capacities; the advanced pupils taking up Provençal and Old French literature, among other branches. All were exercised daily in reading and elocution, had two lessons weekly in penmanship and letter-writing, and were obliged to write themes every week for lessons in "style."

Besides the French courses in letters there was a most interesting course in the history of universal literature, which was continued through three school years. One half of the first year was devoted to the literary study of the Bible, the other half to that of the Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church and the mediæval chroniclers and hymn-writers. The second year was devoted to the pagan literature of Greece and of Rome, and a glimpse into Oriental literature and traditions. The last year we took up the Renaissance, Dante, Tasso, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, and the outlines of Italian, Spanish, English, and German literatures. We studied the most famous examples through the medium of translations; we learned many of the most celebrated passages by heart; we read essays by the great modern critics, and were taught to study the different literatures comparatively, drawing interesting parallels and contrasts between Jewish and Greek, pagan and Christian, Oriental and Scandinavian, ancient and modern, etc. The themes of our weekly compositions were frequently drawn from such subjects. I venture to say that some of the girls, though they knew not a word of Greek, and no Latin except what they acquired through familiarity with the liturgy of their Church, had, on the whole, a better acquaintance with the general spirit and thought of classic literature than have many college girls who take honors in Greek and Latin, besides an acquaintance with patristic and mediæval literature of which our girls would be quite innocent.

But perhaps the finest course of study is the historical one. From the time the little children first learn to read they spell out, not stories of cats and birds and good little girls, but stories of kings and queens, of heroes and heroines, of saints and martyrs, Bible stories and tales of chivalry. At eight they begin the histories of Greece and Rome and France, of the Bible and the Church, and are well drilled in these till about their twelfth or thirteenth year, when they begin the great course of universal history, a study of history by epochs and movements, — the philosophy of history, we might call it. This course absorbs ten hours a week, there being three instructions of an hour and a half each, the rest of the time being taken up with study and the writing of abstracts and drawing of chronological tables. The course is five years long. The first year embraces general ancient history to the early period of the Roman emperors. The second year takes up the decline and fall of the Western Empire, the formation of Christendom and of the Holy Roman Empire, the rise of Mohammedanism, the great Asiatic invasions, and the period of the Crusades. The third year is devoted to the study of the Renaissance, the decline and fall of the Eastern Empire, the age of the great discoveries, the Protestant reformation, the Council of Trent, and the Spanish and Portuguese conquests in America and Asia. The fourth year starts with the reign of Louis XIII., and goes through the Thirty Years' War, the reign of Louis XIV., the wars of succession, the rise of the Russian Empire and of Prussia, the revolution and restoration in England, the age of diplomacy and of the balance of power. The last year is given to an extended course in contemporary history from the period

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the French Revolution to the present day. Beside these courses there is an obligatory course of one year for advanced students in the political and constitutional history of France, and a several years' course in sacred history, with two instructions weekly. This last course goes over a great deal of ground. It begins with the study of Old and New Testament history, and takes up mythology, the Oriental and Scandinavian religions, the history of the early Church and of the Popes, the early councils, the great schisms of the East and of the West, the beginnings of monastic life, the missionary labors of the Dark Ages, mediæval scholasticism, the military and the mendicant orders, the spread of Mohammedanism, the Crusades, the Inquisition, Protestantism, the missionary labors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the infidel philosophy of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Vatican Council, and the present condition of religions throughout the world, together with the critical study of the most important forms of heresy and unbelief from the apostolic age to the present day. Although this included much that was doctrinal, yet there were separate courses of Christian doctrine, to which six hours a week were given, and which extended over the whole school career. These were familiarly called *catéchismes*, and with the little children consisted principally in instructing them in the truths of religion and its moral teachings, and preparing them to receive the sacraments. The older children, however, were taken more deeply into the subject, and it became a serious study in theology and ethics. In my division, I remember, we spent an entire year on the Ten Commandments alone, taking them up from different points of view with respect to natural religion, revelation, moral philosophy, the common law of Christian nations, canon law, the science of government, social and political science, etc.

It may be thought that these questions are too profound, too far beyond the comprehension of very young girls. Yet some of the best thinkers and brightest scholars in these classes were girls under sixteen years of age. The most brilliant and original girl in school, who had finished all the courses I have mentioned, and many others beside, was barely fifteen, and the two who ranked next to her in general brilliancy of attainments were only thirteen. The truth is, children are capable of greater things than we readily believe. It is surprising to see how easily girls still in short dresses will grasp the most far-reaching social and ethical questions, how keen their logic is, and what lively interest they take in science at an age when we are inclined to keep them at dolls and toys. Besides, very young girls are too ignorant of the world, too full of joyous illusions, to be troubled by the gravity of the great questions of humanity, and are not so depressed, so discouraged, so overwhelmed by them as they will be when older. Their spirit is more elastic, their intuitions are keener, the workings of their minds less morbidly involved, at fifteen than at twenty or twenty-five. At least, this strikes me as true of French girls between the ages of thirteen and seventeen who study ethics and social science, as compared with American girls and young women studying somewhat the same subjects in later life. The older girls seem to become either restless, anxious, and morbid, or else intensely arrogant, in dealing with these questions, and do not easily throw them off their minds. But the young French girls enter into such studies with keen intelligence and hearty interest; then recreation hour breaks in, and they tear out into the garden, and romp and scream like wild things. After working off the steam in half an hour of active exercise and gay frolic, they come trooping back to the schoolroom, cheerfully and seriously ready to grapple with life's biggest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems. It may be, however, not so much owing to their age as to the basis of religious faith from which they survey these topics that the French girls make more ingenuous and cheerful students.

A few studies remain to be mentioned. Algebra and geometry were unknown names to the girls, though they were necessarily taught a few of the signs of algebra and the figures of geometry in connection with their other studies. They were well trained in practical arithmetic; they learned to calculate with lightning rapidity, to keep accounts neatly, and to understand a few business terms; but less time was given to this than to any other study, and most of the children cordially hated it, though they were never let off from their biweekly drill during their whole school life. Geography, however, was immensely popular. It was studied from a different point of view, of course, than in American schools. France looked very big on their maps, and the United States somewhat small; still, they knew as much about us as we in our turn know of Australia or South America, for instance. They studied physical geography in connection with maps, and the lectures were full of interesting general information about the different countries, their habits and customs, peculiarities of formation, climate and flora, their cities, commerce, architecture, education, art treasures, and industries. The graduating class gave a whole year to the study of France, its departments, internal administration, system of taxation, population, resources, industries, schools, institutions, etc.

The course in natural history was two years long; it was a favorite study, and, as in geography, a great deal of general information was introduced into the lectures on various subjects. Physics was not taught in the school where I studied, but in other private schools it was often part of the regular course.

The classes in drawing and painting were unusually fine in all the French schools that I knew. The French are devoted to art, and many girls, after graduating, go daily to studios and do very serious work. They are full of talent in this direction. Instrumental music was not as generally studied as with us; that is, girls rarely gave any time to music unless they had a marked taste for it; but those who played at all were apt to play remarkably well, with great facility and artistic finish, and were admirably instructed. Harmony, counterpoint, and the history of music were always included in musical instruction. The notion of studying instrumental music without at least an elementary knowledge of these subjects is one that could originate only in an American head. Vocal training is usually put off till schooldays are over, but the children were very fond of singing, and had classes in singing at sight. They took part in the musical services in the chapel, and knew a great number of hymns and psalms and canticles by heart, both French and Latin. We also had no end of stirring school-songs, and on rainy days, when we took our recreation indoors, we made the halls ring with them. The French have a quick ear and a splendid sense of rhythm, and our chorus-singing was something famous.

I need not add that the girls were clever with their needles. This will easily be taken for granted. We were taught fine sewing, embroidery, and fancy-work, and were well exercised in mending and darning. Conversation classes in English, German, or Italian went on during the sewing-hour. The girls who took drawing or music were not wholly exempted from sewing, but attended the classes twice a week. Once a week all were obliged to sew for the poor.

The little girls, as I have said, had frequent classes in calisthenics, dancing, and gymnastics, and also lessons in de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portment. Our manners, as in convent schools everywhere, were carefully attended to; but as we grew older and more "reasonable" (reasonableness was the great school virtue forever held up to us) any special training in these matters was discontinued. We learned our manners young, and were never permitted to forget them.

It is the custom, in convents where rich children are educated, for the nuns to carry on some charitable work for poor children, which is supported by the voluntary and secret offerings of the pupils and their parents. Sometimes this charity takes the form of an industrial school to teach trades to poor girls; sometimes it is an orphanage or an infirmary for lame and sickly children who need special treatment and care; or it may be a day nursery for little ones, or an evening school for young working-girls. Whatever it is, both the pupils and their parents learn to take the deepest interest in "our little poor," and this interest calls forth many touching acts of generosity and personal devotion.

Perhaps the description I have given of French girls' education does not tally with the general notion of the subject. It will be understood, of course, that I do not draw any comparisons between French private schools and our public schools and girls' colleges. It would not be a fair comparison, nor is it one that I am competent to make. I have simply given an account of the methods of education in some of the fashionable private schools of Paris, where I either studied myself, or where I had friends among both pupils and teachers, and was familiar with their ways and customs. Those of my readers who are acquainted with the fashionable private schools of our American cities can draw their own comparisons.

Since my schooldays were over I have often revisited the old scenes and renewed some of the old friendships, and seen the solid, pious education bear fruit in strong characters, fine intelligences, and lovely lives. A few — perhaps the choicest, brightest spirits of all — have returned to the old school, and now sit at the teacher's desk, wearing the religious dress, and pouring out the treasures of their brains and hearts to the eager, bright-faced children who have succeeded them on the benches. Others are leading honored and useful lives in the midst of their families. The greater number are married. To each in her place may be ascribed the words of King Lemuel in the vision wherewith his mother instructed him: "Her children arise up, and call her blessed." "Strength and honour are her clothing." "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household." "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

Henrietta Channing Dana.

HOME-THRUST.

Dost thou see the crape on thy neighbor's door?
For thee and thy joy is that in store:
Death joggles thee hard to think of him.
And spills life's wine as it tops the brim.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN ECHO OF BATTLE.

Our mountain forms the sunset barrier of one northeastern Virginia county; uplifts itself as a herald of morning to another. It is hardly more than a range of wooded hills, ridgelike in close connectedness, yet with curving summit outline, pleasantly varied by here and there a higher swell or more abrupt inclination; the dusky green or gray treetops standing dark against the sky, or fringing each sidewise lower slant. Its course lies almost due north and south for about twenty miles, gently trailing off at either end into scattered grassy uplands. Neighboring folk who live under the shadow, as it were, of this elevation, in whose landscape it serves as the most prominent sign-calendar of changing weather or season, are sometimes surprised and a little indignant at not finding it set down on the United States map. To realize an old friend's comparative insignificance will give more or less of a shock. However, such stoutly contend that, though not quite so big or so high as the Blue Ridge or Cumberland, "our mountain" lifts as fair a head and turns as graceful a shoulder as any in America. We once heard one of these good people, an honest gentleman and leal-hearted son of the soil, tell how, on returning from a trip to Europe, he burst into tears at sight of the familiar hills. "Talk about the Alps and the Pyrenees!" cried he. "Well, I've seen 'em all. 'T is n't only because I love this one the best in the world, but, pledge you my word, the prettiest mountain that ever I laid eyes on is this old mountain of ours."

From a certain famous battleground not very many miles away to eastward the mountain shows but a faint bluish undulating line low down against the horizon's rim; yet it gives name not only to that field, but to a living, moving tie between. On one of those rounded crests takes rise, from a spring coolly nested amid ivy, fern, and green bramble, a little, swift, clear stream, which, sullenly deepening and broadening as it makes down through lowland cornfield and pasture, was destined to be stained with the blood of more than one fierce conflict. From a signal station at one salient point, later on, flashed eastward and westward messages of danger or triumph. Through two notable gaps, one near each end of the range, the war-tide ebbed and flowed for four long years. Even the mountaineers themselves, dwellers amid thickest woods, in the loneliest hollows, must have taken some little human interest in that tragic, stressful time; though the degree of isolation and ignorance which they usually contrive to keep up, year after year, with a long-settled civilized neighborhood on either hand not two miles away, is truly amazing. Be it strife or calm in the great outside world, small difference was it to them. One could hardly look for much exalted patriotic sentiment among such upcasts of turbid disreputableness in all these parts as the mountain people have been for generations. True, some claims to respectable descent a few of them are said to remember, if not exactly to cherish. Where in Virginia, from what unlikeliest, absurdest quarter, will you not hear a mysterious echoing whisper of gentler blood "'way back yonder"? Still, in this case, the possibly redeeming drop has strained unwholesomely far down, under the bar sinister, through sloughlike degradation, clean away from the heart-throbs of any high traditions. Benighted and stolid though its possessors be, they know well enough that even the poorest poor whites below — figuratively reversing matters — look down on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"mount'n tacks" no less than their superiors. Why following in war if not fellowship in peace? The reasoning holds good. Whatever brawls and feuds the mountain people might indulge in among themselves, they had always been harmless enough toward outsiders; so let outsiders fight their own battles; stand or fall, what matter? Neither at church nor at school did they risk the warlike infection, for church-going and schooling are unknown to the mountaineer. Along the top of his wooded stronghold, from one end to the other, runs a good, well-beaten road; each thicket, each steepest hill-slant, discloses a footpath to him; and there he walks dry-shod, if shod at all, when Black Jack, darkest demon of Virginia mud, is holding tyrannical sway on the levels. If the land's pride and flower lay bloodily trampled in that mire, what matter to him? His log cabin, his pigs, and his corn patch were safely apart, however many noble manor houses might be laid in ashes, or wide, ripening wheat-fields devastated, or fat beeves stuck with the bayonet.

In the summer of the first stormy year, when the women went down, as was their custom, with baskets of wild fruit — strawberries, huckleberries, blackberries, grapes — to offer for sale at cross-roads stores and farmhouses, they heard and saw some strange things to talk over, as they made their way back in later evening dusk. At Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, the men, who ventured a like descent to get the whiskey by them thought needful to a proper celebration of those time-honored festivals, also found unusual matter for telling and comment. The old, well-fed, colonially established Church of England had left them these three great names for a legacy, if not one prayer or psalm in connection with the same. In that memorable first year, the sense of something uncommon in the air, something exciting, dangerous, possibly horrible, added no little enjoyment to each holiday as it came round. Something was going to happen, might happen any day. Life took on a sort of new, zestful curiosity. That was all.

So much for the general spirit at that time among the dwellers upon "our mountain." But to every class there are individual exceptions, all the more striking by contrast with their background. With such an one our story has to do.

A good many years ago, there stretched a large clearing high up on the eastern slope of one of the highest hills, about midway between those much-trodden gaps aforementioned, — the widest and oldest field on the mountain. Surrounded by a rough stone fence, it had doubtless once been all under cultivation; but at the time of which I write the corn patch belonging to a house set in the clearing was both small and barren. Wild strawberry vines thickly carpeted the open, half hidden here and there by clumps of brier or of stunted sumach. Three or four old cherry and apple trees stood dispersedly about. In and around the thrifty little garden — much better tilled than the corn patch — were planted many flourishing young peach, damson, and quince saplings, as well as various fruit-bearing garden shrubs. As for the house, it was but a log cabin, though ambitiously weather-boarded on the front and eastward side, — a cabin with a squat stone chimney, a big flat stone for a doorstep (stones are plentiful in this region), and two or three little deep-set windows cut through the logs without attempt at regularity. There was space inside for only one sizable room, and a loft under the greenish, mossy-shingled roof. A hundred-leaved rosebush grew on one side of the door-stone, a mock orange on the other. The thick, short turf in front was as clean as a twig broom could sweep it. A circular flower-bed, edged with stones, was full of touch-me-nots, bachelor's buttons, young man's love, zinnias, and holly-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hocks, carefully tended and "brushed," to keep off the many hens that were scratching and clucking about the premises. From a rail pen rearward came the low grunting of several well-fed pigs. Far down the grassy slope in front a cow and calf were lazily dawdling in the sunshine. Here was certainly wealth, from the mountaineers' point of view, and a household containing at least one thrifty member.

On a certain Sunday morning in July, about thirty years ago, a woman stood in the doorway of this cabin, a thin brown hand shading her eyes from the sun, her eager gaze strained eastward into the far distance, looking and listening.

Before her and beneath, the thick woods which skirted the clearing fell in huddled masses about the mountain's foot. Beyond this dark, leafy barrier lay the open country, stretching away mile upon mile; seemingly level from this height, yet really undulating in long, indefinite sweeps of woodland, pasture, corn and wheat field. Over all the July sun stared brazenly from a cloudless amethystine sky. The baffling purplish haze that thickened toward the horizon was thrilled by quivers of heat. The air hung still. Not a treetop in the foreground swayed; hardly a leaf seemed to flutter. It was as if earth and air, that morning, were even like the woman in the doorway hushedly watching. However, not for the treetops nor for the nearer landscape had she eyes and ears. The point that drew her was more than ten miles away; all between was a blank. Against the far sky they went up, those little puffs of smoke that gave the only visible tokens — too softly white, too innocent-looking, in sooth — of a fiercer fire raging beneath than any which had ever swept in most parching drought-time over the mountain. Thence, too, came the sounds that alone broke that reigning atmospheric silence, — the long, sullen boom of cannon, the fainter crackling snap of musketry volleys, — lessened by distance, yet still distinctly audible. She was one only of a countless many who, from all the surrounding country, so yearned toward that central space. In days to come the mental gaze of the civilized world was to be concentrated thereupon. Maps would be carefully made out, and pictures drawn with pen and pencil; yet surely the keenest interest ever thus aroused was but as ashes to fire compared with the feeling of those who, when our softened Then was a fevered, dreadful Now, saw the smoke-wreaths and heard the deadly sounds of that strife. Matron and maid, mistress and slave, the white and the black, old men, children, eager chafing boys, made up the army of watchers. There were their nearest and dearest, fighting or dying, or already dead, — which? Could love avail for help, or burning anxiety, or even prayers? Yet doubtless many a proud knee was then bent that for long years past had well-nigh forgotten such supplicating humility. The tears were to come afterward. Proud, young-eyed Valor against remorseless Will, stone-hard, backed by countless numbers, and brave no less, — they two were playing out the desperate game. There, face to face at last, in longed-for open conflict, stood the hereditary foes. Such a battle was fighting as never had our drowsy old mountain top overlooked before, or, for that matter, the highest peak in the land. Never had its woody echoes responded to such sounds as then drew them forth, or its fairest streamlet leaped down in the sunlight to meet such tragical pollution.

The woman over whose shoulder we have been looking was a little, wiry, slim body, straight as a dart, perhaps thirty-five or thirty-six years old. On her left hand, hard and brown with toil, was a worn wedding-ring. Her black hair, screwed unbecomingly tight into a knot behind, showed not a few gray threads. Her skin was weather-worn and sallow,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like that of most people of her class when past earliest youth, but just now on either cheek burned a flaming red spot. Her gray eyes shone eagerly, a certain alert sharpness, which may have been usually their main expression, yielding first outlook, as it were, to some exalted feeling. On her rather thin and compressed though strong lips this passion of the hour had also laid a dignifying, triumphant touch. There was about her whole manner and person something that education, culture, might have shaped into forceful dramatic intensity. Being who and what she was, it found vent in a jerky vehemence, almost fierce, perhaps sometimes unpleasing; but strength is always attractive when not positively repulsive, and this woman looked both strong and trustworthy.

The room behind her was scrupulously clean: the rough floor well scrubbed; not a speck of dust on the split-bottomed chairs or the pine table which, with a bed, made up its principal furniture. The stone hearth of the big cavernous fireplace, even the two stones serving as andirons, were smooth with recent washing. The two pots, the Dutch oven, the skillet and griddle on a shelf hard by, stood in orderly array, as also the scanty store of crockery in a little corner cupboard. Clock there was none. On the wall just opposite the doorway hung a large gaudy-colored print, of the kind sold by peddlers, — the Beauty of the South, whom it was supposed to represent, with all the full-blown charm of her very big black eyes, very little red mouth, and pink fat cheeks, smiling blandly right out toward the battlefield.

In one corner of the room stood a clumsy invalid's chair, and in this chair half sat, half lay, an evidently helpless old woman, her head nodding on her breast, her shriveled hands outspread on a patchwork coverlet tucked smoothly about her knees. Her eyes were bright, but vacant. On the wrinkled yellow face and about the sunken mouth hovered a smile, tremulous, half sly, yet pathetic, — the smile of childish age. She had been whispering fitfully to herself for several moments before she spoke, at last, shrilly aloud.

"Ailsey," she said (I spell the name just as it is pronounced, a not uncommon one in these parts, and perhaps a corruption of "Alice" or the old English "Elsie"), "Ailsey, gal, which-er-way comes that 'ar thunder? Is thar ary gust a-risin' over the mount'n? 'Pears like I see the sun a-shinin' out yonder. I don't hear no wind, but the thunder keeps on a-mutterin'. Hit 's a mighty curious time."

Ailsey whirled around into the middle of the floor, with eyes flashing and right hand upraised. Her voice, when she spoke, was quick, rather sharp, high-pitched, as one who habitually protests against a prevalent drawl; but all the pent-up excitement of hours, days past thrilled in each tone and lent it tragic power. Her whole frame quivered.

"Hit 's sich er time," said she, "ez you never did see, gran'mother, in all yo' long-lifeted days befo'. The sun, it 's er-shinin', an' the wind, it 's still ez death, but the gust 's er-ragin', all the same, bitter-black ez hell. Nobody on all this here mount'n befo' — don't keer if they 's er hund'ed years ole — ever heared sich thunder ez that. Hit 's the noise o' the cannons an' the guns, granny. Hit 's the battle 'way off yonder. Did n't you hear what Rafe Downs said, when he stopped by last night an' tole me to look out this mawnin'? 'Look out for thunder an' lightnin',' sez he. The soldiers wuz comin' in the kyars yestiddy. They wuz marchin' through Big Gap. He said he seen some of 'em hisself, jest er-footin' it. They 're er-fightin' there to kill, 'way down on the Run. We-all's men is er-fightin' the Yankees. The Yankees, they come marchin' here to Virginny to rule us an' trompple us under ther feet. We-all's men 's out yonder er-fightin' 'em back."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The old woman stirred and shrank uneasily.

"Fightin'?" said she. "Fightin', Ailsey? Is they comin' up the mount'n? Don't let 'em git in the house. Don't let 'em come rippin' an' tearin' round me. I 'se ole an' I 'se skeery, Ailsey. I 've fit, myself, in my young days, when folks made me mad. I 've clawed some sassy vilyuns' eyes nigh out, in fur-back times. But I 'se most a hund'ed years ole now. Don't tell me 'bout fightin'. Whar'bouts is Nat?"

Nat was her grandson, the husband of the younger woman, Ailsey Dawson.

"Nat 's there er-fightin' too," was the exultant reply. "He 's the onliest man off'n all this mount'n that 's gone in the army. Plague on the rest of 'em! Coward, no 'count coons! Lord in heaven! if I wuz er man!" She clenched her wiry hand, drew a long breath, and went on: "All the gentlemen in Virginny is there er-fightin'. Nat 's there with the gentle-men. He went with Cap'n Westmo', two months back. Don't you reck'lect when he went, an' how he told you good-by? If he 'd hung back any, I 'd ha' *drove* him off. 'Fore God, I would! But he wuz willin' enough to go 'long with the cap'n. He 's spunky 'nough, my man is, elst he would n't be no husban' long fur Ailsey Dawson. I reck'n Mrs. Westmo', in her big fine house down here, is er-feelin' in mind this day mighty nigh the same ez me. We 're both in one boat, er-gazin' an' listenin'. Last time I wuz down to see her, sez she to me, 'Ailsey, my woman,' sez she, 'we ken feel fur one 'nother.' She 's er lady, she is, bawn an' bred, an' she sez that to me. Both our men 's there fightin' fur ther homes. If they git kilt" —

She stopped short, her face working, her hand at her throat. Grandmother Dawson chuckled and nodded. "If they git kilt, they 'll both be dead," said she, "an' that 'll be the last on 'em. Hit 's er great time, gal; hit 's er great uncommon day. 'Pears to me, Ailsey, like you oughter be drest up in yo' Sunday clo'es."

Ailsey looked down at her bare feet, her faded purple calico gown, as if suddenly struck by a new idea. In her rapt, tense mood she had not once thought of the usual Sunday smartening. A few moments she stood thus, then flew to the door and called: —

"You Malviny Jane! You Tawm! You Billzy! Come here this blessid minute! Come here to me!"

Three little brown-headed, freckle-faced youngsters, all under ten years old, came scurrying up from the shade of a cherry-tree, eyes big with wonder and mouths agape. Their mother gave each a shake, though more in excitement than anger. "You little no 'count, ornary varments!" she cried, "here you is er-playin' an' talkin' like 't wuz any common day, an' drest like raggy-muffins, an' yo' daddy out yonder, 'fore yo' eyes, er-fightin' fur his country! Don't you hear them guns er-boomin'? I say, don't you hear them guns? Ev'ry low they gives there 's men shot down. Put on yo' Sunday clo'es, ev'ry best rag to yo' back, an' set down an' study 'bout this time. Hit 's er day you 'll rimmember long ez you live. Hit 's er day to take pride in. None o' the Dawsons that ever I heared of, not even them Injun-fighters what granny 's always talkin' 'bout, ever come a-nigh doin' what yo' father 's up to now."

With sundry jerks, pats, and cuffs, with now and then a squeak on the part of Malvina Jane, Bill, or Tom, when a hair was twitched out or a bit of skin pinched between button and buttonhole, the three were at last arrayed and seated in a row on a bench out-of-doors; their tempers roughened, their hair plastered smooth, their feet aching in shoes and stockings, their minds now fully awake to the tremendous unusualness of the situation. Then Ailsey Dawson stopped, hesitating, before beginning her own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toilet. A new calico frock was hanging in the closet under the stair which served for her wardrobe. In a chest in the loft overhead was another frock, folded carefully away, reserved as sacred to highest holiday occasions. Surely for this day of days nothing was too good. With eager steps she presently ascended the steep, crooked stair.

The dress was of scarlet merino, a present from that Mrs. Captain Westmore who was to Ailsey Dawson sole representative of ladyhood, culture, religion, and womanly dignity. The friendship between these two had begun several years before with a basket of wild strawberries offered for sale by the mountain woman, with impulsive kindness and interest on one side, and fast-deepening worship on the other. It added nothing to Ailsey's already slight popularity among her jealous, shiftless neighbors. Neither her sharp tongue nor her restless aspirations were at all to their minds. The fact of her being the last remaining member of one of those families aforementioned who had "come down" to be mountain dwellers was reckoned against her. Then rumors were indignantly spread of her desire to have Malvina Jane, Tom, and Bill taught to read, and it was whispered that she actually cherished notions of some day moving down to more level ground. Her urging of Nat Dawson into Captain Westmore's company was taken as a scornful reflection upon their own indifference to war and warlike matters. As for the scarlet merino frock, they regarded that with special resentment. Was it not flaunted in their faces as a badge of superior favor with lowland gentry? And what possible allusion to "seckin'-hand duds," "big-bugs' off-castin'," or the like was ever spared the wearer? That frock meant a great deal to Ailsey Dawson, — meant nothing less than the triumph and pride of her life. Certainly, when she came down the stair, out into the sunshine, a few minutes later, arrayed therein, no color could have appeared better suited to her peculiar personality.

Hour after hour groaned on the death-chorus of that bloody harvest field; hour after hour went up the smoke of the battle. Those salient puffs were lost, after a while, in one dusky, ominous cloud. The heat thickened. The firing now slackened fitfully, then broke out again into quick clamorous rage. The sun climbed to his zenith and began slanting toward the mountain's top, changed from the yellow glare of morning to a sullen lowering red, as if he had looked displeasedly on ugly sights that day. The windless calm of afternoon grew more and more sultry and oppressive. Weariness began to dog the heels of overstrained intensity. It was an hour when even victorious right itself, even hate exultant, might flag and fail.

Had it been a week day, Ailsey Dawson would have gone violently to work in her garden or corn patch, to the wash-tub or the wood pile. But the mountain folk keep Sunday, in their own way, idling, exchanging visits, strolling about the woods. Such a vent for the tumult within her would not have suggested itself, even if she had not had on her best frock. In and out of doors, up and down the hill, hither and yon about the open field, she eagerly paced, while the three children, awe-stricken, mute as mice, watched her from the shade or crept timidly behind. At noon she gave them a lunch of cold corn bread and milk, and also prepared food for the old woman. Granny Dawson's appetite was excellent. She had become used to the far-off sounds, seemed to feel no more fear or curiosity, and after dinner fell fast asleep. Ailsey neither ate nor dozed. Once she went down on her knees, looking with burning eyes wide open straight before her, but presently, after a shake of the head, got up without a word. She had never been taught

PRODUCED BY UNZ:ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to pray. If supplication stirred her heart, it found no familiar outlet in speech. Several times she thought of going somewhere to seek news, — down the mountain, to the next house; but she could not bear to lose, even for a short while, her open point of view. Her eyes ached with persistent gazing, her temples throbbed.

It was perhaps three o'clock when she first noticed a little group of people assembled at the upper edge of the clearing, and, with Malvina Jane at her heels, she hastened to speak to them. An outcropping ledge of jagged moss-grown rocks just there supplemented the stone fence in places, overhung by branches of crowding outside trees, and in the shade, seated comfortably upon this barrier, or lounging against it, were about a dozen mountaineers, one of those Sunday parties wont to roam the woods. There were two or three old women, bent, snaggle-toothed crones; two or three old men, more wiry, more alert, than the women, but all sharing in common that leathery skinniness which seems always to belong to elderly "poor whites," no matter what may have been their previous youthful varieties in coloring or texture. One handsome young woman among these ancients, a pink-and-white-skinned, blue-eyed, buxom quean, served them by way of contrast. She was arrayed in sky-blue curtain calico, red glass beads, very large brass earrings, and dirty yellow ribbon. Two sheepish admirers of her own age attended her, one at either elbow. Several children in the background, sharp-visaged, sunburnt, uncannily peering, made up the group.

All were pointing eastward and talking together when Ailsey drew near, as if the ominous thrill of the time had touched somewhat even their usual stolidity in regard to outside affairs. Nevertheless, on seeing the scarlet frock and the look upon her face, they did not omit a derisive grin in greeting of both, when she paused and stood before them.

But Ailsey Dawson took no notice of this; nor did she answer their drawling "howdy."

"Have you heared anything from the battle?" she asked.

One of the old men — the wit of the mountain side he was — spoke up, with a facetious wrinkling of his lantern jaws: "Ya-as, we 's been er-hearin' rip-potes purty nigh all day."

"What?" she cried breathlessly.

"Them thar," was his answer, with a nod toward the battlefield.

There was a chuckle of laughter from the others. She gave him, all of them, one flaming look. Her hands clenched.

"An' you ken stand here, an' set here," she cried, "er-dawdlin', an' starin', an' crackin' yo' fool jokes, hearin' them sounds down yonder, an' knowin' that all the men in Virginny — all the sho' nuff men — is there, er-riskin' ther lives! What sort o' stuff 's you made out'n, I wonder? Do you wan' to be walked over by Yankees? You wan' to be no better 'n slaves, an' have free niggers set above you? Oh, you po' ornary creeters! If I wuz er man" —

The two young men looked down sulkily. The handsome girl giggled. "That 's what I tell 'em myself, Mis' Dawson," said she. "I sez, jest now" —

Old Stephen Bell, the former speaker, interrupted her. "If you wuz er man, Ailsey, gal," drawled he, with another of those facial contractions which answered for a smile, "you 'd most likely be er-layin' somewhars yonder, dead or dyin'. Sich er heap o' smoke is mighty apt to kiver some fire. With that much shootin' hit 'll be right quare if er dozen or so ain't kilt, or leastwise wownded. Onct I heared er preacher man read out'n er book, when I wuz er little shaver, 'Er live dawg is better 'n er dead lion.' Them wuz the very words, gal. I ain't never furgot 'em. 'Er live dawg.' Well, here 's one ole dawg that 's lived nigh seventy year, an' he wants to die er nachal death an' have er grave to hisself. Did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ary man jack of us on this here mount'n holp to kick up this here scrimmige? Blamed if I knows anything 'bout Yanks or Rebs, Union or Secesh, an' blamed if I keer, nuther! Let them gran' lion gentle-men what 's done all the roarin', — Cap'n Westmo' an' sich, — let 'em fight it out, tooth an' nail, 'thout callin' on dawgs to holp 'em. Jeff Davis, he 'll have to do the best he kin 'thout me. Hit 'll be er maky-shift, but I reck'n he 'll worry erlong. An' if Gin'ral Bewregyard p'intedly wants my advice 'bout his little plans, jest let him ride up here arter it. Some o' them fellers that marched so spry through Big Gap yestiddy evenin', they 'll skeercely walk back, I reck'n. Ez fur us bein' trompled on, I don't reck'n anybody 'll take the trouble to climb up here to do it. We all 's purty safe out o' the way, 'pears like. Now, that 's my rip-pinion."

The oldest-looking of the old women here put in her pipe.

"I 've heared er thing or two in my time," said she, "'bout purty nigh ev'rything. Battles, they ain't no frolickin', sho' 's my name 's 'Lizy Downs! My gran'f'er, he fit 'long with Gin'ral Washin'ton. Many 's the time I 'se heared him tell 'bout it. Lord! I rim-member. The wust o' layin' wownded, he said, wuz the thirst. Ez the blood runs out, the ragin' thirst, hit ketches 'em. The sun 's like fire to-day. I lay thar 's er-many down thar this blessid time with tongues out, black, er-hollerin'. T' others rides an' fights right over them that goes down. They 've jest *got* to do it, 'thout so much ez 'How 're you, dawg?' Then sometimes, when it comes to the buryin', they 'll dig one great big pit. In sich weather ez this here it can't be dug too soon, nuther. I 've heared my gran'f'er tell 'bout how once in Gin'ral Washin'ton's war" —

But that which followed we will not repeat. It was such a morsel of traditionary horror as is often dearly relished by folk like these, with the vague fascination of "fur-back times" adding interest to present possibilities. Ailsey Dawson moistened her dry lips as she listened, and once put a hand to her side. Presently she broke out again: —

"You think I hain't studied over all that er-many er night? You want to skeer me, you ole buzzards, er-gloatin' over kyarcases! You think I hain't sensed the risk? But I 'll tell you this minute, — Steve Bell, ole 'Liza, all of ye, — I 'm proud an' glad my man 's there er-fightin'. If he 's layin' dead this minute, I would n't have him 'live an' whole an' standin' here. *I* sent him off to Cap'n Westmo'. *I* made him go. When he sez to me, 'Ailsey,' sez he, 'ken you git erlong without me?' then I sez, 'I ken git erlong, Nat, an', 'fore God, I will.' That 's what he said to me, an' that wuz my rip-ply."

Her hearers looked at one another with a significant smile. "Oh, ya-as, Ailsey," said Stephen Bell, with a nod and a leer, "I reck'n you mout make er shift to git erlong 'thout Nat."

Nat Dawson was by no means looked up to as a pattern of industry or thrift among his neighbors. Ailsey herself, though always fiercely loyal to him, was well acquainted with this fact. None the less she frowned blackly, the red spots spreading in her cheeks. "My man 's ez much account" — she began, but there came an interruption. The girl, Lizzie Haws, cried out, "Mercy on us! If thar ain't Nat!"

Ailsey turned with a mighty start. It was her husband, sure enough. Every eye followed hers. A sudden expectant hush fell upon each and every one, broken only by the sound of the far-off guns, as Nat Dawson came slowly around the house, up the hill, toward them. He had gone away on foot; he returned on horseback. He had marched off gay and confident; he came back evidently in no pleasant mood. Plainly the battle was not yet over; but there was Nat Dawson, still alive, upon his native hill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As he rode up and stopped close to the little group, a kind of forced sullen bravado mingled curiously in his countenance with hang-dog shame, with apprehension of somewhat or somebody. He was a good-looking man, so far as general outlines go, but with smallish light blue eyes, a little too shallow and shifty, and a pinched low forehead. His usual sunburn seemed to have somehow faded into a sickly yellow paleness, and there were marks of both suffering and exhaustion about him, which under other circumstances would have met with naught but pity, kindness, comfort, from Ailsey. Now she hardly noticed them. His soldier's cap hung with a battered droop over his eyes. The hands that clutched the bridle were grimy with dust and powder-smoke, and smeared as with blood. Over his shoulders and body, his head thrust through the slit in its middle, hung a square of shining black oilcloth, — a shield against rain, grotesquely unsuited to cloudless midsummer weather. The horse that he rode was a fine black animal, very handsomely saddled and bridled, though looking sadly spent and coated thick with dust. And through all the dust and sweat-stain there showed adown his side, just in front of the rider's knee, an ugly reddish streak.

It is probable that Ailsey Dawson at once guessed the truth, for strong emotion is often a wonderful intuitive quickener of understanding. By the lightning flash of feeling on life's way we see the cold gray milestone, fact. We doubt if such a realization, such a swift fall of pride in the dust, could have held more pain and shame for the highest-born lady in the land than for this woman. She stood stock-still, erect, her hands hanging at her sides. All the others were looking at her; she looked only at her husband. The red died out of her face, leaving it as gray as ashes. The light in her eyes seemed to contract and sharpen into two glittering points. Her lips thinned and straightened pitilessly. Short and hard came her question: —

"What 's you er-doin' here?"

The man's face grew more sulky, more defiant, at her tone, its suggestion of piteous appeal withdrawing as behind a mask. Rallying hardihood steadied his voice, his wavering glance. "That's mo' my own biz'ness 'an anybody else's," said he.

An audible chuckle from old Stephen Bell greeted this answer. Ailsey Dawson felt that her neighbors were enjoying the situation immensely; and this did not soften her mood.

"You 've come away from the battle," she said, speaking a little lower than usual, yet with harsh, vibrant distinctness. "You 've rode up here, safe an' sound, without even waitin' to see how it turned out. You 've come away an' left them others, our men, there er-fightin'."

"Fightin'!" was the sullen reply. "Fightin'! Blamed if I keer how long they fights or how it turns out, nuther! I 've seed too much fightin' this day. I seed men shot down like dawgs. I seed Cap'n Westmo' kilt dead in his tracks jest afront o' me. It made me dawg-sick. I fit with the rest on 'em till he went down; then I put out, first chance. I 'll fight with my fists or er hick'ry stick long ez anybody, but blame me if I kin stand any sich devil's doin's ez that!"

"Cap'n Westmo'!" came in chorus from the listening mountaineers. "Cap'n Westmo' kilt! Lord A'mighty!"

Ailsey Dawson shuddered, her face a shade grayer. She was thinking of the captain's lady. But she went on no whit less mercilessly, without once looking round: —

"Cap'n Westmo' wuz er brave gentleman, an' no po' white mountain coon. I wish to God you 'd been kilt, too, 'fore you ever started back here. You 're er coward, Nat Dawson. I never thought befo' that you wuz nothin' but er mean sneakin' coward. You runned away

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the fight, — it must ha' been hours ago. You *runned* away!"

"I did n't run. I rode," said Nat

to go back yonder, go out o' my sight, anyhow. One thing I tell you: I 'll never touch you any mo', or look at or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He looks powerful bad. Don't 'pear to me like he 'd hold out to git thar. 'Pears to me mighty like that wuz blood had runned down his leg onto the hawse. Mebbe he 's been hurted. I think I 'd ha' give him er drink o' water, anyhow, if he wuz my man, even if he had n't showed hisself the bravest one goin'. Some folks has got mo' pride 'an they has feelin', that 's all."

However, Ailsey deigned neither word nor look in reply to all this, as, with head still high and step steady, she took Malvina Jane by the hand and walked down the slope into her cabin.

The firing had died away soon after Nat's departure. The battle was ended, one way or another. Old Stephen and his company had saunteringly withdrawn into the upper woods, behind which, presently, the sun also disappeared, glimmering backward for a while blood-red through dusky treetops. There were various evening tasks to be done. Ailsey made haste. Her cow was milked; her pigs and chickens were fed. Granny Dawson and the children sat eating their supper together. Once the old woman burst out with a shrill, sudden question, — "Whar 's my Natty boy? Whar 's Nat?" But when her granddaughter answered huskily, "Ne' mind, ole lady. Eat yo' supper, an' don't study 'bout him," she seemed well enough satisfied. With a promise to return before very long, or send word why she did not come if anything should keep her, Ailsey took off her shoes, for freer and swifter walking, and started on her way down the mountain.

The poor soul would not acknowledge to herself that she was following her husband, but the underlying impulse to do so was probably one of many which urged and drew her steps away. She must go down to the open highway to see and to hear something; to feel the pulse of lowland excitement from whose throbbing the mountain top stood so aloof in sympathy. Maybe she would see Mrs. Westmore, though that idea now gave nothing but added pain. Perhaps she might tramp on clear to the battlefield. She was still bitter against Nat Dawson, but many softening memories began to mingle with that feeling and tug painfully at her heartstrings. Darting thoughts would persist in coming to her of the time when they had picked huckleberries together, or climbed chestnut-trees, or snared rabbits; also of later days of courtship. Nat had been the best looking young man on the whole mountain, Ailsey by no means the prettiest girl; but how loyal to her he had been! How much pains he had taken to get a real gold ring and a marriage license, and, at her desire, considered so unreasonable by most of their neighbors, to find a real, "sure enough" preacher to marry them! How good-natured and generally manageable she had always found him! Her tears fell fast, big, scalding, bitter; life-drops of wounded love and pride. She almost wished she had never heard of this cruel war, of fighting for the country.

A singular hush now brooded over the evening. The listening suspense of noontide seemed deepened, intensified, amid absolute silence, to a breathless, yearning anguish. Who had lost or won, who was alive or dead, who exulting in victory or moaning in mortal pain, — how many pale lips were then fearfully questioning! Even the usual sunset stir and freshening of nature seemed lacking. As Ailsey went down the steep, rough, winding path, under the motionless trees, the crackling of a dry twig, the slipping of a stone, sounded strangely loud and, as it were, irreverent. On either hand, the huckleberry and blackberry bushes, purpling with ripe fruit, brushed against her skirts. The wild dittany, the pennyroyal, wood fern, and short, sparse mountain grass, in mingled patches underfoot, sent up a subtle sunburnt odor. The woman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remembered it all, could "sense" it all over again, for many a long day afterward.

At the foot of this mountain ridge the skirting woodland straggled away irregularly into open parklike reaches, or thickets, edging outer wastes of broomsedge. The footpath, after falling from its first steepness, widened presently into a cart road leading straight eastward. The gray snake fence which bounded it was half hidden by sumach, green bramble, and poison oak. Outside, a few tall trees rose here and there above the undergrowth. Though the time was now verging on twilight, all objects before and around were still plainly visible.

She had gone some distance along this way when she saw a horse grazing in the fence-corner, not far ahead of her; the same horse, as she knew at a glance, that Nat had ridden that day. The saddle was still upon him, the bridle rein trailing from his head in the grass. Just beyond ran a little shallow stream slantingly across the road, and close by this stream, with one foot limply hanging over the water, lay Nat Dawson.

He was lying in a huddled, helpless attitude, on one side, evidently just as he had fallen, the black oilcloth in a crumple around him, his cap crushed beneath his head. One hand was starkly outstretched in the roadside greenery. His eyes were closed and sunken. His face was very white, rather placid than painful, yet exceedingly piteous to behold.

The horse lifted his head when Ailsey swiftly passed him, and glanced at her with mild, weary eyes. The man neither looked nor stirred. Her eyes and her lips were dry as she stopped and stood there gazing down. She had loved Nat Dawson truly, in her own way. It was not an amiable or demonstrative way, being the outcome of her general nature, a repressed, stubborn passionateness. Yet true wife and loving had Ailsey been till the afternoon of that day. Now death seemed stamped upon the face before her. Some remnant of her recent fierce contempt, some dawning of remorseful awe, mingled with a natural shrinking from the worst, made it very hard for her to touch him then. Nevertheless, at last, with a mighty effort she ventured. Brow and lips and hand were ominously cold and stiff. Pulse there was none. Then an idea flashed across her brain. She lifted the crumpled oilcloth, and saw what it had hidden. There was a gunshot wound in the man's left shoulder. A slight one it must have been, when he himself had bandaged it, and rode more than ten miles afterward that day. The neighborhood doctor and surgeon explained, later on, exactly how that fall from the horse had been fatal in this case. It was probably in a sudden faint, brought on by loss of blood and weariness, that the accident happened. The shock which tore open and deepened the wound had lacerated an artery (the doctor said) barely missed in its first infliction. Nat Dawson lay and bled to death in the shadow of that mountain refuge which he had vainly sought. He must have been dead several hours when his wife thus found him.

When Ailsey Dawson laid down the cloth and carefully straightened it, some moments later, while she took off her apron and covered the still face, there was a strangely uplifted look upon her own. Each feature shone with an almost transfiguring light. Her love was saved, after all; pride was wrung from anguish. From her new-gained point of view, Nat had "made up" for all temporary wavering or cowardice. He was justified, accepted, glorified. He was one of the heroes, the "gentle-men," who had fought and fallen that day.

Bethinking herself, with calm clearness, that she must have help to carry him home, she hitched the horse to the fence, and then set off, walking quickly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down the road. About a half mile beyond, well out of the woodland, stood a cross-roads tavern. It was a popular place of neighborhood resort. Even on Sunday — certainly on such a Sunday as this — she would find somebody there. Her step was steadier than when she came down the mountain side. Weariness had fled. Only her breath came a little sharp and hard.

On coming in sight of her destination, she beheld several persons sitting or standing upon the long whitewashed porch of the building. It was a sleepy-looking place, where several big oak-trees already made dusk of twilight in the background; but the white porch and those there assembled stood out distinctly. There were three or four old men, some children, one woman (the storekeeper's wife) with a baby in her arms, and one middle-aged man, an invalid. Ailsey knew them all by sight and name. Nobody was looking her way. Every eye seemed bent on the opposite road. She could see each eager face in profile, strained forward as if listening, yearning, toward some approaching sound; and suddenly she stopped, a little way off, to listen, too.

It was the sound of a horse's feet trotting rapidly, evenly, tramp, tramp, tramp, up the dusty highway; and very soon horse and rider came into view around a slight bend that had hidden them. Ailsey recognized a young man of those parts, a hunchback and lame, who but for these defects would have been with most of his male contemporaries in the Southern army. His little body was drawn up as straight in the saddle as Nature's heavy hand would allow. His pinched, delicate face was white with fatigue and excitement; his eyes blazed. Seeing the group of watchers he snatched off his hat and waved it again and again, at arm's length, as he came on. Then his cry broke out, sharp and tense as a woman's: —

"Victory! Victory! They 're beat! We 've whipped 'em! They 're gone back a-running to Washington, the last one that could clip it! 'Rah for Secesh and Virginia! Virginia! Virginia! Virginia!"

The woman on the porch shrilled out, "Glory to God!" clasped her child closer to her breast, and burst into tears. The children began to dance and clap hands instinctively in time to this triumph song. The men ran down into the roadway. They shouted, they sobbed, they wrung one another's hands; they crowded round the messenger with questions and exclamations; they patted the dusty, sweat-stained beast that brought him and his good news so soon.

Honor where honor is due, — to the loyal native spirit that thus spoke forth its joy when invasion was driven back. Call them rebels, traitors, who will, — these honestly believed that their sons and brothers had fought, were fighting, for the right. Let no generous, unprejudiced soul in any part of our land, North, South, East, or West, grudge them that hour.

This outburst had subsided into somewhat connected though eager talk when Ailsey Dawson came forward and spoke. The men stared at her, surprised. It was a striking figure before them, so tensely erect, the blood-red dress vividly catching tone and meaning from that white sharp face, those tragical eyes. "Gentle-men," said she; then her voice broke a little, but she mastered it and proceeded, — "gentle-men, my man, Nat Dawson, is er-layin' in the road back yonder. He wuz in the battle this mornin'. He got hurted an' come home" —

"Could n't ha' been much hurt, then," interrupted one of the old men grimly; muttering half under his breath, "Like one o' these mountain tacks."

The woman went on: "I did n't know he wuz hurted when he come. He never tole me. I wuz mad with him about comin'. I talked sharp to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him, an' said if he did n't go back an' fight I 'd never look at him or speak to him ergin. I never even give him er drink o' water. He started back, gentlemen. I make sho' he wuz goin' straight back, but he fell off'n his hawse, — the hawse he wuz ridin', — an' bled to death. I found him jest now. He 's er-layin' there dead. He fought with the rest of 'em at first this mornin', an' he 's made up now for runnin' away. He 's died for Virginny ez well ez Cap'n Westmo' an' them others you 's talkin' 'bout. I want somebody to come help me tote him home."

Not long after this Ailsey Dawson left the mountain, and became a favored tenant on Mrs. Westmore's estate. The husband of one of these women had met death bravely, — a gallant gentleman leading his company in fight. The other had been overtaken while ignominiously shirking a duty only half understood.

Neither nature nor training nor any traditionary incitement had fitted Nat Dawson for the heroism that poor Ailsey would fain have thrust upon him. Still, between her and the lady there existed that "tie of blood" which then drew all classes together in the beleaguered South. In the sad and perilous times which followed they were much help to each other, and they have continued stanch friends to this day.

A. M. Ewell.

A JOURNEY ON THE VOLGA.

We had seen the Russian haying on the estate of Count Tolstóy. We were to be initiated into the remaining processes of the agricultural season in that famous "black-earth zone" which has been the granary of Europe from time immemorial, but which is also, alas, periodically the seat of dire famine.

It was July when we reached Nízhni Nóvgorod, on our way to an estate on the Volga, in this "black-earth" grainfield, vast as the whole of France; but the flag of opening would not be run up for some time to come. The Fair quarter of the town was still in its state of ten months' hibernation, under padlock and key, and the normal town, effective as it was, with its white Kremlin crowning the turfed and terraced heights, possessed few charms to detain us. We embarked for Kazán.

If Kazán is an article in the creed of all Russians, whether they have ever seen it or not, Mátushka Vólga (dear Mother Volga) is a complete system of faith. Certainly her services in building up and binding together the empire merit it, though the section thus usually referred to comprises only the stretch between Nízhni Nóvgorod and Ástrachan, despite its historical and commercial importance above the former town.

But Kazán! A stay there of a day and a half served to dispel our illusions. We were deceived in our expectations as to the once mighty capital of the imperial Tatár khans. The recommendations of our Russian friends, the glamour of history which had bewitched us, the hope of the Western for something Oriental, — all these elements had combined to raise our expectations in a way against which our sober senses and previous experience should have warned us. It seemed to us merely a flourishing and animated Russian provincial town, whose Kremlin was eclipsed by that of Moscow, and whose university had instructed, but not graduated, Count Tolstóy, the novelist. The bazaar under arcades,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the popular market in the open square, the public garden, the shops, — all were but a repetition of similar features in other towns, somewhat magnified to the proportions befitting the dignity of the home port of the Urál Mountains and Siberia.

The Tatár quarter alone seemed to possess the requisite mystery and "local color." Here whole streets of tiny shops, ablaze with rainbow-hued leather goods, were presided over by taciturn, olive-skinned brothers of the Turks, who appeared almost handsome when seen thus in masses, with opportunities for comparison. Hitherto we had thought of the Tatárs only as the old-clothes dealers, peddlers, horse-butchers, and waiters of St. Petersburg and Moscow. Here the dignity of the prosperous merchants, gravely recommending their really well-dressed, well-sewed leather wares, bespoke our admiration.

The Tatár women, less easily seen, glided along the uneven pavements now and then, smoothly, but still in a manner to permit a glimpse of short, square feet encased in boots flowered with gay hues upon a green or rose-colored ground, and reaching to the knee. They might have been houris of beauty, but it was difficult to classify them, veiled as they were, and screened as to head and shoulders by striped green kaftáns of silk, whose long sleeves depended from the region of their ears, and whose collar rested on the brow. What we could discern was that their black eyes wandered like the eyes of unveiled women, and that they were coquettishly conscious of our glances, though we were of their own sex.

We found nothing especially striking among the churches, unless one might reckon the Tatár mosques in the list: and, casting a last glance at Sumbeka's curious and graceful tower, we hired a cabman to take us to the river, seven versts away.

We turned our backs upon Kazán without regret, in the fervid heat of that midsummer morning. We did not shake its dust from our feet. When dust is ankle-deep that is not very feasible. It rose in clouds, as we met the long lines of Tatár carters, transporting flour and other merchandise to and from the wharves across the "dam" which connects the town, in summer low water, with Mother Volga. In spring floods Mátushka Vólga threatens to wash away the very walls of the Kremlin, and our present path is under water.

Fate had favored us with a clever cabman. His shaggy little horse was as dusty in hue as his own coat, — a most unusual color for coat of either Russian horse or *izvóstchik*. The man's *armyák* was bursting at every seam, not with plenty, but, since extremes meet, with hard times, which are the chronic complaint of Kazán, so he affirmed. He was gentle and sympathetic, like most Russian cabmen, and he beguiled our long drive with shrewd comments on the Russian and Tatár inhabitants and their respective qualities.

"The Tatárs are good people," he said; "very clean, — cleaner than Russians; very quiet and peaceable citizens. There was a time when they were not quiet. That was ten years ago, during the war with Turkey. They were disturbed. The Russians said that it was a holy war; the Tatárs said so, too, and wished to fight for their brethren of the Moslem faith. But the governor was not a man to take fright at that. He summoned the chief men among them before him. 'See here,' says he. 'With me you can be peaceable with better conscience. If you permit your people to be turbulent, I will pave the dam with the heads of Tatárs. The dam is long. Allah is my witness. Enough. Go!' And it came to nothing, of course. No; it was only a threat, though they knew that he was a strong man in rule. Why should he wish to do that, really, even if they were not Orthodox? A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man is born with his religion as with his skin. The Orthodox live at peace with the Tatárs. And the Tatárs are superior to the Russians in this, also, that they all stick by each other; whereas a Russian, *Hóspodi pomílui!* [Lord have mercy] thinks of himself alone, which is a disadvantage," said my humble philosopher.

We found that we had underrated the powers of our man's little horse, and had arrived at the river an hour and a half before the steamer was appointed to sail. It should be there lading, however, and we decided to go directly on board and wait in comfort. We gave patient Vánka liberal "tea money." Hard times were, evidently, no fiction so far as he was concerned, and we asked if he meant to spend it on *vódka*, which elicited fervent asseverations of teetotalism, as he thrust his buckskin pouch into his breast.

Descending in the deep dust, with a sense of gratitude that it was not mixed with rain, we ran the gauntlet of the assorted peddlers stationed on both sides of the long descent with stocks of food, soap, white felt boots, gay sashes, coarse leather slippers too large for human wear, and other goods, and reached the covered wharf. The steamer was not there, but we took it calmly, and asked no questions — for a space.

We whiled away the time by chaffering with the persistent Tatár venders for things which we did not want, and came into amazed possession of some of them. This was a tribute to our powers of bargaining which had rarely been paid even when we had been in earnest. We contrived to avoid the bars of yellow "egg soap" by inquiring for one of the marvels of Kazán, — soap made from mare's milk. An amused apothecary had already assured us that it was a product of the too fertile brain of Baedeker, not of the local soap factories. May Baedeker himself, some day, reap a similar harvest of mirth and astonishment from the sedate Tatárs, who can put mare's milk to much better use as a beverage!

In the hope of obtaining a conversation-lesson in Tatár, we bought a Russo-Tatár grammar, warranted to deliver over all the secrets of that gracefully curved language in the usual scant array of pages. But the peddler immediately professed as profound ignorance of Tatár as he had of Russian a few moments before, when requested to abate his exorbitant demands for the pamphlet.

By the time we had exhausted these resources one o'clock had arrived. The steamer had not. The office clerk replied to all inquiries with the languid national "*seitchás*," which the dictionary defines as meaning "immediately," but which experience proves to signify, "Be easy; any time this side of eternity, — if perfectly convenient!" Under the pressure of increasingly vivacious attacks, prompted by hunger, he finally condescended to explain that the big mail steamer, finding too little water in the channel, had "sat down on a sandbank," and that two other steamers were trying to pull her off. "She might be along at three o'clock, or later, — or some time." It began to be apparent to us why the success of the Fair depends, in great measure, on the amount of water in the river.

Our first meal of bread and tea had been eaten at seven o'clock, and we had counted upon breakfasting on the steamer, where some of the best public cooking in the country, especially in the matter of fish, is to be found. It was now two o'clock. The town was distant. The memory of the ducks, the size of a plover, and other things in proportion, in which our strenuous efforts had there resulted, did not tempt us to return. Russians have a way of slaying chickens and other poultry almost in the shell, to serve as game.

Accordingly we organized a search expedition among the peddlers, and in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the colony of rainbow-hued shops planted in a long street across the heads of the wharves, and filled chiefly with Tatárs and coarse Tatár wares. For the equivalent of seventeen cents we secured a quart of rich cream, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, a couple of pounds of fine raspberries, and a large fresh wheaten roll. These we ate in courses, as we perched on soap-boxes and other unconventional seats, surrounded by smoked fish, casks of salted cucumbers, festoons of dried mushrooms, "cartwheels" of sour black bread, and other favorite edibles, in the open-fronted booths. A delicious banquet it was, — one of those which recur to the memory unbidden when more elaborate meals have been forgotten.

Returning to the wharf with a fresh stock of patience, we watched the river traffic and steamers of rival lines, which had avoided sand-banks, as they took in their fuel supplies of refuse petroleum from the scows anchored in mid-stream, and proceeded on their voyage to Ástrachan. Some wheelbarrow steamers, bearing familiar names, the Niagara and the like, pirouetted about in awkward and apparently aimless fashion.

Passengers who seemed to be better informed than we as to the ways of steamers began to make their appearance. A handsome officer deposited his red-cotton-covered traveling-pillow and luggage on the dock and strolled off, certain that no one would unlock his trunk or make way with his goods. The trunk, not unusual in style, consisted of a red-and-white tea-cloth, whose knotted corners did not wholly repress the exuberance of linen and other effects through the bulging edges.

A young Tatár, endowed with india-rubber capabilities in the way of attitudes, and with a volubility surely unrivaled in all taciturn Kazán, chatted interminably with a young Russian woman, evidently the wife of a petty shopkeeper. They bore the intense heat with equal equanimity, but their equanimity was clad in oddly contrasting attire. The woman looked cool and indifferent buttoned up in a long wadded pelisse, with a hot cotton kerchief tied close over ears, under chin, and tucked in at the neck. The Tatár squatted on his haunches, folded in three nearly equal parts. A spirally ribbed flat fez of dark blue velvet, topped with a black silk tassel, adorned his cleanly shaven head. His shirt, of the coarsest linen, was artistically embroidered in black, yellow, and red silks and green linen thread in Turanian designs, and ornamented with stripes and diamonds of scarlet cotton bestowed unevenly in unexpected places. It lay open on his dusky breast, and fell unconfined over full trousers of home-made dark blue linen striped with red, like the gussets under the arms of his white shirt. The trousers were tucked into high boots, slightly wrinkled at the instep, with an inset of pebbled horsehide, frosted-green in hue, at the heels. This green leather was a part of their religion, the Tatárs told me, but what part they would not reveal. As the soles were soft, like socks, he wore over his boots a pair of stiff leather slippers, which could be easily discarded on entering the mosque, in compliance with the Moslem law requiring the removal of foot-gear.

Several peasants stood about silently, patiently, wrapped in their sheepskin coats. Apparently they found this easier than carrying them, and they were ready to encounter the chill night air in the open wooden bunks of the third-class, or on the floor of the fourth-class cabin. The soiled yellow leather was hooked close across their breasts, as in winter. An occasional movement displayed the woolly interior of the *tulúp's* short, full ballet skirt attached to the tight-fitting body. The peasants who thus tranquilly endured the heat of fur on a midsummer noon would, did circumstances require it, bear the piercing cold of winter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with equal calmness clad in cotton shirts, or freeze to death on sentry duty without a murmur. They were probably on their way to find work during the harvest and earn a few kopéks, and very likely would return to their struggling families as poor as they went. As we watched this imperturbable crowd, we became infected with their spirit of unconcern, and entered into sympathy with the national seitchás, — a case of atmospheric influences.

At last the steamer arrived, none the worse for its encounter with the bar. Usually the mail steamers halt three hours — half-merchandise steamers four hours — at Kazán and other important towns on the Volga, affording hasty travelers an opportunity to make a swift survey in a drosky; but on this occasion one hour was made to suffice, and at last we were really off on our way to the estate down the river where we were to pay our long-promised visit.

We were still at a reach of the river where the big steamer might sit down on another reef, and the men were kept on guard at the bow, with hardly an intermission, gauging the depth of the water with their striped poles, to guide the helmsman by their monotonous calls: "*Vósim!*" "*Schest-s-polovinó-ó-ó-in!*" "*Sim!*" (Eight! Six and a half! Seven!) They had a little peculiarity of pronunciation which was very pleasing. And we soon discovered that into shallower water than five and a half quarters we might not venture.

The river was extremely animated above the mouth of the Kama, the great waterway from the mines and forests of the Urál and Siberia. Now and then, the men on a float heavily laden with iron bars, which was being towed to the Fair at Nízhni Nóvgorod, would shout a request that we would slacken speed, lest they be swamped with our swell. Huge rafts of fine timber were abundant, many with small chapel-like structures on them, which were not chapels, however. Cattle steamers passed, the unconfined beasts staring placidly over the low guards of the three decks, and uttering no sound. We had already learned that the animals are as quiet as the people, in Russia, the Great Silent Land. Very brief were our halts at the small landings. The villagers, who had come down with baskets of fresh rolls and berries and bottles of cream, to supply hungry passengers whose means or inclination prevented their eating the steamer food, had but scant opportunity to dispose of their perishable wares.

As the evening breeze freshened, the perfume of the hayfields was wafted from the distant shores in almost overpowering force. The high right bank, called the Hills, and the low left shore, known as the Forests, sank into half-transparent vagueness, which veiled the gray log-built villages with their tiny windows, and threw into relief against the evening sky only the green roofs and blue domes of the churches, surmounted by golden crosses, which gleamed last of all in the vanishing rays of sunset. A boatload of peasants rowing close in shore; a red-shirted solitary figure straying along the water's edge; tiny sea-gulls darting and dipping in the waves around the steamer; a vista up some wide-mouthed affluent; and a great peaceful stillness brooding over all, — such were the happenings, too small for incidents, which accorded perfectly with the character of the Volga. For the Volga cannot be compared with the Rhine or the Hudson in castles or scenery. It has, instead, a grand, placid charm of its own, imperial, indefinable, and sweet. One yields to it, and subscribes to the Russian faith in the grand river.

No one seemed to know how much of the lost time would be made up. Were it spring, when Mother Volga runs from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles wide, taking the adjoining country into her broad embrace, and steamers steer a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bee-line course to their landings, the officers might have been able to say at what hour we should reach our destination. As it was, they merely reiterated the characteristic "*Ne znaem*" (We don't know), which possesses plural powers of irritation when uttered in the conventional half-drawl. Perhaps they really did not know. Owing to a recent decree in the imperial navy, officers who have served a certain number of years without having accomplished a stipulated amount of sea service are retired. Since the Russian war vessels are not many, while the Naval Academy continues to turn out a large batch of young officers every year, the opportunities for effecting the requisite sea service are limited. The officers who are retired, in consequence, seek positions on the Volga steamers, which are sometimes commanded by a rear-admiral, in the imperial uniform, which he is allowed to retain, in addition to receiving a grade. But if one chances upon them during their first season on the river, their information is not equal to their fine appearance, since Mother Volga must be studied in her caprices, and navigation is open only, on the average, between the 12th of April and the 24th of November. Useless to interrogate the old river dogs among the subordinates. The "We don't know" is even more inveterate with them, and it is reinforced with the just comment, "We are not the masters."

Knowing nothing, in the general uncertainty, except that we must land some time during the night, we were afraid to make ourselves comfortable even to the extent of unpacking sheets to cool off the velvet divans, which filled two sides of our luxurious cabin. When we unbolted the movable panels from the slatted door and front wall, to establish a draft of fresh air from the window, a counter-draft was set up of electric lights, supper clatter, cigarette smoke, and chatter, renewed at every landing with the fresh arrivals. We resolved to avoid these elegant mail steamers in the future, and patronize the half-merchandise boats of the same line, which are not much slower, and possess the advantage of staterooms opening on a corridor, not on the saloon, and are fitted with skylights, so that one can have fresh air and quiet sleep.

At four o'clock in the morning we landed. The local policeman, whose duty it is to meet steamers, gazed at us with interest. The secret of his meditations we learned later. He thought of offering us his services. "They looked like strangers, but talked Russian," he said. The combination was too much for him, and, seeing that we were progressing well in our bargain for a conveyance, he withdrew, and probably solved the riddle with the aid of the postboy.

The estate for which we were bound lay thirty-five versts distant; but fearing that we might reach it too early if we were to start at once, I ordered an equipage for six o'clock. I was under the impression that the man from the posting-house had settled it for us that we required a pair of horses, attached to whatever he thought fit, and that I had accepted his dictation. The next thing to do, evidently, was to adopt the Russian stop-gap of tea.

The wharfinger, who occupied a tiny tenement on one end of the dock, supplied us with a bubbling samovár, sugar, and china, since we were not traveling in strictly Russian style, with a fragile-nosed teapot and glasses. We got out our tea, steeped and sipped it, nibbling at a bit of bread, in that indifferent manner which one unconsciously acquires in Russia. It is only by such experience that one comes to understand the full — or rather scanty — significance of that puzzling and oft-recurring phrase in Russian novels, "drinking tea."

As we were thus occupied in one of the cells, furnished with a table and two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard stuffed benches, to accommodate waiting passengers, our postboy thrust his head in at the door and began the subject of the carriage all over again. I repeated my orders. He said, "*Khárashó*" (Good), and disappeared. We dallied over our tea. We watched the wharfinger's boys trying to drown themselves in a cranky boat, like the young male animals of all lands; we listened to their shrill little songs; we counted the ducks, gazed at the peasants assembled on the brow of the steep hill above us, on which the town was situated, and speculated about the immediate future, until the time fixed and three quarters of an hour more had elapsed. The wharfinger's reply to my impatient questions was an unvarying apathetic "We don't know," and, spurred to action by this, I set out to find the posting-house.

It was not far away, but my repeated and vigorous knocks upon the door of the *izbá* (cottage), ornamented with the imperial eagle and the striped pole, received no response. I pushed open the big gate of the courtyard alongside, and entered. Half the court was roofed over with thatch. In the far corner, divorced wagon bodies, running-gear, and harnesses lay heaped on the earth. A horse, which was hitched to something unsubstantial among these fragments, came forward to welcome me. A short row of wagon members which had escaped divorce, and were united in wheeling order, stood along the high board fence. In one of them, a rough wooden cart, shaped somewhat like a barrel sawed in two lengthwise, pillowed on straw, but with his legs hanging down in an uncomfortable attitude, lay my faithless postboy (he was about forty years of age) fast asleep. The neighboring vehicle, which I divined to be the one intended for us, was in possession of chickens. A new-laid egg bore witness to their wakefulness and industry.

While I was engaged in an endeavor to rouse my should-be coachman, by tugging at his sleeve and pushing his boots in the most painful manner I could devise, a good-looking peasant woman made her tardy appearance at the side door of the adjoining izbá, and seemed to enjoy the situation in an impartial, impersonal way. The horse thrust his muzzle gently into his master's face and roused him for me, and, in return, was driven away.

I demanded an explanation. Extracted by bits in conversational spirals, it proved to be that he had decided that the carriage needed three horses, which he had known all along; and, chiefly, that he had desired to sleep upon a little scheme for exploiting the strangers. How long he had intended to pursue his slumberous meditations it is impossible to say.

He dragged me through all the mazes of that bargain once more. Evidently, bargaining was of even stricter etiquette than my extensive previous acquaintance had led me to suspect; and I had committed the capital mistake of not complying with this ancestral custom in the beginning. I agreed to three horses, and stipulated, on my side, that fresh straw should replace the chickens' nest, and that we should set out at once, — not seitchás, but sooner, "this very minute."

I turned to go. A fresh difficulty arose. He would not go unless I would pay for three relays. He brought out the government regulations and amendments, — all that had been issued during the century, I should think. He stood over me while I read them, and convinced myself that his "*Yay Bógu*" (God is my witness) was accurately placed. The price of relays was, in reality, fixed by law; but though overaffirmation had now aroused my suspicions, in my ignorance of the situation I could not espy the loophole of trickery in which I was to be noosed, and I agreed once more. More quibbling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He would not stir unless he were allowed to drive the same horses the whole distance, though paid for three relays, because all the horses would be away harvesting, and so forth and so on. Goaded to assert myself in some manner, to put an end to these interminable hagglings, I asserted what I did not know.

"Prince X. never pays for these relays," I declared boldly.

"Oh, no, he does n't," replied the man, with cheerful frankness. "But you must, or I 'll not go."

That settled it; I capitulated once more.

We had omitted to telegraph to our friends, partly in order to save them the trouble of sending a carriage, partly because we were thirsting for "experiences." It began to look as though our thirst were to be quenched in some degree, since we were in this man's power as to a vehicle, and it might be true that we should not be able to obtain any other in the town, or any horses in the villages, if indeed there were any villages. Fortified by another volley of "Yay Bógu" of triumphant fervor, we survived a second wait. At last, near nine o'clock, we were able to pack ourselves and our luggage.

The body of our *tarantás*, made, for the sake of lightness, of woven elm withes, and varnished dark brown, was shaped not unlike a baby carriage. Such a wagon body costs about eight dollars in Kazán, where great numbers of them are made. It was set upon stout, unpainted running-gear, guiltless of springs, in cat's-cradle fashion. The step was a slender iron stirrup, which revolved in its ring with tantalizing ease. It was called a *pletúschka*, and the process of entering it resembled vaulting on horseback.

Our larger luggage was tied on behind with ropes, in precarious fashion. The rest we took inside and deposited at our feet. As there was no seat, we flattened ourselves out on the clean hay, and practiced Delsartean attitudes of languor. Our three horses were harnessed abreast. The reins were made in part of rope; so were the traces. Our *yamtschík* had donned his regulation coat over his red shirt, and sat unblenchingly through the heat. All preliminaries seemed to be settled at last. I breathed a sigh of relief, as we halted at the posting-house to pay our dues in advance, and I received several pounds of copper coin in change, presumably that I might pay the non-existent relays.

The *troïka* set off with spirit, and we flattered ourselves that we should not be long on the road. This being a county town, there were some stone official buildings in addition to the cathedral, of which we caught a glimpse in the distance. But our road lay through a suburb of log cabins, through a large gate in the wattled town fence, and out upon the plain.

For nearly five hours we drove through birch forests, over rolling downs, through a boundless ocean of golden rye, diversified by small patches of buckwheat, oats, millet, and wheat. But wheat thrives better in the adjoining government, and many peasants, we were told, run away from pressing work and good wages at hand to harvest where they will get white bread to eat, and return penniless.

Here and there, the small, weather-beaten image of some saint, its face often indistinguishable through stress of storms, and shielded by a rough triangular penthouse, was elevated upon a pole, indicating the spot where prayers are said for the success of the harvest. Cornflowers, larkspur, convolvulus, and many other flowers grow profusely enough among the grain to come under the head of weeds.

The transparent air allowed us vast vistas of distant blue hills and nearer green valleys, in which nestled villages under caps of thatch, encircled by red-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brown fences cleverly wattled of long boughs. In one hollow we passed through a village of the Tchuváshi, a Turkish or Finnish tribe, which was stranded all along the middle Volga in unrecorded antiquity, during some of the race migrations from the teeming plateaux of Asia. The village seemed deserted. Only a few small children and grannies had been left at home by the harvesters, and they gazed curiously at us, aroused to interest by the jingling harness with its metal disks, and the bells clanging merrily from the apex of the wooden arch which rose above the neck of our middle horse.

The grain closed in upon us. We plucked some ears as we passed, and found them ripe and well filled. The plain seemed as trackless as a forest, and our postboy suspected, from time to time, that he had lost his way among the narrow roads. A few peasant men whom we encountered at close quarters took off their hats, but without servility, and we greeted them with the customary good wishes for a plentiful harvest, "*Bog v pómozh*" (God help), or with a bow. The peasant women whom we met rarely took other notice of us than to stare, and still more rarely did they salute first. They gazed with instinctive distrust, as women of higher rank are wont to do at a stranger of their own sex.

Although the grain was planted in what seemed to be a single vast field, belonging to one estate, it was in reality the property of many different peasants, as well as of some proprietors. Each peasant had marked his plot with a cipher furrow when he ploughed, and the outlines had been preserved by the growing grain. The rich black soil of the fallow land, and strips of turf separating sections, relieved the monotony of this waving sea of gold.

The heat was intense. In our prone position, we found it extremely fatiguing to hold umbrellas. We had recourse, therefore, to the device practiced by the mountaineers of the Caucasus, who, in common with the Spaniards, believe that what will keep out cold will also keep out heat. We donned our heavy wadded pelisses. The experiment was a success. We arrived cool and tranquil, in the fierce heat, at the estate of our friends, and were greeted with fiery reproaches for not having allowed them to send one of their fifteen or twenty carriages for us. But we did not repent, since our conduct had secured for us that novel ride and a touch of our coveted "experience," in spite of the strain of our thirty hours' vigil and the jolts of the springless vehicle.

Then we discovered the exact extent of our yamtschík's trick. He had let us off on fairly easy terms, getting not quite half more than his due. By the regular route, we might really have had three relays and made better time, had we been permitted. By the short cut which our wily friend had selected, but one change was possible. This left the price of two changes to be credited to his financial ability (in addition to the tea money of gratitude, which came in at the end, all the same), and the price of the one which he would not make. And, as I was so thoughtless as not to hire him to carry away those pounds of "relay" copper, I continued to be burdened with it until I contrived to expend it on peasant manufactures. The postboy bore the reputation of being a very honest fellow, I learned, — something after the pattern of the charming cabby who drove us to Count Tolstóy's estate.

The village, like most Russian villages, was situated on a small river, in a valley. It consisted of two streets: one running parallel with the river, the other at right angles to it, on the opposite bank. The connecting bridge had several large holes in it, on the day of our arrival, which were mended, a few days later, with layers of straw and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manure mixed with earth. We continued, during the whole period of our stay, to cross the bridge, instead of going round it, as we had been advised to do with Russian bridges, by Russians, in the certainty that, if we came near drowning through its fault, it would surely furnish us with an abundance of straws to catch at.

In one corner of the settlement, a petty *bourgeois*, — there is no other word to define him, — the son of a former serf, and himself born a serf, had made a mill-pond and erected cloth-mills. His "European" clothes (long trousers, sack coat, Derby hat) suited him as ill as his wife's gaudy silk gown, and Sunday bonnet in place of the kerchief usual with the lower classes, suited her face and bearing. He was a quiet, unassuming man, but he was making over for himself a handsome house, formerly the residence of a noble. Probably the money wherewith he had set up in business had been wrung out of his fellow-peasants in the profession of a *kulák*, or "fist," as the people expressively term peasant usurers.

On the other side of the river stood the church, white-walled, green-roofed, with golden cross, like the average country church, with some weather stains, and here and there a paling missing from the fence. Near at hand was the new schoolhouse, with accommodations for the master, recently erected by our host. Beyond this began the inclosure surrounding the manor house, and including the cottages of the coachmen and the steward with their hemp and garden plots, the stables and carriage houses, the rick-yard with its steam threshing machine and driers, and a vast abandoned garden, as well as the gardens in use. The large brick mansion, with projecting wings, had its drawing-rooms at the back, where a spacious veranda opened upon a flower-bordered lawn, terminating in shady acacia walks, and a grove which screened from sight the peasant cottages on the opposite bank of the river. A hedge concealed the vegetable garden, where the village urchins were in the habit of pilfering their beloved cucumbers with perfect impunity, since a wholesome spanking, even though administered by the elder of the commune, might result in the spanker's exile to Siberia. Another instance of the manner in which the peasants are protected by the law, in their wrongs as well as their rights, may be illustrated by the case of a load of hay belonging to the owner of the estate, which, entering the village in goodly proportions, is reduced to a few petty armfuls by the time it reaches the barn, because of the handfuls snatched in passing by every man, woman, and child in the place.

No sound of the village reached us in our retreat except the choral songs of the maidens on holiday evenings. We tempted them to the lawn one night, and overcame their bashfulness by money for nuts and apples. The airs which they sang were charming, but their voices were undeniably shrill and nasal, and not always in harmony. We found them as reluctant to dance as had been the peasants at Count Tolstóy's village. Here we established ourselves for the harvest-tide.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUDIES IN MACBETH.

I. ONE PHASE OF MACBETH'S CHARACTER.

THERE is one person in that world which Shakespeare has made known to us whose utterances are especially marked by the fine charm of true poetry. From his lips drop pearls. At the close of many of his speeches we are compelled to stop our reading to enjoy the musical, imaginative language. Our sympathy goes out instinctively to this instinctive poet. The man to whom I refer is that bloody and ever bloodier villain, the remorseless committer of murder upon murder, Macbeth.

In the tragedy of Macbeth two streams are ever flowing, — an unforced stream of exquisite poesy, and a stream of innocent blood shed by ruthless hands; and both of them find their source, their only and sufficient cause, in the soul of Macbeth. I believe that this strange contrast will help us to interpret the character of the man.

It is clear that the strains of poetry which fall from the lips of Macbeth are entirely natural. They come from the heart. The moment that he begins to make pretenses, to play a part, to say what prudence seems to dictate rather than what he feels, he passes from poetry to rhetoric. True poetry must be genuine, impassioned; must spring from sympathy. When Macbeth depicts the appearance of the murdered Duncan, and pretends that the unexpected sight overpowered him with horror and an irresistible impulse to slay the suspected grooms, we hear these hollow phrases:

> "Here lay Duncan,
> His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
> And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
> Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
> Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
> That had a heart to love, and in that heart
> Courage to make 's love known?"
>
> (II. iii. 117–124.)

Later in the play, Macbeth speaks to the physician concerning the illness of Lady Macbeth. Here his words come from the heart, and he says: —

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"
>
> (V. iii. 40–45.)

What relation does this poetical faculty of Macbeth bear to his real character? Let us analyze his first soliloquy, and see what it teaches us (I. vii. 1–28). He trembles before the danger to himself which attends the killing of Duncan, even though he is willing to "jump the life to come." Then he dwells upon the guilt of the intended murder. He is at once the kinsman, the subject, and the host of Duncan.

> "Besides, this Duncan
> Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off."
>
> (I. vii. 16–20.)

There are eight lines more in the same strain. Surely now Macbeth will not murder Duncan! Ah, *now* he surely will. He has looked fairly and fully at the crime; but the honest impulses of his heart and the awfulness of the coming murder have been treated as *materials for poetry*, not as grounds for right decision and for instant action. The moment for a hearty, virtuous choice of the good is of set purpose given up to sentimentalizing, to poetiz-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. Such a moment will not return; and whenever his moral instincts shall again revolt against the crime, though less vigorously, utterance can be given them and their strength can be dissipated by the same process of poetizing.

Macbeth so revels in poetry, in æsthetic harmony, that these things are often more real to him than external dangers. At the close of the soliloquy in which he sees the dagger in the air, just before the murder of Duncan, he says: —

"Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear" —

Of what? Of detection?

— "for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it."

(II. i. 49–60.)

The whole situation is such an exquisite harmony of gloom, gives to the æsthetic sense of Macbeth such keen pleasure, that, even as he goes to murder Duncan, he *fears* that this harmony may be disturbed.

When Macbeth, at a later time, gives his wife an intimation of the intended murder of Banquo, he cannot deny himself the pleasure of accumulating about the coming crime a mass of poetic detail: —

"Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

(III. ii. 40–44.)

The connection between words and deeds in any character is easily broken. "'T is a kind of good deed to say well" has been the flattering unction that has excused many a speaker from trying to live up to his own words. F. W. Robertson was often tormented by the fear lest his whole heart and life should not go with his spoken words. He knew how easily the utterance of fine words can become in any life, not a stimulus, but a soporific. Probably every successful preacher of righteousness could testify that he is constantly tempted in the most subtle ways to take an unlawful part in the world-wide division of labor by becoming, in one form or another, a sayer of the truth, and not a doer. Macbeth allows his conscience to frame his words, partly at least, in order that it may disturb him less in his guilty act.

Lady Macbeth knows not how firm the purpose of her husband is. She has heard his fine speeches ever since their wooing days, and cannot believe that they mean so little as they do in terms of action. She would fain think that the lips that have called her "dearest chuck" have behind all their utterances the entire personality of the speaker. She knows that Macbeth has ambition, but thinks him to be without the moral "illness" that "should attend it." His profusion of fine words and sentiments misleads her. She does not know — he does not fully know — that his compassion and remorse are only imaginative, while his ambition is real. Lady Macbeth's awful boldness appears to her to be forced upon her by the weakness of her husband. Though he first resolved upon the murder (I. iv. 50–53) and broke the enterprise to her (I. vii. 48), he is glad to play the part of the timid, frightened criminal, whose guilt is due to the master mind that controls him. Imaginary fears, a deep shrinking and shuddering of the soul in view of crime, are natural to him, and give him a strange, thrilling pleasure; while the fierce energy which his supposed remorse arouses in Lady Mac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beth serves, in his view, both to throw upon her a large share of the guilt and to make the death of Duncan more certain. "The weird sisters" are but a personification, a dramatizing, of those dark promptings which swarm in every soul that is secretly inclined to evil. As the sentimentalist sheds tears over imaginary suffering, and is unmoved at real distress, so Macbeth shakes like a reed in the wind before the thought of a murder which "yet is but fantastical;" and then, deliberately, in spite of a nervous sensitiveness which completely deceives his wife, and which partially deceives both Macbeth himself and the readers of the play, moves on "towards his design."

Like all things else, the death of his wife furnishes Macbeth a theme for poetry; and the last pleasure that he knows, except the savage delight of battle, is the sad joy of singing an exquisite death-song to the faithful partner of his guilt. Having treated the moral realities of life, its most real things, as visionary, as mere materials for poetry, all things seem to be but parts of an unreal phantasm; and he would fain persuade himself that they are so. Having emptied life and death of every good meaning, he longs to believe that they mean nothing.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."
(V. v. 19–28.)

Alas, Macbeth!

II. THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE.

One function of the chorus in the Greek tragedies was to anticipate and announce the terrible catastrophe which hangs over some guilty soul. The voice of fate, the anger of the offended gods, the instincts of the human heart, which could not come to utterance through the characters in the drama, found in the chorus an impersonal and powerful lyric expression.

The drama of the Greeks had a lyrical origin, and made effective use of the song element, which it ever retained. But the chorus, with all its power, is foreign to the drama; it is a non-dramatic element. The songs interrupt the action, and make it seem unreal.

There are two situations in Macbeth where an effect analogous to the most powerful utterances of the Greek chorus is secured with no sacrifice of dramatic reality. The broken moral law, the anger of Heaven, the coming doom of the guilty, find thrilling expression in the very action itself. The acting forms are men, but the voice that speaks to us is the voice of God. These two situations are the knocking at the gate after the murder of Duncan, and the sleep-walking scene.

In commenting upon the knocking at the gate, I cannot hope to add anything to the powerful essay of De Quincey which treats of this incident; but I desire to put into every-day language a portion of the thought which he has expressed in more philosophical form.

We have been conscious during the hurried preparations for the murder of Duncan, and the hurried conversation which follows it, that the voice of conscience has been rudely choked down. Immediately after the deed, to be sure, Macbeth gives poetical utterance to the moral war that is waging within him. Two of the sleepers in the castle have waked for a moment from uneasy slumber, and their drowsy words have stirred the conscience of Macbeth.

"*Mach.* . . . I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Mach. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat."

But words are things to Lady Macbeth, though they are not to her husband, and she tells him: —

"These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

Still he continues: —

"Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,' the *innocent* sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast, —
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

(II. ii. 29–43.)

Then Lady Macbeth puts a stop to the utterances of conscience, and turns her whole attention, and in a measure his and ours, to the purely practical question, how they shall avoid detection. And now the unwelcome voice of conscience flies from the breasts which refuse to harbor it. Suddenly, through the awful darkness, there comes a summons; the walls cry out. The thoughts, the fears, which throng the minds of the guilty pair and of the shuddering spectators find in the knocking at the gate a weird, a startling, and an adequate expression. This unexpected voice, seeming to come from no fixed place, and having no apparent cause except the tragic tension which demands it, stimulates the imagination almost beyond endurance, and heightens the tension that it appears to relieve.

Just before the knocking we have been isolated from the world, and our intellectual sympathy has been given to Macbeth and his wife. Their moral sense and ours is for the moment stifled. What voice shall call us back to the world of moral law, of humane, human living?

The knocking at the gate is, first of all, a sharp challenge from the outer world of every-day life. The morality of that outer world is, indeed, conventional and imperfect; but the sharp contrast between the normal, every-day life of men, their common loves and hates, and the awful crime which has just taken place in the little world of Macbeth and his wife is brought home to us with a blow by the sudden sound of the knocking.

It is not only to the world of men and its standards, however, that Macbeth, his wife, and we are to be called back. Therefore no human voice can adequately challenge the guilty pair. Macbeth would put on a bold front before any man, and our intellectual sympathy would go with him. Any human words would fail to express the blackness of his guilt; but the knocking, inarticulate, impersonal, having no visible cause, — this can be the very voice of God, and it is.

There is something strangely suggestive in the rhythm of the knocking. Rhythm is the expression of all life. Our hearts beat out the rhythm of our lives. Day and night, in their alternation, make up the vast rhythm of our universe. "The father of rhythm," says an old seer, "is God."

To the startled apprehension of Macbeth this rhythmic knocking is the throbbing of that moral life of the world which he has refused to regard. To a cold, unsympathetic reader it may seem an absurdity to say it, but Macbeth hears vaguely in the knocking the tramp! tramp! of those moral forces that shall not cease their march until, out of the wreck of this world, there shall arise the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Against these forces, which must win, Macbeth has set himself. Henceforth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the very "stars in their courses" will fight against him, and he knows it. With a sudden burst of hopeless remorse, which yet is not true contrition, he cries: —

> "Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!"
>
> (II. ii. 74.)

III. THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE.

Hudson comments as follows upon the fact that this scene, "which is more intensely tragic than any other in Shakespeare, is all, except the closing speech, written in prose:" —

"I suspect that the matter is too sublime, too austerely grand, to admit of anything so artificial as the measured language of verse, even though the verse were Shakespeare's; and that the Poet, as from an instinct of genius, saw or felt that any attempt to heighten the effect by any such arts or charms of delivery would unbrace and impair it. . . . Is prose, then, after all, a higher form of speech than verse? There are strains in the New Testament which no possible arts of versification could fail to belittle and disercwn." (Harvard Shakespeare.)

I cannot help feeling that these very suggestive words of the accomplished critic, so far as they respect this scene, are somewhat beside the point. Words are only a part of the language of the drama, and sometimes they are but a small part. The plays of Shakespeare, of course, were not written, primarily, to be read. It is not the diction, the literary form, of this scene which impresses us; it is the action, and most of all the situation. It is only scattered fragments of speech that Lady Macbeth utters. Direct, artless prose, moreover, "unbound speech," seems to be the natural and necessary form of her utterances. Nothing else would befit the unconsciousness of slumber.

What is it that stirs us in this scene? Who is acting? The servant and the doctor are but spectators, like ourselves, and Lady Macbeth is locked in sleep. It is the invisible world of moral reality which is made strangely manifest before our eyes. Lady Macbeth would not reveal these guilty secrets for all the wealth of all the world, but in the awful war that is waging in her breast her will is helpless. Her feet, her hands, her lips, conspire against her. In the presence of the awful, unseen Power that controls her poor, divided self, we hush the breath and bow the head.

Albert H. Tolman.

THE BORDER STATE MEN OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It is proverbially difficult for historians to make sure of the facts with which they have to deal. Even where the chronicle has been written by the rare men who seek, above all things, the truth, the incidents are half related, for the simple reason that the recorder cannot judge as to the value which they are to have in determining the course of subsequent events. Difficult as it is to make sure as to the exact facts of human conduct, it is yet harder to ascertain the motives which have swayed men in critical times. Few if any narrators, especially where they are themselves a part of the history which they have written, are either disposed or able to analyze the impulses which shaped the deeds of which they give an account. Yet these springs of action are of the utmost importance to the historian; without them his work cannot have a vital quality. Men naturally take the motives which impel them to deeds as a mere matter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of course. If they should indulge themselves in the analysis of their emotions, they would be unfitted to accomplish the tasks which fortune assigns them.

Where an important series of events depends upon the action of a small body of men, where they proceed from the will of a cabinet or the desires of a ruling class, it is relatively easy to trace their spiritual history; where, however, the mainsprings of action exist in the body of the people, as was peculiarly the case in our civil war, it becomes difficult to explain the complicated reactions which the inquirer needs to understand. There is reason to hope that, so far as the motives of this remarkable revolution are concerned, the story of it may be made more complete than any which has been hitherto written. No other chapter in human history has been so fully recorded. The campaigns in debate and in arms were waged by educated men, and the results have been marvelously well preserved by the press and in innumerable private diaries. More than any other people, the Americans are inclined to the tasks of the chronicler; they have indeed a singularly acute historic sense. The New England element of our society has from the beginning exhibited this recording spirit in a measure not found elsewhere. The result is that the story of this society is more complete and trustworthy than that of any other folk of ancient or modern times. Unfortunately, the history-making impulse in this country is nowhere else so well developed as in the region about Massachusetts Bay. It rapidly diminishes as we go to the west and south of that region, and in the Southern States of the Union it is relatively wanting. When, in the generations to come, a full account of the great rebellion is essayed, the writers will have little difficulty in understanding the state of mind of men in the region between the Hudson and the sea. They will be somewhat puzzled in their task by the facts which are presented by the Northern States of the Ohio Valley. We can foresee that they will have much trouble in interpreting the moral and intellectual attitude of the whole South, and their greatest perplexity will arise in explaining the actions of the so-called Border States.

If it were possible to make a map which, by means of colors or other conventional signs, would show the geographic distribution of the motives which entered into the equations of the civil war, the effect would be most curious. In the regions far away to the north and south of the line which separated the slaveholding from the free States, the signs would have a somewhat common character. Here and there, it is true, there would be patches of territory where the folk would appear as astray amid their neighbors. Thus there were towns in New Hampshire and Massachusetts in which a large minority, or even perhaps a majority, of the voters were more or less in sympathy with the South, and whole counties in the southern Appalachians which were peopled by Union men. As a whole, however, the Gulf States on the one hand, and the far Northern States on the other, were characterized by a tolerably uniform public opinion. Approaching the border, we should find the indications of public sentiment becoming ever more and more interwoven, until the entanglement would defy delineation by any graphic skill. The greatest confusion would be exhibited in those slaveholding States which lay along the boundary between the Atlantic and the Western prairies. In Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, the diversities of spirit in the period immediately before and after the great conflict almost transcend description.

At first sight it seems easy to explain the variety in the motives which actuated the borderers during the civil war, as well as the stages of half-combat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which preceded and followed the struggle. It may be said that the folk of North and South were intermingled in these territories, or that the commercial and social bonds affected the minds of men. There is, it is true, something of value in these explanations, but they clearly do not go to the root of the matter. So far as the emigration of Northerners to Virginia and Kentucky was concerned, the transplantation of people was without material influence on the characteristics of the community. These immigrants were rather more apt to be strong proslavery men than were those who were bred upon the soil. The reason for this was simple: it lay in the fact that, with rare exceptions, the Northerners who went South were by nature in sympathy with slaveholding. Moreover, the social and commercial intercourse between the Southern States and the territory on the north was relatively small, and attended by such circumstances of friction that it did not serve in any noteworthy way to commingle the blood or spirit of the people.

Whoever would understand the varieties of opinion which prevailed in the border States during the two generations in which our great conflict really endured must be prepared to trace, at least in outline, the way in which the ideals of social and political institutions have been developed among the English people. A very little study will show the observer that the intellectual and moral considerations which entered into this conflict were not altogether, or even mainly, the product of the life of our people in the generations since they came to this continent. The foundations of these opinions were laid in a much earlier stage of their development. To a certain degree, slavery varied the course of growth of these political tendencies; it controlled their development in particular areas, and finally brought about the decisive catastrophe of war; but the substantial foundations of the events dated from other centuries, and were laid on the other side of the Atlantic.

In the vast array of more or less organized impulses which constitute the emotional life of our people, we may trace from an early time two striking and very diverse theories as to the relation of authority to the individual. In the older, we may indeed call it the primal state of mind, the individual man was regarded as the subject of a sovereign authority, set over him by the Divine Will. The measure of personal action was limited on every side by the bounds set by the superior power. In this aristocratic system the conception of government was personal, but the conduct of each individual depended not so much upon himself as upon his several superiors, in the order of their excellence. Curiously enough, along with this theory of an aristocracy, or control by gradation, there appears naturally to have gone a theory of local rights, whereby the people of a particular community acquired a measure of independence of a territorial kind. At an early stage in the history of governmental institutions, particularly among the Gothic folk, the conception of the rights of communities much antedates that of the rights of the individual. Thus the fundamental notion of States' rights, the idea that a certain locality may justly resist any trespass upon its franchises, whether they rest on written or unwritten law, is among the earliest acquisitions of our people.

The other and modern conception of the citizen, that which postulates his essential freedom, and affirms his responsibility in all that relates to the conduct of the government which he serves, is, among our own race at least, the growth of relatively recent times. It first distinctly appears among the common people in the revolution which ended in the overthrow of Charles I. From that time on to the present day the English

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folk have been, as regards their sense of loyalty, more divided than any other. Something of the old obligation to their superiors, as such, has been maintained; a larger share of their loyalty has been devoted to what we may term territorial interests; yet another share of it has gone to theories of government or the ideals of a social state. When our ancestors came to this country, this divided state of the old simple faith in rulers was already established in the minds of the people in every colony. Their political history represents the growth of these diverse seeds in the several parts of the field which our race has tilled on this continent.

As soon as the new-comers of our race in America had satisfied the simpler needs of the pioneer, and were in a condition to develop any distinct social motives, we begin to trace the growth of their inherited political theories. At first the old-fashioned loyalty to the overlord had a place in their minds. The simple nature of their social system and other circumstances gradually weakened this motive, until at the time of the Revolution it was, save among a small minority, a very shadowy thing. The sentiment of devotion to the community appears to have been the strongest of the governmental instincts. Responsibility and devotion to ideals of government were developed in the minds of but few men. Here and there, as among the Puritans of New England or the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the idealist appeared, and began the true modern work of shaping the state. Such men acted from a sense of individual responsibility, but in so doing they were far in advance of their time. The mass of the people were loyalists, in the larger sense of the word; that is to say, they acted in all that relates to the control of the state under the guidance of inherited impulses, and not of their individual reason.

When the struggle came which ended in the war between Great Britain and her American colonies, the first result of the conflict was a great increase in the rational and ideal element which entered into the statecraft. The body of this people began to have conceptions as to the conduct of state affairs, and a somewhat crude ideal as to the meaning of individual freedom was widely entertained. Still, even at this time the dominant element of loyalty was that which pertained to the locality in which the individual dwelt. So strong was this motive that only through dire necessity and by means of the ingenuity of many able and commanding men did it prove possible to effect any substantial union among the newly liberated colonies. The covenant which brought them together was accepted with so many reservations, expressed or implied, that the union it secured seemed at first a mere temporizing expedient. The fact is, the spirit of the contract was much in advance of the public opinion of its day. It required, indeed, some generations to bring our people to the plane of its declarations. In so far as the Constitution, by its silence and its reservations, permitted the continuance of local government it was in perfect accord with the spirit of the masses who were to dwell under it; in so far as it purposed to subordinate the interests of particular communities to the good of the whole it foreran the temper of its time.

If the social and economic conditions of the several commonwealths which came to be gathered under the federal roof had been identical, or even measurably the same, it might well have been expected that the ideals and allegiances of the people would have been so nearly alike that no discord would have arisen in the great family. Even the foreseeable differences likely to be brought about by diversities of climate were not of a nature to breed serious trouble. Most unfortunately, however, the institution of slaveholding found a permanent place in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one half of our territory, and through its immediate and secondary effects turned the minds of the people in that part of the country almost altogether back toward the more ancient ideals of the race. The conception of local government and of allegiance to the commonwealth in which the individual was born, the state of mind of the master sending down commands to subordinate men, the idea of an aristocracy in which rights were inherited, all naturally came as sequels to this singularly dominant institution. In all that related to the development of society slavery completely mastered and controlled the minds of the landlord class throughout the South. They were the servants of the conditions which it imposed to the point of almost entire abjection. In fact, there were two sets of slaves in the South, the servants and the masters: it is hard indeed to say which was the more heavily enchained. When we consider how firmly bound by the institution was the landlord class, and how relatively free the folk who had just escaped from the despotic savagery of Africa, we might almost justify the paradox that the masters were the real subjugated class of the South. They only had been forced to anything like retrogression by the dominant institution.

The first effect of slavery was to give economic strength to the household, and along with it economic isolation. The next and most important effect was to accumulate wealth in certain agricultural families, in a measure in which it cannot be gathered through inheritance in any free agricultural community. The negroes were prolific people: the multiplication on well-cared-for plantations was exceedingly rapid. Of itself alone this would often enrich the descendants of a landlord's family in a way that the increase in the value of their acres or their crops could not possibly effect. The result was a swift destruction of the yeoman or small farmer class, and the formation of a society, in the agricultural districts at least, composed of gentry who held slaves, poor whites of lower estate than the English peasant, and at the foundations a mass of human beings without any social or citizenly status whatsoever.

Very early in the history of the Southern States it became evident to the people that slavery, to be maintained, must be defended. This point was clear even before the separation of the colonies from the mother country. At the beginning of this century the slaveholders felt themselves to be in a state of siege, and decade by decade the perils of the assault were ever more clearly before them. The result of this condition of mind was that all natural political development, such as the English folk were undergoing before this great social change affected them, was totally arrested throughout those portions of the South where slavery overmastered the people. The theory of government became that of an aristocratic oligarchy. It is true that, in the main, the substantial rights of even the poorest white citizen of the South were, by public opinion, as well secured in this system as in any other part of the country. If the lower-class man held no unorthodox views concerning slavery, — and he was not often moved by his nature in that direction, — he was, in a civic sense, as safe as anywhere in the world. His immunities, however, were a matter of tradition rather than of living impulse; the whole trend of the Southern civilization was steadfastly and inevitably back towards a refined feudalism, wherein even the poorer whites would have found it advisable to commend themselves to some superior in power. In all that regards the tone of society, the characteristically slaveholding States had really recovered more of the feudal spirit than survived the eighteenth-century revolution in the states of western Europe. But for a climatal accident this singular

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reversion towards the Middle Age system of society might have pervaded the whole South, and there would have been no Border State problem such as we are now to consider.

Although the negro is the one tropical creature, man or brute, who has ever succeeded in the temperate zone, and although his success in extra-tropical lands has here and there been surprisingly great, he cannot endure the cold in the region north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers sufficiently well to make him a valuable laborer. It is true that some families of the race have maintained themselves as far north as Massachusetts Bay, New Brunswick, and Canada for several generations, but, on the whole, they appear to be less enduring and less fecund in the parts of the continent which are visited by severe winters. The result of this incapacity to withstand the climate of the North was that slavery never seriously affected the agriculture in the so-called Northern States, and that in the slaveholding districts there was a territory next to Mason and Dixon's line where slaveholding was unprofitable except for purposes of domestic service. The field where these conditions existed occupied in general a fringe having a north and south extension of about a hundred and fifty miles, but it included also the Appalachian highlands as far south as northern Georgia. In this part of the country the considerable elevation above the sea induced severe winters, and the topographic division of the surface as well as the prevailing sterility of the soil made large plantations unprofitable.

The result of the above-mentioned physiographic division was that in the border land between central Maryland and the Piedmont district of Virginia and western Missouri slavery never came to have an overmastering effect on the industries of the country. In the highlands and in the less fertile portions of the lowland areas the blacks were very rare; there are at the present time thousands of people in the southern Appalachians who have never seen a person of African descent. Thus, in eastern Kentucky, there is an area of about ten thousand square miles where negroes are, and ever have been, about as rare as Chinamen in the Atlantic section of the continent. Owing to the failure of slavery to take full possession of the society in this border district, the political motives of the whites were left, in a measure, free to undergo that natural growth which was made impossible by the strength of the institution in the more southern States.

The Border States of the South were settled mainly by the descendants of the people from eastern Virginia. The folk of this colony were much given to thought on political matters. They had inherited and acquired the habit of treasuring ideals in all that relates to the state, and, except so far as they were cramped in their thought by the needs of preserving the system of slavery, they were accustomed to very free political discussion. All the circumstances of these border communities tended to intensify debate on matters pertaining to statecraft. The people were engaged in organizing commonwealths under conditions which forced them to take a broad view of politics. Although the influence of slavery was strong enough to prevent public discussion as to its merits and its future, the matter was ever before the minds of all considerate people, and was an endless subject of household debate.

So far we have been engaged in considering the inherited conditions which affected the border land between North and South. I propose now to limit the presentation of the facts concerning the state of mind of the borderers in the great conflict to that afforded by the history of Kentucky, and this for the reason that there alone I had an opportunity personally to know something of the feelings of the people. As the qualifications

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the witness are important, I venture to state, in a brief way, the nature of the opportunities which I had for observing the facts and forming the conclusions which are hereinafter presented.

I was born and bred in a slaveholding family in the northern part of Kentucky. As a student at Harvard, from 1858 to 1862, I had an opportunity of noting the great differences between the Northern and the Southern civilizations. During the civil war I saw a good deal of my native commonwealth. Shortly after its close, as state geologist, I had occasion to visit every one of its hundred and thirty counties, and in so doing made an extended acquaintance with prominent men, soldiers, and statesmen of the two great parties. Still later I had occasion to review the history of the State in much detail in preparing a popular account of its affairs in the American Commonwealth Series. I believe that my opportunities for acquiring the knowledge which is needed for the task which I have here essayed have been very good, and I am, moreover, of the opinion that I have made fair use of them.

In setting forth the matter with which I have now to deal, it will be necessary for me often to recur to matters of personal experience. My reason for doing so is that such individual experience has a peculiar historic value. My first recollections as to politics in Kentucky concern the period immediately following the war with Mexico. The Whig party was then dominant. Questions concerning the endurance of slavery, the dissolution of the Union, and the future of the commonwealth were matters of incessant debate. Although the sympathies of the people were with the South, they were curiously qualified. Calhoun and his followers were generally disliked. Many of the intelligent men foresaw the armed stage of the conflict, and were exceedingly apprehensive as to the fate of the commonwealth in the struggle. I remember that about 1854 my maternal grandfather, a wise and wide-read man, explained to me the history of the great debate concerning slavery, foretold the inevitable war, and adjured me then to place myself on the Union side.

Only of late years have I come to understand the conditions which led to the singular love of the federal Union which prevailed in Kentucky. At the outset of its history, this commonwealth had a long-continued and perplexing experience in its efforts to enter the society of States. For nearly twenty years it lay unprotected on the remote frontier, deprived of the shelter which its needs demanded, and which the broad roof of the Constitution alone could afford. Notwithstanding the contradictory evidence which seems to be presented by the resolutions of 1798, there can be no question that the people of this commonwealth regarded the federal Union with a singular devotion. They valued the association not only because they had secured it with difficulty, but because the sacrifices which they had made, in fellowship with the other States, in the many Indian wars, in the larger undertakings of the second conflict with England and the war with Mexico, had sealed the compact. So far as political motives went, the people of this State, during the lifetime of Henry Clay, were Federals of the New England type.

The agitation concerning the abolition of slavery, which increased in the years following the Mexican war, served insidiously to undermine the union sentiment of the commonwealth. Although the industries of the State did not in the main depend on servile labor, there were at this time about two hundred thousand black people within its limits. Bordering as it did on free territory along a line more than six hundred miles in length, it was easy for these bondsmen, with the aid of abolitionist friends in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, to secure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their liberty. Although from a money point of view the loss entailed by the escape of slaves was not great, the moral effect was important. It is not easy for any one who is without memory of the slaveholding conditions to imagine how sore was the infliction brought upon a household when its servants fled to the North. The loss was not only a matter of property; there was a wound to the self-esteem of the family. By far the greater number of the slave-owners took much comfort in believing that they treated their servants well, and that these people were content to abide with them. Most of my readers can readily imagine how disagreeable it would be to have a favorite and valuable horse missing from their stables. The state of mind of the slave-owner whose servant had been enticed away was, naturally, one of far greater exasperation, for the reason that the fugitive was, in a way, a member of his household, and bound up with its life in intimate and human associations.

It is easy to observe the fact that every community frames its moral code and orders its punishments for offenses with reference to its more imperative needs. So long as disloyalty to a chieftain is a matter of life-and-death importance treason is the most abhorrent of all offenses, and impaling or other exquisitely cruel punishments have been resorted to as deterrents. To the frontiersman who depends upon his horse horse-stealing is the greatest of iniquities. Naturally enough, in the old slaveholding States, the act of enticing a negro from his master, or complicity of any degree in the offense, came to be regarded as the most disgraceful of crimes. Although in Kentucky a certain freedom of expression was allowed, at least in a private way, to those who disbelieved in slavery, no man was safe after he was known to have had anything to do with aiding a fugitive. Thus it was that, in the South, the name of "abolitionist" came to have a more detestable connotation than any other epithet which could be applied to a man. He was regarded at once as impious, treasonable, thievish; in short, an abandoned character. As every abduction of slaves was known throughout the State, and each became the subject of rancorous comment in the newspapers, we can well imagine how, year by year, the dislike of the Northern communities steadfastly increased, and insensibly affected the political ideals not only of the small minority of whites who held slaves, but of the small proprietors who tilled their own fields in the slaveholding districts as well. Nothing so clearly shows the social dominance of the institution as the extent to which the non-slaveholding class of whites partook of this hatred of the abolitionist. These poor people had no profit whatever from slavery, — they indeed lost much by the system; yet when they dwelt in a society where slaves were held, they were most active in persecuting those who sought to set them free. I cannot recall a single instance where the native-born abolitionists came from this numerous and able-minded body of yeoman farmers. Those who protested against the system were from the slaveholding caste.

The most curious fact to be noted in connection with this is that, at heart, a large part, I am inclined to think a majority, of those who owned slaves in Kentucky were opposed to the institution, and would have been ready, if the way could have been found, to make considerable sacrifices to break it up. The greater part of the followers of Henry Clay sympathized with the amiable but impracticable scheme of deporting the blacks to Liberia. In this way they hoped to be rid of the African population. They were unwilling to contemplate a system which should free the slaves and leave them in the commonwealth. Until about 1850 the discussions as to the future of slavery in Kentucky were carried on in a spirit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which gave some promise that the commonwealth itself might undertake to deal with the evil within its borders, but in the following decade the ever-growing animosity which was felt toward the abolitionists rapidly destroyed the indigenous antislavery motive. In 1860 there seemed little more reason to hope that Kentucky would legislate against slavery than that South Carolina would take such action.

The crisis of the civil war came much more suddenly than was expected. While the people of Kentucky were congratulating themselves that the increase of the whites was going on rapidly, and bade fair, in a few decades, to overwhelm the slowly increasing negro population, displacing slave labor by free, the storm of arms gathered about them. As soon as the imminent danger of war became evident the whole people fell to discussing the situation. This folk has always been much given to debate upon political matters, but it is doubtful if ever, in any commonwealth, there was as much discussion as to the duties of a State as in Kentucky in the six months before and after the firing on Fort Sumter. The debate brought out the fact that the people were quite unready to come to any general decision as to their attitude in the approaching contest. They were morally unprepared for the emergency. Very few of them, indeed, before this time, appeared to have considered an armed conflict as among the possibilities of the situation.

It is easy to see that to these Border State men the on-coming civil war was to be fateful in greater measure than to those who dwelt in other parts of the country. The speeches and writings of this time show that the people were absolutely divided in their motives of allegiance. So far as personal and social sympathy was concerned they were devoted to the South; in all that relates to political ideals their allegiance was with the Federal cause. This division of sentiment was not marked by territorial or class divisions; it existed in every breast. If the commonwealth had taken counsel of her sympathies alone, she would have been almost as unanimous for secession as was South Carolina. If she had been swayed altogether by her political ideals, she would have been almost as unitedly for the Union as was Massachusetts. The result of this conflict of reason and emotions was a most extraordinary diversity in opinion. For a time it seemed as if there were to be as many parties in the commonwealth as there were citizens. Gradually the logic of events led to the organization of thought, or rather, forced men to subordinate their individual judgments, and to array themselves in one of three tolerably distinct parties. Of these, the out-and-out Union men formed one, the pronounced Confederates a second, while a third consisted of a yet greater number of people who had not been able to make up their minds to take up arms against the South, and were at the same time unwilling to proceed to any action looking towards the separation of the commonwealth from the Union. This party of compromise was in a measure made up of slow-thinking people, who felt that the action of their Southern kinsmen was unreasonable and precipitate. They trusted to debate for the cure of all political ills. Many of them remembered the eventful contest which took place in the commonwealth, in the earlier part of the century, between the old and new courts, when a question which aroused the most intense partisan animosities, and which bade fair to bring about civil war, had eventually been settled in a statesmanlike and reasonable way. In a word, this third, or neutrality, party pleaded for time with both North and South. By the course of the swift-moving events they were quickly forced into an attitude which, though in a way logical, proved in a few months to be untenable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The compromise party proposed a plan which was in substance as follows: the commonwealth should remain neutral in the approaching strife, requesting both factions in the contest to respect her attitude of peace. The idea of the leaders of the movement was in the main to obtain more time for the judgment of the people as to their course of action. They also hoped, and not without reason, that they could persuade a number of the neighboring Southern commonwealths to follow their example, and so break up the new-formed Confederacy. Many of the devoted Union men, as well as a large part of the Confederates, for a time acted with the party of neutrality; each side feeling that time made for its interests. It had already become evident to the Confederates that they could not secure the semblance of a judgment by the people in favor of their cause until they had gained a larger following. Although the state legislature was far more favorable to them than was the mass of the people, that body of delegates had refused to take any action looking towards a formal separation from the Union. Above all, the wise men who secured this temporary declaration of neutrality sought to avoid immediate war within their borders. This effort to make Kentucky neutral territory has been much reviled. It was adjudged by both the competent parties to be cowardly. The fact was, the measure was such as brave and deliberate men are warranted in taking; are, in fact, in duty bound to take when the society about them seems to be going to pieces, as it did in 1861. It should be said here that the greater part of the Kentucky people believed in the right of secession as a revolutionary act. They held to the very rational doctrine that no people can be bound by the covenants of their ancestors in political relations which are intolerable. Their point was that the South was acting under the impulse of a blind and unreasoning rage, which was directed by politicians who wished to secure in a fragment of the republic the national power which the course of politics had denied them in the Union. Thus, notwithstanding their federalistic motive and the love of the Constitution, the people of Kentucky must not be regarded as opposed to the doctrine of States' rights when tempered with sound reason.

The neutrality of Kentucky was proclaimed in May, 1861. President Lincoln, who was well informed as to the meaning of the project, wisely, though in no official way, assented to the project. He had the good sense to see that, unless the other Southern States showed some decided sympathy with the Kentucky plan of ending the conflict, that commonwealth would quickly be driven to cast in her lot with the Federal cause. If, on the other hand, the scheme were successful, and other Southern States retraced their steps and assumed a neutral attitude, the Confederacy would quickly fall to pieces. The Confederate leaders acted with less discretion. Seeing that the position of Kentucky was full of danger to their cause, they first tried pleading, then reviling, and finally, their patience exhausted, they invaded western Kentucky with a force under the command of Major-General Leonidas Polk, nephew of the sometime President of the name, who abandoned his bishopric in the Episcopal Church for a command in the Confederate army. At the same time, the Southern forces, under the distinguished General Zollicoffer, entered the eastern part of the State through Cumberland Gap.

By this time the disputative people of the State had pretty generally come to a determination as to the course which they should individually take. To the greater part of them it was now apparent that the only politically rational thing for them to do was heartily to support the Northern fragment of the Union,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which was contending for the maintenance of the Constitution. So clear had the necessity for this attitude become that the Confederate sympathizers, to the number of somewhere near nine tenths of their effective recruits, had already left the State. The first answer which was made to the Confederate invasions was ominous of the issue. By a four-fifths vote it was ordered that the United States flag should be hoisted over the Capitol at Frankfort. On the 18th of September the State formally declared war on the Confederacy, and asked the aid of the Federal authorities in expelling the invaders.

If the sagacious men who had control of Kentucky politics had permitted a swift decision to be made, it is probable that the sympathetic emotions of the Kentucky people would have carried the State into rebellion. As before remarked, the institution of slavery appealed not only to the interests of the pocket, but to the emotions of men as well. It bound all the societies together with a singular consensus. In favoring neutrality the Union men of Kentucky pursued a very wise course, one which, in its measure of forethought, it is difficult to find equaled in history. The final determination of Kentucky came after the emotional stage of the rebellion, when deliberation had done its work. The fact that the course was not dictated by any undue desire to avoid the risks of war is shown by the record of the commonwealth in the subsequent campaigns. Without a draft and without bounties she furnished her quota to the Federal army, and her soldiers did their full share of duty. About 50,000 of her sons fought under the Confederate flag. Out of a white population of less than 950,000 more than 140,000 men faced the perils of war. Counting the home guards who saw service, it is safe to say that one sixth of the whites had an active share in the war. So far as I have been able to ascertain, in no modern war has so large a portion of a population amounting to about a million of souls volunteered for military duty.

In the months between the fall of Fort Sumter and the end of Kentucky neutrality the people of the commonwealth had time to do a good deal of thinking. It is doubtful, indeed, if ever a community was so subjected to arduous political thought. The peculiarity of this period, which is most interesting to the observer, is found in the singular individuality which the men displayed in their determinations. It might have been expected that the division of sentiment would have been defined by local or family ties, as has been the case in the history of most internecine strife. Here, however, we find that the divisions were made on purely individual grounds. I do not know of a single large family in the State where all the men were arrayed on one side, and only in the mountain counties of the eastern section, where slavery was unknown, was there anything like unanimity of sentiment in local communities.

Nothing else in our history so well shows the intellectual independence of our people, or their political capacity, if time be given them, to deal with important questions without undue influence from the emotions, as the parting of the Kentuckians in this period of trial. The gravity with which they viewed the situation and the dignity with which they dealt with it are shown by the absence of indecent strife among the men who went into the opposed armies. During the period of neutrality, and for some months thereafter, the highways were full of small parties of recruits hastening to the camps of the Federal or Confederate forces. These bands often met, but I know of no case in which they fell to fighting. On both sides there was a desire to free the inevitable struggle from idle brutality, and to spare their beloved ground from the curse of internecine war. In the subsequent campaigns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was very little unnecessary partisan combat, and where, as was often the case, the sons of the commonwealth encountered each other on their native heath, a singularly persistent and successful effort was made to mitigate the horrors of war. Few houses were pillaged, women were respected, the wounded were tenderly cared for; it is indeed doubtful if ever war was waged in so merciful a manner. All this merciful spirit was, in my opinion, due mainly to the time for thought and for deliberate action which was afforded by the period of neutrality, and enforced by the state of mind which led men to insist upon that pause. If two or three other Southern States could have been induced to approach the problems of secession in the same considerate way, the Southern Confederacy would have been impossible, and we might have dealt with the question of slavery by the methods of the statesman rather than by those of the soldier.

The nature of the considerations which led the people of Kentucky, by an overwhelming majority, finally to cast in their lot with the North has been scantily recorded. These considerations have, indeed, to a great extent, been forgotten by those who held them. I judge this by my individual experience. But for the recent discovery of some old letters I could not have recalled the steps which led me to the Federal side in the conflict. These show that during the winter of 1860–61 my sympathies were altogether with the South, and that they were very little affected by reason. Then came the disgust due to the unseemly moblike action of the seceding States, and the conviction that the North was right in making war for the preservation of the Union. In common with most of the people whom I knew, I held to the doctrine that a State had a right to secede whenever it was subjected to inevitable and unendurable ills. In a way, I was then, as I have ever since been, a believer in States' rights, and regarded the preservation of our local commonwealths as a condition precedent to any satisfactory system of general government. It was interesting to me to find in the above-mentioned letters that the argument which in the end determined my allegiance was this: The apparent and probably true ideal of the Southern people was the maintenance of States' rights. With this desire I was in sympathy; but, granting that the South should win its independence, it was evident that the Northern and the Southern States would be driven by their permanent hostility to each other to change from the type of federal Union to that of consolidated governments. In this alteration all chance of local autonomy would disappear, probably never to exist again on this continent. Moreover, I saw plainly, as did every other rational person of my acquaintance, that the strife concerning slavery would afford a perennial source of war-breeding trouble between the North and the South.

The foregoing personal experiences afford a faint reflection of the motives which actuated men of the border when they had to determine the most momentous questions with which the citizen has to deal. It is probable that something like the same line of argument was elaborated by every intelligent man in the border land. It will be safe for the historian of these days to assume that every one of these people felt at once a loving respect for the federal Union and a keen sympathy with his Southern kindred. Where the sympathetic motive was quick and enduring, or where action was hasty, the people who were moved by it almost inevitably were led to join the South. Where the rational element was relatively strong, and particularly where it found room to act, they were in most cases led towards the Union side. There were, of course, men who were drawn both ways, and who never succeeded in bringing themselves to a determination to act with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either side. In the homely but expressive phrase, they remained "on the fence." I know of some exceedingly well-balanced persons who have abided in that uncomfortable position to the present day.

It may be said, however, in praise of the moral efficiency of our Border State people that not one in a hundred of the intellectually competent failed to come to a state of mind in which they could act decisively, or at least share in spirit in the fortunes of one or the other side in the great argument. It might have been expected that many would withdraw from the strife, seeking refuge in foreign countries. I am glad to say that I never personally knew one of these absentees, nor did I ever hear it suggested that such a course of conduct deserved consideration. Even the aged and other non-combatants stayed upon the ground. It was hard indeed to move them from the battlefield, so intense was their desire to have some share in the action. If they could not fight, they could succor the wounded, or cheer on the side to which they owed allegiance.

In reviewing the actions of the Border State men, I have chosen to limit my statements as to details to the people of Kentucky; for there alone, as I have already remarked, did I have an intimate personal knowledge with the thoughts and actions of men. There can be no doubt, however, that the intermixture of motives which I have endeavored to delineate existed in other parts of the border. The conditions in Missouri were certainly essentially the same as those among the citizens of my native commonwealth. In Virginia, owing to the swiftness with which that State was precipitated into rebellion, the status was somewhat different. When the State went to the South, all of her sons, committed as they were in mind to some form of the States' rights theory, were impelled to act against the Federal cause. If the "Mother of States and unpolluted men" could have taken the course of Kentucky, there is reason to believe that in the end she would have proved as firm a supporter of the Constitution. As it was, the people acted from their emotions, and reason had no chance to assert its juster sway. Even though the element of fidelity to the State had been thrown into the scales, many Virginians, many indeed of the gentry, adhered to the Union and gave it support of inestimable value. I have known a number of these Unionists of the Old Dominion, and it seems clear to me that, as a class, they were cool-headed, deliberating persons, of a nature which is not readily swayed by the emotions. In a certain rude way, the proportion of these Unionists in Virginia, as compared with the number in Kentucky, shows the weight which fidelity to the State had in the minds of the Southern people.

The time is approaching when the philosophical historians may profitably begin their accounts of our great revolution. We may be sure that they will find the questions which are connected with the action of the Border State people among the more instructive though difficult problems with which they have to deal. The greater part of those who had any share in the events have passed away. Of the few who remain, only here and there can we hope to find men who, from memory or from record, are able to set forth the story of their thought. These considerations may, I trust, justify me in the eyes of the reader for giving much of my individual experience in the foregoing pages. Were it not for the value which such personal records have, these trifling personalities would be impertinent.

Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEAGUE AS A POLITICAL INSTRUMENT.

THE simple conception of a political party is of a union of men holding common political principles and seeking common political ends. As an organization, and not a mob, it must have not only leaders, but rules of action and a definite policy. In its most elemental constitution, party life in a free state clusters about the two opposite poles of conservatism and radicalism. In the highly organized community of the United States, with its balance of union and parts, the tendency always has been to centrifugal and centripetal political forces.

In point of fact, our parties are as complex as the ingenuity of man can devise, and must be considered less as instruments than as results. The political sense has been more keenly developed in the United States than anywhere else. Practiced as it has been, in rudimentary forms before the formation of the Union, and since in the multiform expression of federal, state, municipal, and oppidan elections, and in the exercise of an enormous variety of governmental functions, it is no wonder that the political sense of the people is almost a second nature. Moreover, it is not in the field of the state alone that this political sense has been cultivated. It should never be forgotten that the expression of the popular will has at the same time found exercise in the field of the church, and that there has been in this organization, too, the constant practice of the power of choice, as well as, in a minor way, the exercise of governmental functions.

With this cultivation of the political sense there has been also the high development of the organizing power. This has had its stimulus in the freedom of conditions under which men have worked, in the absence in the earlier days of large vested interests, and, above all, in the presence of the political sense itself, which is conscious of power, and not in the habit of looking higher than itself for the source of power. The people, thrown on their own resources largely in colonial days and in the early days of the republic, acquired the habit of relying on themselves for much that in older countries proceeds from the governing class. The most signal instance of this is in the system of public education, in which the state has been scarcely more than the convenient agency for the people acting with the least restriction of freedom in the organization of schools. The voluntary action which finds expression in all the forms of religious life is another notable illustration of the activity and ease of the people in forming combinations.

In the pathology of politics, it may be said that the most morbid exercise of the political sense is in the tinkering of constitutions, and the inability to distinguish between the law as a register of the enlightened will of the people and the law as an instrument to accomplish reforms. In an analysis of the organizing power when exercised in the political field, the construction of the convention, with its discipline, its severity of rule, its assumption of authority, may be regarded as the most complete product. Here the political sense and the faculty for organization meet to produce the most thorough-going result.

Now, given a vigorous controlling idea, a political party with its Frankenstein of a convention becomes a tremendous force, and this controlling idea is not always to be read in the official declarations of the party. A reader ignorant of history might fancy, from the platform of the Republican party as set forth in 1860, that its members had a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

variety of principles under which it was demanding the government. In reality it was because the free thinking of its members had been fused into a single controlling purpose — namely, to check the advance of slavery — that the party forced its way against the divided opposition. The Democratic party, in like manner, though scarcely ready for the conflict, went into the field four years ago inspired for whatever success it could achieve by the controlling idea of tariff reform as formulated by its aggressive leader.

Yet these controlling ideas rarely have a dominating power in a party, and the reason lies, not in the decay of moral sense in the people, as sometimes averred, but in the gradual substitution of the notion of a party as containing a life of its own for the notion of a party as an exponent of ideas. A party gathers to itself traditions, associations, a history; it is the immediate creation of the political sense acting along the lines of organization, and it comes to stand for an independent entity, although it may in reality be nothing more than a Feathertop. The more complete its apparatus, the more do those whose own existence is involved in it insist on regarding it, and compelling others to regard it, as self-centred, — something to be perpetuated, and hence to be guarded against too rough handling by its creators. There is a slight analogy to be found in the attitude of men toward the party and that taken toward the Constitution. The Constitution was designedly an instrument, and in the early process was regarded by those who made it as a somewhat imperfect instrument, so that the first thing to be done with it was to make amendments to it. But the time came when the Constitution was held up by the men who denied its spirit as a sacred object to be interposed as a barrier against the incursion of a healthy moral force. To-day allegiance to party is made a test of political virtue.

The substitution of self-perpetuation for the accomplishment of an explicit political purpose as the spring of party life has led from time to time to revolt from the great parties, and the formation of minor parties having eager hopes of securing through politics certain specific results. The Prohibition party has been the longest-lived, because it has been dominated by a moral idea, but its strength has always been local; it has failed to have national significance, because the problem with which it is concerned comes within the scope of state, and not federal legislation. Its real contribution to our political history has been in its witness to the power which lies in moral ideas when active in politics; but it has also illustrated the tendency, already noticed, to confuse the distinction which exists between the law as a register of the enlightened will of the people and the law as an instrument to accomplish reforms.

Meanwhile, there has been coming into existence, through the native political sense of the people and the faculty for organization, an instrument of power in public affairs, independent of party, and for the most part sedulously free from complication with party. This power, whatever its specific title, may be called by the name most naturally assumed by it, the League. It is, in brief, a return, for definite political purposes, to the simpler conception of the party as of a union of men holding common principles and seeking common ends. It expresses the healthy reaction of the higher political sense of the people, which has come to regard party as a perfect machine for self-perpetuation, but a very imperfect mode for securing an advance in free institutions.

The example of the American Copyright League may first be cited. Here was an organization planned for the accomplishment of a specific reform. Neither of the great parties could be relied upon to carry out its design. Indeed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one of the perils which had to be avoided was that of identifying the league with one party or the other. For more than fifty years the reform had been urged in Congress and out of Congress, but it had no place in party economy, and it was not until a league was formed, working outside of party lines, that the reform was accomplished. The league still exists, but it is safe to say that, until another exigency arises, it will be as inoperative as the American Antislavery Society was after the war.

The Civil Service Reform Association, again, illustrates the action of the league; and it is the more interesting because it has demonstrated the possibility of taking up a peculiarly political measure and pushing it forward not only independently of party, but with a vigorous handling of party itself. Every one recognizes the peril with which this reform has had to contend through party jealousy and suspicion, but there is no greater victory to be chronicled in political action in America than when a handful of courageous men have forced this reform down the throat of each of the great parties. The association is a signal instance of the absolute failure of party to effect the reform, and yet the final obedience of party to the reform when a higher power has compelled it.

Still another pregnant illustration of the function of the league is seen in the work of the Indian Rights Association. Here the problem is of another sort. The United States has escaped the colonial problem; the nearest approach to such a relation is in the connection between the administration and the Territories, and this relation so readily becomes transmuted into the organic one of the Union and States that there is not time for conditions of principal and subordinate to become permanent conditions. But in its relation to the Indians within its borders the United States government, as is well known, has repeatedly shifted its ground, and has yielded now to this, now to that exigency. Neither party has framed a policy as a practical part of its political creed. Under the conditions of our public life, it is questionable if either party is likely to frame a policy. What is the consequence? Until the formation of the associations concerned with the civilization of the Indian and his absorption into the political organism, the Indian had only individual advocates at court. Now, through its conferences, its compact organization, its resolute agreement on certain distinct lines of conduct, the Indian Rights Association, in open and frank ways, has already made its impress, first on the popular mind, and then on Congress and the administration. In its expanding influence we perceive another declaration of political independence.

The truth is that, with these and other object lessons before him, the American citizen who does not purpose to abandon his political birthright, and finds no satisfaction in being a political Ishmaelite, takes courage. He does not undervalue the use of party, but he refuses to surrender his principles to party, or to make a Mumbo Jumbo of it. He intends to think politically, but he knows that, when it comes to action, the combination of a few possessed by a common high purpose is worth more than a complicated, delicate machine with innumerable adjustments like a highly organized party. The ballot reform has already strengthened his hands; civil service reform, gaining ground inch by inch, will still further put power into the hands of the person and take it out of the cohort. The league offers him free opportunity for the exercise of an unselfish patriotism, and he can listen imperturbably to the jeers with which party organs salute him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHORT STORY.

American writers, less greedy than Lord Bacon, have taken the short story for their province. Patriotism, to be sure, compels us to blow our national trumpet in many different directions; but in this matter patriotism may be left where Lady Teazle desired to leave honor, and we may rest on our own signal merit, without any flourish of trumpets. The French have brought the *conte* to the great perfection of M. Guy de Maupassant, not to speak of writers who are dead, and to the lesser perfections of many lesser men; England has Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Kipling; and translations from time to time apprise persons who read English and French only that other literatures, the Selavonic in particular, have a delicate art of their own in the short story. But there is no sign that the art is anywhere so rich, so varied, or so fresh as it is with us. In England it has been and remains foreign and sporadic; in America it is the most vital as well as the most distinctive part of literature. In fact, it flourishes so amply that this very prosperity nullifies most of the apologies for the American novel. Perhaps the answer more often made than any other to attacks upon that department of fiction is that life in the United States is poor in variety, and especially in the contrast of classes which is frequently the only means of existence for an English novel. Hence, it is said, the cisatlantic novelist takes refuge in the Tennessee mountains, or in the international episode, or in Creole days of long ago, and leaves the average of here and now to Mr. Howells and a few other hardy spirits.

But the American short story, however episodic by nature, needs no other nation to assist its episode. Nor does it need the mountains of Tennessee or the Creole past, although it scorns none of these adventitious helps to interest. It appears to have become, in truth, the national mode of utterance in the things of the imagination, and, taking its own wherever it finds it, the short story has become more and more variously expressive.

The number of volumes of tales that have fallen from the press during the past year exceeds the number that have been issued during the same period at any other time; and some small notion of the variety in subject, if not in treatment, may be drawn from the fact that, of the fifteen collections (a list by no means exhausting the year's product) that come within the scope of this paper, four owe their existence to the South, two to New England, one to New York, and one to the West. In the remaining seven, method and other things so far predominate over local habitation that this may be roughly described as No Man's Land.

Of the men behind the books, four are *débutants*, but it will be more convenient to speak of Mr. Garland, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. James Lane Allen, and Mr. Hibbard in the imperfect territorial divisions that have just been made: and of these — Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins being absent from the New England quota — the South is unmistakably the most interesting. The personality of the South is enough to make it beguiling, and although even French critics are shyer of generalities than they used to be, there are yet, we feel, so many traits in common among Flute and Violin, Balaam and his Master, Elsket, and Otto the Knight that the four books would be known as meridional even if their subjects did not proclaim them so. These traits exist along with the tendency to psychology and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sense of an obligation to write with the eye on the object that are two not altogether harmonious phases of to-day's fiction. For Southern qualities, surely, are the color, the movement, the instinctive grasping at the picturesque, which, in the midst of many differences, make co-mates of Mr. Harris, Mr. Page, Octave Thanet (though she be but a sojourner in the South), and Mr. Allen. No less Southern is the sympathy with quick passion or emotion of every kind which these writers display. At a first glance, perhaps Mr. Page is the most Southern of the four, but, by one of those contradictions not unknown in literature, the best story in his volume — and, we fear not to say, the best English story the year 1891 has seen, with the possible exception of one or two tales from the pen of Mr. Thomas Hardy — is as Northern in feeling as it is in subject. This little work is Elsket,[1] and a man who has read it will forget a good many other things before memory relinquishes the sad and noble figure of the daughter of Olaf of the Mountain, descendant of the Vikings, who was deserted by her false English lover. Doubtless every Anglo-American has Norse blood in his veins, — Olaf held that the Saxons had been boatmen to his ancestors, — and all of Mr. Page's shows itself in this little masterpiece. Not only is Elsket herself a memorable person, but her father, Cnut the avenging lover, and Harold the Fair-Haired, who won poor Elsket's heart, are sufficiently well drawn; and the tale as a whole is told with a clearness and singleness that are remarkable. In nothing is this better shown than in the series of pictures that remain with the reader. The brief introduction of the American coming to the Norwegian town, his long and perilous trip over the mountain with Olaf, and the sight of Elsket coming to meet them, — these are the first impressions. Then comes Olaf's recital of the tragedy; and in the severe narrative one sees the first coming of Harold and his departure, his return and his final going away, and the struggle of Cnut and Harold on the Devil's Seat (like the more famous fighters in The Ring and the Book), whence the Fair-Haired is flung down a thousand feet. The American remains long after the pitiful story is told, and is a witness to its conclusion. Elsket sews on her wedding gown; waits for the letter from the young lord, which Olaf crosses the mountain to fetch, knowing that it can never come; then sickens and dies, in Olaf's old log house with the blue pansies covering the roof. "She was dressed like a bride in the bridal dress she had sewn so long; her hair was unbound, and lay about her, fine and silken; and she wore the old silver ornaments she had showed me. No bride had ever a more faithful attendant." Olaf "had put them all upon her."

It was an unnecessary rigor, and one that might be stigmatized as romantic, to make Elsket the last of her race; but seldom has the story of a broken heart been told with greater pathos or with a restraint more wise. The North has crystallized Mr. Page's talent, and nothing else in the volume at all approaches the distinction of Elsket. But it contains much that is very good indeed, and in "George Washington's" Last Duel and P'laski's Tunament the author holds out to the reader "a beaker full of the warm South." The former of these pieces in particular is excellent comedy, and Mr. Page may be easily forgiven a redundancy of characters, love-story, ante-bellum society, and frippery of one sort and another, for the captivating presentment of "George Washington." This old negro, going out as second in a duel, and being told by his master, greatly to his dismay, that he must stand up to be shot at in the absence of his principal, comports himself much after

[1] *Elsket, and Other Stories.* By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fashion of Bob Acres, and furnishes plenty of that African humor which is the unadulterated material of P'laski's Tunament. The study of negro character in this tale is more extended, but does not go much below the surface; and Old Hanover's scorn of his troublesome son, because his mother was of a less exclusive caste than that from which the fastidious father selected his first wife, is quite in key with the rather artificial scheme of P'laski's Tunament. Run to Seed, too, is keyed rather high, but is yet a terse and admirably told story of a heroism that finds its last expression in death. It has the further merit of showing keenly the condition to which many a good Southern family was brought by the war. A Soldier of the Empire celebrates an old Frenchman who, in the Franco-Prussian war, was saved the trouble, by a shell from the enemy's camp, of shooting a cowardly son. He himself, after prodigies of valor, died shouting, "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur," and fancying himself at Waterloo, in the service of Napoleon the Great, instead of Napoleon the Little. Roman history, not to speak of the works of Mr. John Howard Payne, has exhibited the same *motif;* and Mr. Page, to tell the truth, has not, in augmenting it, divested it of its associations with the theatre. But again the story is told *con spirito*, as they say in the music books, and it was worth telling.

Still keeping in the South, we come along the same parallel to Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the inventor and introducer of Uncle Remus. The names of Mr. Harris and Mr. Page, for reasons not too clearly ascertained, are often spoken in the same breath. They both treat of the South, before the war and since the war, and they both have to do with master and slave, as any man must who chooses such a subject. In both, also, is the strong tendency to drama which is one of the unifying signs of the writers of the new South. But here resemblance ceases and difference begins. Mr. Page is the more brilliant, the more versatile, of the two. He has perhaps a stronger hold upon character, — with a very important exception, presently to be noted, — and he is certainly more often master of that logic of events by which a sketch is graduated into a story. Balaam and his Master and Ananias,[1] impressive as they are from more than one point of view, are no match in construction for Elsket, or even for the too much "arranged" "George Washington's" Last Duel. But Mr. Harris has a great and distinguishing gift. This gift is his knowledge of the negro, — a knowledge in which no other writer has approached him. Balaam and his Master, Ananias, Where 's Duncan? and Mom Bi, being four of the six pieces in Mr. Harris's new volume, are all studies, and remarkable studies, of the race. The public, highly entertained with the queerness and quaintness of the folk lore embodied for the first time in Uncle Remus, were to be excused for not seeing that here was a new and subtle student of a people who have been as much conventionalized in art as the Irishman or the lily. The two end men of that conventionality are Uncle Tom and Zip Coon, or, if one would rather, Jim Crow. That is, there has been the pious darky and the merry darky, and the negro of literature and the stage has usually kept close to one accepted type or the other.

To say that Mr. Harris's favorite exemplars are more like Uncle Tom than like Zip Coon would be a gross generality, and useful only to imply that the grave in the sons of Ham, rather than the gay, attracts Mr. Harris; for the methods of attacking slavery in Uncle Tom's Cabin and in Turgénef's Annals of a Sportsman are not farther apart

[1] *Balaam and his Master, and Other Sketches and Stories.* By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than Mrs. Stowe's eloquent symbol and the real negro as he appears in Mingo, in Free Joe, and in Balaam. It is not meant for a moment that Mr. Page and other Southern writers have not depicted sad negroes, — Marse Chan would be in itself an answer to such a statement, — or that Mr. Harris has not depicted glad ones. But the keenness of this writer's observation is shown in the unusual variety of individual characters with which he illustrates his favorite type; and if, in this latest volume, patience, long-suffering, fidelity, and the melancholy that underlies the African humor predominate, to the utter exclusion of the banjo and the breakdown, it cannot be said that monotony has been allowed to creep into the view. Balaam following the fortunes of his young master to prison and death, and Ananias risking both for the fortunes of the old master of whom the war had made him free, are alike only in their faithfulness, and have personalities of their own as definite as those of the more out-of-the-way and more sharply drawn Duncan and Mom Bi. Ananias, — "the name seemed to fit him exactly. A meaner-looking negro Lawyer Terrell had never seen," — the story of Ananias is probably immoral, as it makes stealing (for another) seem half divine. Its immorality, too, will be progressive, for, among all the darkies of fiction, few will possess the memory more securely than this faithful soul in a mean body, whose mother had named him Ananias, not after the liar, but after the prophet. The charge of theatricality may, not wholly without reason, be brought against the tale of Duncan, the mysterious and ill-fated son of a white man and a mulatto woman, and also that of the terrible old slave-woman who held the divided function of prophetess and friend of the family. But the theatricality is, we feel, in the choice of subject rather than in the treatment of it; and the illustration of character is so bold, so free, so unmistakably true to race, that the rest does not much matter. Mr. Harris is not always so fortunate in his white people; in them his exaggerations take the direction of Dickens, and Colonel Watson, "the virile paralytic" of A Conscript's Christmas, is a kind of Georgia Smallweed.

One attribute of these stories by the author of Uncle Remus is curious indeed, and it has passed, so far as we can discover, altogether unnoted in print. This is the apparently unconscious production from time to time of some effect of fairy or folk lore. Mom Bi has of course an avowed element of the grotesque, but we like to believe that Mr. Harris did not set out to produce the elfin impression of Danny Lemmons the hunchback, who went singing ahead of the soldiers, in A Conscript's Christmas. The man with the bag over his shoulder, who comes suddenly out of the wood in Where 's Duncan? brings with him a whiff of the German fairy story. His clever dealing with the mules, also, and his music, of the kind which is understood to wile the bird from the tree, although they do not offend probability, have yet a little of the atmosphere of legend. It must be left to the learned in folk lore to explain this action of negro superstition upon the Anglo-Saxon mind, or, if one prefers, this cropping out of Teuton myth in middle Georgia. We are content with pointing out a curious, attractive, and not unnatural presence in the talent of one whose pen occupied itself first with the legends of Uncle Remus.

Before turning from the South to other quarters of the compass, two more works in this region demand attention. One of these is Flute and Violin,[1] by Mr. James Lane Allen, who is of the four débutants already named. Mr. Page takes up a claim in Virginia, Mr. Harris in Georgia, and neither of them, it

[1] *Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales.* By James Lane Allen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is to be observed, goes very far away from the war, on one side or the other, in point of time. Mr. Allen stakes out his domain in Kentucky, troubles himself very little about the peculiar institution or its effect upon other institutions, and has indeed won his best success in a story that refers its scene to a time nearly a hundred years ago. The pathos of this carefully costumed and delicately fashioned narrative is real enough, and the parson's renunciation of the magic flute is not more fanciful than his dance, in the ball dress of a Virginia gentleman, to the music of it. The interest, however, even the singular charm of this tale proceeds, not from qualities of which greater measure is often found in works of less art, but from the balance and harmony between the flute portion and the violin portion of the story, and most of all from the clear remoteness, if one may so speak, which is given to both characters and incident. Some charming, vivid scene at the play, viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass, gives the same visual condition as that of Flute and Violin. The music, too, though clear, is far, like the horns in the Laureate's song, and as if it came to the ear by some process of hearing analogous to that of seeing through the reversed glass. Nothing else in Mr. Lane's volume is like this rare little work, although the evident care — the evidence being sometimes too plain — bestowed on each detail of the graceful and pathetic study of master and slave which is entitled Two Gentlemen of Kentucky allies it to Flute and Violin. There is strength in King Solomon of Kentucky, a more direct rendering of a sturdy old vagrant, who redeemed his character in the community by remaining through a time of pestilence to dig graves for the victims; and this and the passion of Sister Dolorosa, a nun who loved in spite of her vows, leave the reader doubting just what direction Mr. Allen will take in the future. His forte might well be thought, except for one surprising mistake, a scrupulously refined art, in which the conscious adaptation of means to ends would result, after practice, in a more perfect illusion of unconsciousness. This mistake is the rude jostling of fable with fact in Sister Dolorosa, which ends with a letter from Molokai, and thus conjures up the shade of Father Damien to dwarf the creatures of imagination.

But it is too soon to prophesy, and a safer field for comment is extended in the collection of Octave Thanet's new stories. This offers a brand-new subject in Otto the Knight,[1] the titular story, and the writer has employed all her resources in recounting the struggles and remorse of this infant knight of labor, this sanguinary "child trying to sin like a man." We regret to admit, when there is so much that is admirable as well as vivid in these and in other stories from the same pen, that, whatever time of day it is with Octave Thanet, and whether she says the sun is shining or the moon, the light is too often supplied by the footlights. In The Day of the Cyclone there is a fine battery of the darkest green lights, both "house" and stage are in gloom, the thunder sounds tinny, and the elements themselves are enlisted as *dramatis personæ*. A soberer method, less of an effort after brilliancy in dialogue at the expense of nature, and a lighter touch where pathos is the thing touched would commend her undoubted gifts more highly to the judicious. The Conjured Kitchen is excellent fooling, and perhaps as good a bit of work as she has done. For the rest, melodrama prevails over comedy, and in choosing we venture to recommend Otto the Knight and Sist' Chaney's Black Silk, a thoroughly Southern story with an odd suggestion of New England in it.

[1] *Otto the Knight, and Other Trans-Mississippi Stories.* By Octave Thanet. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whoever fares with Mr. Garland along his Main-Travelled Roads [1] is still no farther from the South than the Mississippi Valley, but the environment is unmistakably the West. The color, the light, the life, the movement, the readiness to turn from melancholy feeling to humorous perception, — all these are gone, together with the ameliorating negro; and in their places, produced by a massive, crude force which will have to be reckoned with in our literature, is one overwhelming impression of grinding, unremunerated toil. Mr. Garland's West is not the beckoning Occident — familiar to our imaginations, if not to our hopes — of enterprise and "push" and fortune that may be had for fighting, if not for asking. His West is on the other side of the shield. The right to vote and an American education cannot, he would have us believe, raise men and women who are really no more than beasts of burden much above the level of an oppressed peasantry, except that knowledge and rights confer on them the dignity of a sharper unhappiness. The remembrance of Mr. Garland's people, after the book is laid aside, is, strangely enough, that of a class, and not of individuals, — of a vast company, with worn, stolid faces, toiling in the fields all day without remission. Even the Angelus is denied them; and if they heard it, our fellow-countrymen would know too much to bow their heads before a superstition. They go home from work to grim cleanliness or grim squalor, as the case may be, and the dreariness of the farmer is exceeded, as ever, by the dreariness of the farmer's wife. One reads and is convinced, and then cries out that it is impossible; that this writer, so terribly in earnest, must be mistaken; that in his enthusiasm for Mr. Howells he has married Russian despair and French realism. Certain echoes, however, from the Mississippi Valley and from other tracts in the West hint that Mr. Garland may be telling the mere truth. If he is, the sum of human grief and suffering is still greater than we had supposed. Meanwhile, writing is writing, and Mr. Garland must accept and take to heart the warning that monotony is the danger of the earnest man.

More blithesome, gay, and debonair is the youngest of the four new-comers, Mr. Richard Harding Davis. His work has already been spoken of, in this wandering commentary, as belonging to the climate and conditions of New York, and the definition may be confidently repeated, although we are now reminded that Gallegher [2] ran his race in and about Philadelphia. For Mr. Davis has become a New Yorker with emphasis. He thinks that Broadway is as good a boulevard as any man need want, that there is no street in the world like it, — as indeed there probably is not, — and his Credo includes the Central Park and everything else. There is usually an uneasy consciousness of the provinces in so strenuous an assertion of cosmopolitanism, but Mr. Davis is much too confident for even a sub-consciousness of the kind. It is this quality, one may conjecture, which has led many persons to do an able and most promising young writer the unwitting wrong to speak of him as the Kipling of America. Such comparisons are never in the happiest vein of intelligence, and Mr. Davis is by no means so well oriented, in any sense of the word, as the infant phenomenon who has added a new country to the map and a new sensation to life. But the two youths — the word itself contains most of the resemblance — have certain qualities in common; and it is by his evident possession of some of these that Mr. Davis has hit the popular fancy.

[1] *Main-Travelled Roads.* By Hamlin Garland. Boston: Arena Publishing Company. 1891.

[2] *Gallegher, and Other Stories.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The impression of having a coiled-up mainspring of youth in mind or heart, or in both, is no mean endowment for a writer who addresses the imagination, and it is just this impression that Mr. Davis's work carries with it. This mainspring — if we may keep on being so wildly figurative for a moment — is the motor of Gallegher's stolen cab and of all other things in the wonderful, rushing story, which distances everything else Mr. Davis has yet written. Sometimes his youth impels him to be what undergraduates call "fresh;" and when he is fresh he does the sort of thing of which The Other Woman (an impossible story, which is not even consistent with and within itself) is the most flagrant example. The Other Woman is not serio-comic, — it is too portentously serious for that, — but it is serio-juvenile, and the writer must not do so again. This defect of the quality of youth, however, is not Mr. Davis's chief danger, for the defect — and the quality, too, alas — will undoubtedly be looked to by a person carrying a scythe. No, another peril threatens the author of Gallegher and creator of Van Bibber, and already endangers the future of his pleasant lightweight hero of the swan-boats, the burglar, and the impromptu wedding. Van Bibber, to make a clean breast of it, is grown so ethical that he is in danger of becoming a prig. Her First Appearance, the tale in which Van Bibber makes his latest appearance, is properly beyond our jurisdiction, because it has not yet been gathered into a book; but everybody has read it, and it is too much in line with slight but ominous symptoms in the delightful volume which remains Mr. Davis's single pledge for the future not to be taken as a monitory text. Her First Appearance presents a charming stage child, and Van Bibber, in the character of her protector, as a full-grown moralist. This staid young frequenter of the wings, this excellent fellow who has no acquaintances among the actresses, and goes behind the scenes mainly to lecture his friend, the hero of the comic opera, on his better self, must have been a bit irritating to the "professionals" with whom he came in contact, and would have provoked the Shakespearean among them to repeat Falstaff's question on a memorable occasion: "What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?" Van Bibber makes answer in Her First Appearance, To bring middle-aged men of the world to a sense of their duty as fathers. We resent a little this knight of the *coulisses*, who is without fear save for his own virtue, without reproach except for those less holy than he. We resent it more than a little, because Van Bibber was a nice fellow, and it is too sad to believe, in spite of a sign now and then, even in the present volume, that Mr. Davis is going to turn the gay benefactor of the Central Park and the marriage morn into anything so uncomfortable and uncompromising as a Broadway Sir Galahad.

So much fault-finding where there is so much merit is ungracious; but that we take pains to point out faults at length is in itself a tribute to Mr. Davis's gifts. This foreboding comment causes the shadow of moralizing on his work to appear larger than it is. It has not hitherto darkened or chilled more than one or two of this writer's stories, and this fact should be noted well, that he never fails to be interesting. Even in The Other Woman there is such ingenuity of theme as to promise great things after this kind for the future, when knowledge and experience shall have balanced the already earnest intent; and the gift of persuasive dialogue which Mr. Davis has often exhibited reaches, in this unsatisfying tale, a degree that is expected only from masters of fiction. This and the writer's other good gifts of concentration and movement lend much attraction even to a story so be-moraled as There Were Ninety and Nine; and Mr. Davis's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"go" and dramatic sympathy with his subject make almost real such an unreality as My Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegen. Mr. Raegen is at least cater-cousin to Editha's Burglar, and it is very possible that the little kid grew up to be Editha herself. But Mr. Davis must have justice in the statement that his burglars do not burgle gently. In fact, he knows his East side and all the rest of the underside of his New York as Dickens knew his London or Victor Hugo his Paris, with this important reservation, of course, — that a man can know a thing only to the top of his bent; and there is no one of our time with quite the feeling for great cities which was in both of those men of genius. With plenty of youth in the bank, then, with a power of telling a story which includes a quite unusual gift for rapid movement, with ingenuity, with knowledge of some sides of life and time to learn the others, and with an apparently absolute command of natural and convincing dialogue, — with all these endowments, what may not a man do? Mr. Davis may do many things that are worth doing, if he will but abstain from the motif of the theatre and from the motif to which he needs to grow. He must also resist the seductions of the moral. He may be as ethical as he likes, implicitly; but we live in hope that Mr. Davis will soon be above explicit moralizings. Young bloods look for a time of rest, but let him not rest too long before he works more in the vein of Gallegher and in the vein of Van Bibber before his fall.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Cooke are as familiar as Mr. Davis is new, and their contributions to the year's stories are in the direction of former work, and emphasize the writers' characteristics. In Mrs. Ward's collection[1] there are at least two stories, The Madonna of the Tubs and The Sacrifice of Antigone, of the sort which makes one thankful that this author lives and writes. The Madonna of the Tubs is tolerably amorphous, and it is, of course, not without exaggeration; but its pathos, its tender and true feeling, are as little to be denied as the lack of form and the lack of restraint. It is a pleasure as well as a proof to find, on another reading, after a lapse of years, the fisherman's crippled boy no less appealing now than he was then. The other children supposed that he did not lie because he was a cripple, and the thing not to be forgotten in the story is his agonized wish to be sure that he had heard his father speak the comforting words.

Mrs. Cooke's art is, as it were, sprung from the soil. Her own feeling of this is shown in the title of Huckleberries,[2] which she has chosen for her new volume of stories. Mrs. Cooke writes in a brief preface that she regards this wild berry as "typical of the New England character." "Hardy," says she, "sweet yet spicy, defying storms of heat or cold with calm persistence, clinging to a poor soil, barren pastures, gray and rocky hillsides, yet drawing fruitful issues from scanty sources, it is most fitly celebrated by our own great poet." And then follow the familiar lines beginning, —

"There 's a berry blue and gold."

The short preface gives the note to a book in which there is much that is native and strong and vernacular. Mrs. Cooke draws her lines sharply, and succeeds perfectly with plain, strong characters, and with the kind of scene which on the stage is said to play itself; but the attempt to deal with subtlety or complexity of any kind is apt to result in a rather hard inadequacy. In A Town Mouse and a Country Mouse, the final story of the volume, Mrs. Cooke reaches

[1] *Fourteen to One.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[2] *Huckleberries Gathered from New England Hills.* By Rose Terry Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a point that stands for high water in the present instance, and, so far as we can now remember, in former instances of her talent. This bit of veritable Yankee pathos has also a reserve and a severity of form to which the writer has been helped, one may hazard, by the especial severity of the subject.

No country could be farther than New England from the No Man's Land which is now reached, in the makeshift classification adopted for the many collections of stories before us. It must serve, as we have suggested, to denominate and bound work in which ingenuity, romance, or a vague habit of mind triumphs over what is known in popular phrase as local color. Here is our fourth débutant. Iduna,[1] which gives title to the collection, is the history of a beautiful young girl who was preserved by her father until adult years from all knowledge, and hence from all fear, of death. But one day she espied a dead butterfly, and, finding that it could not be "mended," she began, to speak commonly, to smell a rat. The full knowledge of the general fate of man burst upon Iduna in the death of her sister. Whereupon, although there was a young man ready, and indeed appointed, to love her, she got her to a nunnery. "She is one of a religious sisterhood. She seeks the immortality she once thought was hers." It should be clear to Mr. Hibbard that it is vain to seek immortality with such work as Iduna. The idea is not without grandeur, but in his lurid development of it he has mistaken moonshine for the light that never was on sea or land. The other stories are infinitely less ambitious, and one or two of them, notably Papoose, are not unreadable.

One looks backward at three tales[2] by the late William Douglas O'Connor. They belong to a time when people in Boston had not begun to move from "the hill" to the new land, and when the influence of Dickens was strong in all places where English was read and written. The Ghost, the first of the three tales, shows this influence markedly. All three are old-fashioned, but they have an affluence of imagination which also, unfortunately, is out of the fashion.

The finer methods of The Adventures of Three Worthies,[3] leisurely and pleasant tales, declare that in romance, as well as in the newest kind of writing, modern standards are asserting themselves. It is the same sort of illustration, in little, — the comparison of Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Ross, — that one finds in the carelessness of Sir Walter and the carefulness of Mr. Stevenson. The tale of Mr. Ross's first worthy, The Vicomte de Saint-Dernier, reads very much like a translation from the French.

Mr. Janvier does not repeat the triumph of his Color Studies in The Uncle of an Angel,[4] but he gives some good light comedy; and Mr. Bunner's delicately written stories are very good comedy indeed. His Zadoc Pine[5] possesses the further distinction of being a sketch of character that will be remembered. Everything in Mr. Brander Matthews's collaborations, With my Friends,[6] is ingenious and clever except the preliminary essay on The Art and Mystery

[1] *Iduna, and Other Stories.* By George A. Hibbard. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

[2] *Three Tales.* By William Douglas O'Connor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

[3] *The Adventures of Three Worthies.* By Clinton Ross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

[4] *The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories.* By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

[5] *Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories.* By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

[6] *With my Friends.* Tales Told in Partnership. By Brander Matthews. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Collaboration. This pleasant talk is more historical than explanatory, and, although we are informed that two heads are better than one for making a play, and better also than three or more, it leaves the art of putting the two heads together as much a mystery as before.

It need not be said that Mr. Stockton[1] is less attached to a local habitation than any one else on the list which his name brilliantly completes. Moreover, the principle of negative gravity which he himself invented appears, for the most part, to rule his people. Their feet never quite touch the earth, and that, doubtless, is why they are so buoyant and so exhilarating. The Rudder Grangers keep their quality abroad and "among the pelicans."

It would agreeably round out a commentary upon current short stories to establish some general relationships among them. But these relationships, were they established, would be found to be very general. The Southerners are alike, in ways that we have tried to show; and of most of our writers it is true to say that they feel a far stronger obligation to write with the eye on the object than they would have felt ten years ago. Another trait in common is that romanticists, as well as realists, are striving after finer literary methods. The former obligation makes it the more surprising that, out of fourteen writers at this time, seven should belong to what we have called No Man's Land. But choice of subject is in most of these cases a sufficient explanation. A more puzzling inquiry is that of which an inconclusive word was said at the beginning of this paper, — the inquiry, namely, why short stories are better and far more frequently written among us than novels. Is it the climate or the national restlessness, or are our writers scant of breath? Is it, perchance, because, although they see life "steadily" (for the space of a *conte*), they do not "see it whole"?

INDIAN WARFARE ON THE FRONTIER.

THERE never has been adequate public recognition of the inestimable service rendered by the small United States regular army in the Indian campaigns of the last forty years. With the close of the war with Mexico we acquired, substantially, our present national limits; but these limits held good only as against foreign powers. The great area between the Mississippi and the Pacific was still a wilderness, held by powerful tribes of singularly warlike and bloodthirsty savages. Year by year the frontier of civilization was pushed westward across this wilderness; year by year the map showed growing areas of civilization in isolated tracts on the Pacific coast and in the mining districts of the Rocky Mountains, until within the last half dozen years the westward extension of the frontier has been pushed so far forward as to make it join with many of these hitherto island-like areas. In other words, the frontier proper has come to an end. The expression "on the frontier," which for more than a century of our national existence had a most definite and significant meaning, is now meaningless, for the frontier itself no longer exists.

This marvelously rapid westward extension of our people across the continent would have been impossible had it

[1] *The Rudder Grangers Abroad, and Other Stories.* By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not been for the quiet, faithful, uncomplaining, often heroic, and almost always absolutely unnoticed service rendered by the regular army. Abreast of the first hardy pioneers, whether miners or cattle men, appeared the West Point officer and his little company of trained soldiers; and the more regular settlers never made their appearance until, in campaign after campaign, always very wearing and harassing, and often very bloody in character, the scarred and tattered troops had decisively overthrown the Indian lords of the land. Save for the presence of the regular army a large portion of the territory inclosed within the limits of the flourishing States of the great plains and the Rockies would still be in the possession of hostile Indians, and the work of settlement in the West could not have reached its present point.

The lonely little posts on the waters of the Platte, the Powder, the Yellowstone, the Columbia, or the Colorado, where for many weary years at a time the soldiers wearing the national uniform lived and warred and died, with quiet endurance, surrounded by the desolation of vast solitudes and menaced by the most merciless of foes, have now either been abandoned, or are the seats of flourishing towns which but for the exertions of these soldiers would never have come into being: and the memory of the deeds done during the lonely years of peril fades as rapidly as the log walls of the cantonments crumble. They attracted scant notice at the time, in the roar of our huge and busy national life; and they were forgotten almost as soon as done. Yet their consequences were of far-reaching importance, and it is eminently fitting that they should be appropriately commemorated.

It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we welcome the appearance of a book[1] dealing with certain of the more recent Indian campaigns in the West. No man is better fitted, by experience, training, and mental habit, than Captain Bourke to describe these campaigns, and none other of our Indian fighters of recent times played so long, so varied, and on the whole so important a part in this phase of the conquest of the continent as did General Crook. Other men, notably General Custer, have played parts which were at times more brilliant. No single victory of Crook's was either as dramatic or as important as Custer's triumphant night fight on the Washita, and no scene in the former's life equaled, either in picturesque quality or in tragedy, the battle which resulted in Custer's death. But Crook saw very much more service against the Indians; he saw it under far more varied conditions; and on the whole, when everything is summed up, he accomplished more not only than Custer, but than any other Far Western commander of recent years.

Captain Bourke begins his book with a description of the conditions of life in Arizona in 1870, the chief of these conditions being unending and ferocious warfare with the Apaches. He describes very graphically and interestingly General Crook's victorious struggle with these most intractable of American savages, on assuming command of the Arizona department. The warfare must have been grim and dreary enough, too, at the time, to those taking part in it, but in its recital it is full of picturesque incidents. Nowhere else would it be possible to obtain so vivid a picture as is here given of the incredible dangers and hardships attendant upon life in Arizona in the early seventies, or so sympathetic and yet humorous a description of the soldiers, American settlers, and Mexicans who made up the motley population. The Apaches were able to cause trouble out of all proportion to their numbers. They were foot, not horse Indians. They never stood the shock of battle unless the odds were enormously

[1] *On the Border with Crook.* By JOHN G. BOURKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in their favor. They were most dangerous when their bands were scattered and they were acting as individuals; and they could endure heat, thirst, hunger, and fatigue in a way which no white man could rival. Captain Bourke brings out very clearly the disadvantages under which any civilized troops necessarily labored in making war upon these untamable barbarians. He also shows, what is well known to all men who have had any experience on the frontier, but what is rarely admitted in frontier communities, that it is impossible to organize a really efficient force of any size composed of white frontiersmen. There are a few old hunters, trappers, mountain men, and plains men who become as hardy, and almost as expert in tracking and hiding, as the Indians, and even better shots and fighters; but these men are very few in number, and they are usually nearly valueless, except as individual fighters, because of their singular intolerance of restraint or command. The average frontiersman, whether cowboy or miner, affords good material out of which a force can be constituted for a sudden dash; but the men composing such a force are entirely unfit for a long campaign. They are brave enough, — indeed, they are often brave to the verge of recklessness, — but they do not have the resolution which comes only with discipline. They are fickle, impatient of restraint, and sure to grumble, and finally to break out in open revolt if the campaign is not brought to a speedy and successful issue; and nineteen out of twenty Indian campaigns cannot possibly be thus speedily and successfully brought to a close. General Crook appreciated all these facts very keenly, and it was he more than any other man who introduced the system of employing Indians themselves to fight Indians. To all the tribes in the West he was known as the Gray Fox, a name given him in compliment to his wisdom, foresight, and remarkably successful management, whether of a negotiation or of a campaign. He was also most honorably known to them as a man who invariably kept his word, and never promised more than he could perform. They trusted and respected him as they have trusted and respected few whites. It was therefore comparatively easy for him to organize a force of Indian scouts. With these bands of Indian scouts under picked white leaders, and assisted by small parties of regular troops and a few white frontiersmen, General Crook, in a remarkably short space of time, brought the long-lingering conflict with the Apaches to a happy conclusion, and completely pacified Arizona.

Soon afterwards he was called to take command in a very different country, against Indian foes of a very different kind. He exchanged the arid deserts and dry rugged mountains of Arizona for the vast rolling prairies and pine-clad hills of Wyoming, Montana, and western Dakota; and confronted as antagonists the warlike tribes of the Horse Indians, the Sioux, the Cheyennes, and the Arapahoes. These Indians were many times as numerous as the Apaches, and far more dangerous in actual warfare, though much less able to carry on the long-drawn hostilities of a conflict where skulking and murder take the place of fighting in the open. General Crook had supreme command in the doubtful and hard-fought campaign of 1876, of which the most noted battle was the fight on the Rosebud, where General Custer and his three hundred followers were slain to the last man. The campaign opened in the early spring, and in the first fight one of Crook's subordinate officers was defeated by the great Sioux chief Crazy Horse. Three months later, Crook himself, with his white troops and bands of Crow and Shoshone allies, fought a fierce drawn battle with the same redoubtable chief, and following this came Custer's defeat. All the Indians of the Northwest were on the war-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

path, save that some of the Cheyennes were kept on the reservation as the result of a victory, in which one of the most marked incidents was the slaying of the chief Yellow Hand by the then famous scout Buffalo Bill.

Up to the beginning of the fall, the advantage in the fight had certainly rested with the Indians. Crook, however, excelled especially in dogged endurance, and instead of giving up and pushing for one of the forts, where he could have obtained reinforcements and supplies, he kept the field with his starving, ragged, almost worn-out soldiers, made a wonderful march southward from the lower waters of the Little Missouri, whipped the Sioux under American Horse and Crazy Horse in the fight at Slim Buttes, and relieved the threatened settlements in the Black Hills. Then he organized a winter campaign such as those which Custer had first successfully tried. In this campaign a decisive blow was struck by McKenzie's brilliant night surprise of the Cheyenne camp on the Big Horn. As a sequel of this victory, the great bulk of the hostile Indians came into the reservations and surrendered. In passing, it may be mentioned that one of the most interesting descriptions of this campaign of 1876 is to be found in ex-Congressman Finerty's book, Warpath and Bivouac.[1]

Crook had but little rest, for he was shortly again sent to Arizona, where governmental ignorance and red tape, the rascality of Indian agents and the greed and lawlessness of the white frontiersmen, had undone most of the work which had been accomplished during the early seventies. He speedily restored confidence in the minds of the well-affected Indians, and from among them organized a very efficient expeditionary force, with which he brought in the hostiles. This was his last service in the field, but before his death he did important work with both Utes and Sioux in preserving peace, and procuring sessions of their lands on terms favorable to the Indians and advantageous to *bona fide* white settlers.

Captain Bourke not only describes the actual campaign and fighting with great force and clearness, but he draws many vivid and truthful pictures of that strange and hazardous frontier life which is now completely a thing of the past. He also presents us with much curious information about the life and tribal and individual customs of the Indians themselves, of whom he has been a most close, intelligent, and sympathetic observer. Moreover, his remarks upon our Indian policy have a very great value, as being the words of an expert. No man, whether in Congress or out of it, who appreciates the gravity of the Indian problem, and is anxious to grapple with it intelligently, should fail to read Captain Bourke's book. What he says about the Indian schools is well worthy of attention, and so are all his remarks in relation to breaking up the tribal system, the absolute need of treating the Indians with justice, and the folly of waging war upon every tribe where there happens to be an epidemic of dancing and ghost-seeing. The book is very pleasantly written, and there is no little humor in some of the descriptions, such as that of the amateur soldier "bronco busters" and their experiences, given on page 5, or the account of the Indian scout Ute John, who scorned to discuss the campaign with any of the subordinate officers, and always greeted General Crook with the affability of a friend and equal, hailing him with "Hello, Cluke, how you gettin' on? Where you tink dem Settin' Bull and Crazy Horse is now, eh, Cluke?" Captain Bourke's style, however, is susceptible of improvement, and he could do much by merely reading over his manuscript aloud and striving to make his sentences shorter and

[1] Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux. By J. F. Finerty. Chicago: J. F. Finerty. 1890.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more simple. Moreover, while we wish his work were twice as long as it is, it is yet true that it could with advantage be compressed in some respects, notably where he gives lists of names. Some of his pages (page 390, for instance) look like the roster of a regiment. There is no more object in printing the names of a hundred or so lieutenants and captains who accompanied a given expedition than there would be in printing the names of all the private soldiers who accompanied it. So with the names of the Indians on page 391. They would be interesting in an appendix devoted to the subject of Indian nomenclature, but they are entirely out of place where they break in on the narrative.

It is much to be regretted that Captain Bourke has not included in his book the best piece of literary work he has ever done. A year or so ago he wrote an account of McKenzie's surprise of the Cheyenne camp in the early winter of 1876. This was published first in the Army and Navy Journal, and afterwards in pamphlet form. It need scarcely be said that a magazine article and a pamphlet alike are but one degree less ephemeral in character than an article in a newspaper. Captain Bourke's account of McKenzie's night attack is one of the most thrilling bits of war narrative which it has ever been our good fortune to read. It is, without exception, the very best description of an Indian battle to be found in American literature; yet he has not reproduced it in his book, contenting himself with a mere bald statement of the results of the fight.

In this striking sketch, which would so well bear reprinting in permanent form, Captain Bourke brings vividly before our eyes the beginning of the winter campaign amid the snow-clad wastes of northern Wyoming. He shows us the march of the troops through the arctic severity of the weather; the ground like ringing iron under their feet, while sun-dogs glimmered luridly in the foggy sky. He writes with keen insight and sympathy not only of the rugged soldiers and their commanders, but also of the stalwart frontiersmen who acted as scouts and managed the pack-trains, and of the great band of Indian allies, forming nearly a third of the expeditionary force; it was composed of Pawnees, Shoshones, Sioux, and Arapahoes, under some of their most noted chiefs and warriors. He shows clearly the inestimable service performed by these Indian scouts, and he also makes equally clear the benefits accruing from the extreme efficiency which General Crook had introduced into the whole pack-train service. He then describes the accidental discovery of the Cheyenne village, and McKenzie's night march through a vast, grim cañon of the Big Horn Mountains. In stirring words he portrays the halt of the white troops and their red allies so near the Cheyenne camp that they could hear the ominous throbbing of the war-drums and the pattering of feet and the shouts of the dancers, as the warriors celebrated a recent surprise of a Shoshone village. Then he describes the thundering rush with which the red and white horsemen stormed the camp at dawn, the foremost in the charge being the Indian allies, headed by half a dozen West Point officers and white scouts: the Pawnees being led by their own medicine men, sitting naked and unmoved on their horses, and crooning weirdly on their sacred flageolets in the midst of the hail of bullets. After this came the fight and slaughter, the destruction of the Cheyenne camp, the capture of the Cheyenne pony herd and of all the goods of the tribe, as well as of their ghastly trophies of former victories, including scalps, necklaces of finger-bones, and the dried hands and arms not only of men, but of women and little children. Yet all day long the Cheyennes, as remarkable for their bravery as for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their inhuman cruelty, stood at bay, and withdrew under cover of night, to begin their long flight, fraught with unspeakable hardship and suffering, through the iron winter weather, to the camp of Crazy Horse.

Not the least of the many admirable qualities of Captain Bourke's book is its healthy and thorough-going Americanism. It is a good thing to have some adequate tribute paid to the generals and soldiers who have done honor to the nation by their feats of arms during the last quarter of a century of what we are accustomed to consider profound peace. We are, as a people, curiously ignorant of the noteworthy military deeds performed by our troops in the grim frontier warfare of this period. In this we offer a by no means pleasant contrast to the English, who always show a prompt and hearty appreciation of what their soldiers accomplish on their Indian and African frontiers. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has done nearly as much for Tommy Atkins and his Indian friends and foes as Bret Harte before him did for the Californian miners; but no such writer has arisen to bring home to us the life work of our own Western soldiers. So it is with their commanders. It is to the credit of the English that their reading public is so quick to recognize and record the services of Sir Frederic Roberts and Lord Wolseley. Contrast this with the attitude of our own reading public. Only a small fraction thereof is acquainted with the campaigns waged against foes more terrible than Pathan or Zulu — infinitely more terrible than the contemptible soldiery of Arabi Pasha — by Crook, Custer, and Miles, to mention American soldiers with whose exploits and military standing those of Roberts and Wolseley can legitimately be compared. Many of our people who know well enough by name the Sikh and Ghoorka auxiliaries of the British army would be puzzled by a reference to Major North's Pawnee scouts or the Apaches of Captain Crawford; and it is possible that some of them, at least, are better acquainted with the campaigns in Ashantee land and Afghanistan than with those in Montana and Arizona. To these good persons we recommend Captain Bourke's book as an urgently needed piece of missionary work concerning their own history and their own land; and we earnestly hope that we shall see more such books in the future.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. My Threescore Years and Ten, an Autobiography, by Thomas Ball. (Roberts.) There is that in Mr. Ball's Autobiography which reminds us a little of Chester Harding's, — a frank, kindly account of a life which, with untoward beginnings, seemed to blossom into artistic success, keeping all the while a good-natured self-respect in the midst of a clear recognition of deficiencies. There are many pleasant passages in this rambling narrative, which reads as if it were jotted down at odd moments, in disregard of any very consecutive form. The picture it gives incidentally of Boston in the middle of the century is often one of interest from its betrayal of provincial tones. — Salem Witchcraft in Outline, by Caroline E. Upham. (The Salem Press, Salem.) Mrs. Upham has gone mainly to Mr. Charles W. Upham's historic work for her material, but has aimed to make a brief narrative which shall present the facts in the case in a fresh, vivid manner. This she has done effectively, and in a compass more convenient than we remember to have found before. If she views this terrible outburst with indignation at the pitiless clergy, and admi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ration for stout-hearted Rebecca Nourse, she is in accord with most readers of the day. Yet, blind as our ancestors were to their own cruelty, it is to be said that this tornado of superstition which swept away so many souls gathered its irresistible force from many generations of men, and expended it on one. — The Life and Times of Niccolò Machiavelli, by Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Madame Linda Villari. In two volumes. (Scribners.) This new edition of a work whose importance was recognized when the original appeared reflects special credit on author, translator, and publishers. It is a thorough English version, unabridged and well equipped, of a history which covers the most genetic period of Italian life. The subject of the biographical treatment offers an excellent starting-point for a consideration of the modern state in its relation to the Renaissance, and Professor Villari, whose mind is scientific in its cast, has perceived with great clearness the movement of the political, religious, and artistic thought of Italy in the time of Machiavelli. He writes with modern Italy for a background to his thought; that is, his history is meant for people of this day to read, and he has fortified his position with abundant documents. It is the philosophic treatment which will most attract readers. The illustrations, largely portraits, are admirable, and admirably printed. — Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle, by Mrs. Alexander Ireland. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.) Mrs. Ireland's task has been to separate Mrs. Carlyle from her husband; to collect into one convenient volume the letters and memorials which, for the most part, lie scattered in several publications; and thus to permit one to see by herself a person who, had she not married Mr. Carlyle, might still have made an impression upon her countrymen and countrywomen. We question the wisdom which thus seeks to dispart this remarkable pair. Mrs. Carlyle was Carlyle's wife, and Mrs. Ireland does not succeed any more than death did. The amount of new material in the book is inconsiderable. — Journal of Maurice De Guérin, edited by G. S. Trebutien, with a Biographical and Literary Memoir by Sainte-Beuve. Translated by Jessie P. Frothingham. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A new translation, in good English, of a French classic which has a peculiar interest to-day, since, written sixty years ago, the attitude toward nature and toward society found in it is far more common to educated and sensitive minds than when the journal was penned. The delicacy of sensibility which it discloses has a purity and freedom from mawkishness most agreeable to the reader, who ventures upon the perusal with a little timidity at first, from the fear of encountering a soul too high strung to make a partnership in its experience possible. — Peel, by J. R. Thursfield. (Macmillan.) One of the Twelve English Statesmen Series. The treatment of the subject is of the best order of English political writing. It is a study, acute, discriminating, and resolute, of a character simple in its lines, but set in such complex relations as itself to seem complex. Mr. Thursfield, in the course of his narrative, makes some capital reflections upon other than strictly biographical phases of his subject, as when, for example, he touches in a few sentences upon the characteristics of the eighteenth century. It may be said, in general, of political subjects in English history that they have a special charm for the student, since no other nation has given such singular opportunity for the practice of statesmanship. The conditions of government have stimulated the development of men who have worked in affairs as an artist works in his material. — Literary Industries, a Memoir, by Hubert Howe Bancroft. (Harpers.) In this moderate-sized volume Mr. Bancroft has given an account of his life and its product in the vast work on the Pacific coast, for which he accumulated materials, and which he organized as it stands. It has been acutely said that biography is sure to be false, autobiography sure to be true: because in writing the life of another man the author inevitably and unconsciously impregnates the work with his own personality; in writing his own life the author in vain seeks to conceal his personality; inevitably and unconsciously he discloses it. That remarkable result of business enterprise, organizing power, and scriptorial ambition to be found in the History of the Pacific States well deserved to be recorded in detail, and no one could have done the task so surely as Mr. Bancroft. — In the series of Johns Hopkins University Studies (the Johns

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hopkins Press, Baltimore), a recent issue is Public Lands and Agrarian Laws of the Roman Republic, by Andrew Stephenson. The author's plan has been to sketch "the origin and growth of the idea of private property in land, the expansion of the ager publicus by the conquest of neighboring territories, and its absorption by means of sale, by gift to the people, and by the establishment of colonies, until wholly merged in private property." — Harmony of Ancient History, and Chronology of the Egyptians and Jews, by Malcolm Macdonald. (Lippincott.) The author's method is first, in a series of chapters, to determine Egyptian chronology and establish certain epochs, then to inquire into the technical chronology of the Jews and ascertain the chronologic epochs from the exodus to the reign of Hezekiah, and finally to trace the synchronous history of the two peoples. He makes use of documents, monuments, astronomical observations, coins, and the like.

Poetry and the Drama. Lyrical Poems, by Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.) There is an affectionate regard for nature in these verses, which is not less genuine that it has a touch of self-consciousness in it. That is to say, Mr. Austin poetizes, though he does not attitudinize. He is in love with nature, and there is nothing shy about his devotion. Indeed, there is often a freshness which half suggests the Dorset Barnes; but Mr. Austin is always the cultivated poet, to whom nature is a graceful part of a fair life. He turns, when not in face with nature, to the refined England of high breeding, and intimates by his verse that his associations are with the best people. The melody of his verse possibly deludes him into a fluency of expression which sometimes wearies the reader. — A second series of Poems by Emily Dickinson has been issued (Roberts), edited, as was the first, by T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. It has an interesting preface by Mrs. Todd, and a fac-simile of Miss Dickinson's handwriting. A classification of her verse has been attempted under the headings Life, Love, Nature, Time, and Eternity. What strikes one afresh, as he takes up the book, is his interest in reading, independent of his poetic preferences. The quick contact with another nature, and that a singularly aggressive one, makes reading Miss Dickinson an intellectual excitement. We raise our objections, we rule out poem after poem, yet we keep on reading, never sure but irritation will give way to delight. The lawless is sometimes more interesting than the lawful. — The Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan) is enriched by the addition of Balladen und Romanzen, selected and arranged, with notes and literary introduction, by C. A. Bucheim. The title page has a pretty vignette of Uhland. The contents are grouped chronologically under three periods: from Bürger to Chamisso, from Uhland to Heine, and from Freiligrath to the present time. The second period is the fullest, including, besides Uhland and Heine, Rückert, Körner, Platen, Wilhelm, Müller. Mr. Bucheim has shown good judgment in giving the largest number of examples from the acknowledged masters, and in keeping the whole number of names represented small. — Drauss un Deheem, gedichte in Pennsylvänisch Deitsch, bei'm Charles Calvin Ziegler von Brushvalley, Pa. (Hesse & Becker, Leipzig.) A thin book of verse, with an Appendix devoted to the pronunciation of Pennsylvania German. The writer points out the considerable infusion of English words in this odd naturalization of German. His own poetical work embraces several translations from Longfellow, Bryant, and Emerson, and his serious poems inevitably set one to recalling Hans Breitmann. — Homer in Chios, an Epopee, by Denton J. Snider. (Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis.) An ingenious piece of work. Mr. Snider weaves a hexametrical web about the meeting and marriage of Hesperion from the northland and Praxilla, daughter of Homer. Homer and David and Hesiod all take part in the story, which is, if we are not too daring or blundering in our guesses, a sort of apologue of the blending of Greek and Hebrew influences in the life of the modern world. The hexameters trip along in an amusing dance which might make the author of Evangeline smile, but would surely make the author of Empedocles on Ætna frown. — Modern Love, by George Meredith. (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.) A choicely printed and bound edition of this sequence of sonnets. The book is introduced by an admirable essay by Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza, in which, with interpretative skill and good taste, she points out the underlying argument of this splendid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achievement. However impatient one may be, in these days of swift directness, at the involutions of Meredith's art, here is a work which, subtle and elusive, is yet so impressive by its dignity of speech and its restrained power as to take possession of the mind and give one a sense of the wonderful possibilities of poetry. The form of a sonnet sequence has much to do with the success of the work; for it enables Mr. Meredith to concentrate his verse upon each moment of the tragedy, and yet to expand that moment into a rich poetic statement. Lovers of poetry owe a debt to editor and publisher for offering them this book in so convenient, beautiful, and intelligible a form. — Days and Dreams, by Madison Cawein. (Putnams.) When Mr. Cawein is not feverish, when he has some simple theme which calls for simple expression, his poetic nature betrays itself. But it must be said that his verse too often reads as if it were written late at night, not early in the morning; under the gaslight, and not in the cool shade. Mere lavishness is not splendor, and his words sometimes rush along in a stream too much knocked about by the storms to carry safely any very costly freight of thought or passion. — If one wishes to see what a melodramatist bitten by realism can do, let him read the entertaining Chihuahua, a New and Original Social Drama in Four Acts, by Chester Gore Miller. (Kehm, Fietsch & Wilson Co., Chicago.) As one of the characters says: "Some people complain of having a skeleton in their lives; I feel at times as though I owned a graveyard. I am too weak; but then these mental strokes are frightfully realistic." The returned dead man in this drama hypnotizes the rascal, and with a little bottle — for hypnotism appears to the writer to be a sort of drug — rearranges the world in which he finds himself. — An Idyl of the Sun, and Other Poems, by Orrin Cedesman Stevens. (Griffith, Axtell & Cady Co., Holyoke, Mass.) The title poem, which is in blank verse, has a lofty design, and contains at least one striking passage. A certain splendid apparition named Vivero, formed in spirit like the ancient Titans, challenged Heaven. The on-lookers saw him spread his glorious wings,

> "And, like a winged avalanche in air,
> Hurl himself straight upon the awful goal.
> . . . . . .
> When lo! he vanished like the thinnest flake
> Of tenuous snow upon a sea of fire."

There is much exalted imagination and spiritual insight in the work, and if the author always thought clearly and married his imaginations to artistic form, he would unquestionably make a strong impression on his readers. As it is, they find it worth their while to surmount the obstacles which the author raises. — Sunshine in Life, Poems for the King's Daughters, selected and arranged by Florence Pohlman Lee, with an Introduction by Margaret Bottome. (Putnams.) A collection of hymns and poems having a religious spirit. An inexact chronological order has been followed, and in the last part of the volume a good many poems by writers unknown to the compiler, and by persons whose names are not yet known to fame, are included. As the title intimates, the collection is intended to be cheerful rather than consolatory. — Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets, from the Poetic Works of James Russell Lowell. (Houghton.) A little volume in the White and Gold Series. The difficulty with such a selection is that, however well pleased the reader may be with what he finds in it, he always wants at least one other poem. It is a convenience, however, to have in a handy volume the Commemoration Ode, The Courtin', Aladdin, Villa Franca, The Dancing Bear, Endymion, Under the Old Elm, Without and Within, and other verses illustrative of the range of Lowell's power.

Nature and Travel. Land of the Lingering Snow, Chronicles of a Stroller in New England from January to June, by Frank Bolles. (Houghton.) Mr. Bolles is an eccentric stroller; we hasten to say that we are using the word in its proper sense, and mean only to point out that even the footpath is too much trodden for him. He goes off at a tangent, and this habit intimates a certain individuality of observation which has its own charm. The precision of his chronicle as to hours and days and places is the sign, on the other hand, of his perpendicularity of mind, and one tendency constantly corrects the other. If he were only precise, he would be tiresome, he would be set like a clock; if he were only vagrant, his desultoriness would weary one by its aimlessness. As it is, the reader who follows him in his strolls always comes back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and is refreshed as by a breezy companion; and now and then there is a phrase, a passage struck out on the moment, which is like a staff plunged into a snow bank, revealing color and depth not to be seen by one merely brushing the surface of the bank. — A Year in Portugal, 1889–1890, by George B. Loring. (Putnams.) Dr. Loring has printed the journal which he kept during his brief career as United States minister to Portugal. His own interest in agriculture led him to be somewhat more specific in his study of this industry, but his observations generally are those of a traveler with a wide range of tastes, and a readiness to hear and see whatever came in his way, whether of historical or of contemporaneous consequence. — The Business of Travel, a Fifty Years' Record of Progress, by W. Fraser Rae. (Thos. Cook & Son, New York and London.) A jubilee volume, in which the note of exultation over the fifty years of Cook's Tours is sounded, not with a trumpet, but with a whole orchestra. The record is really a very interesting one to any who would see an illustration of organization applied to one of the most difficult branches of human pleasure. It is safe to say that Thos. Cook and Son have been the means of moving a larger number of persons to a larger number of historical shrines than ever Peter the Hermit incited to go to the Holy Land, and Mr. Thomas Cook may well content himself with the thought "that, on the whole, he will leave the world a pleasanter place to travel as well as to live in."

Fiction. Ursula is the latest in the series of Balzac's novels, translated by Miss Wormeley. (Roberts Bros.) Ursule Mironët bears marks of the author's studies in clairvoyance. It was written in 1841, not long before its author put forth his programme of the Comédie Humaine, and when thus he was bringing into a systematic whole the separate studies in human life which to the readers had been so far quite independent of any connection with one another. It is quite possible that in writing it Balzac had in mind its constituent part in his scheme; it is certain that he pleased himself with the reflection that he was portraying the contact of a young woman with life without loss of her virtue. — Brunhilde, or The Last Act of Norma, by Pedro A. De Alarcón. Translated from the Spanish by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. (Lovell.) Between the Spanish and the English, this tale belongs to the fizz, pop, bang! school of literature. There is a catharine wheel constantly whirling before the reader's eyes, and the result is much dazzle, little light, and total darkness after the show is over. — Master William Mitten, or A Youth of Brilliant Talents who was Ruined by Bad Luck, by Rev. Augustus B. Longstreet, D.D., LL.D. (J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Georgia.) The unsuspecting reader who takes up this book fancies, very likely, that he has come upon a burlesque of the old-fashioned moral tale. But the reader who remembers Georgia Scenes, that delicious bit of old-fashioned humor, and discovers that this book is by the same author, will prefer to think it a curious survival, with its italicized words and phrases, its high-dicky style, its genuine love of fun, and its reflection of a bygone period of Southern society. The book is a most interesting document for the sociologist, and a surprise to the hardened novel-reader. — From Timber to Town, down in Egypt, by an Early Settler. (McClurg.) "One day, arter me an' mother was a livin' by ourselves agin, our chillern all marri'd an' gon', one o' them ar scribblin' fellers step'd in wi' a paper he wanted me ter sine, a settin' forth thet he was a gittin' the names o' the leedin' c'aracters o' the kounty wi' the intenshun o' ritin' a passel uv 'em up es representatives o' the balence, an' bring 'em out in a big book tergether wi' ther rale steal plate picturs," and so on for nearly three hundred pages. This is realism gone to seed. We wonder if the residents of southern Illinois, a hundred years from now, will be using this book with annotations as a textbook in reading, with incidental use as a picture of manners in this antediluvian period? — St. Katherine's by the Tower, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) A spirited tale of English life as affected by the French Revolution. Mr. Besant gives his historical novels a just realism by the power which he has of vivifying persons and scenes, materials for which are derived alike from books and from human nature. — Rabbi and Priest, by Milton Goldsmith. (Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) Mr. Goldsmith states that he is indebted for some of the more personal material out of which he has woven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his story to an exiled Russian Jew, whose acquaintance he made shortly after the exile landed in America. He has gone also to published records of Russian treatment of Jews, and has endeavored to make his tale a consistent narrative of the fortunes of a Jew in Russia from boyhood to manhood. He shows skill in the handling of his material, and, though moved by the incidents which he narrates, does not lose his self-control as a writer. — Ivan the Fool, A Lost Opportunity, and Polikushka, by Count Leo Tolstóy. (Webster.) A small volume of three tales; the first setting forth the author's communistic ideas, the second a picture of peasant life, the third the story of the servant of a nobleman. — The Man from Nowhere, by Flora Haines Loughead. (C. A. Murdock & Co., San Francisco.) Mrs. Loughead is trying an interesting experiment in publishing single-number stories, which one would naturally expect to find in magazines, separately in a monthly series which she entitles The Gold Dust Series. This little tale would not be overlooked if it appeared in a magazine. — Holiday Stories, by Stephen Fiske. (B. R. Tucker, Boston.) Nine short stories in a paper cover. They are lively trifles. — Thaïs, by Anatole France. Translated by A. D. Hall. (Nile C. Smith Publishing Co., Chicago.) We have already noticed this book in its original dress. We cannot say that the English adds any charm to the work. — Tales of Three Centuries, by Michael Zagoskin. Translated from the Russian by Jeremiah Curtin. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Curtin in his interesting and helpful Introduction, which the reader may take up at the end as well as at the beginning with profit, relates with fine power some of his own Russian experiences. The tales impress one by the skill with which the English language has been employed in rendering what is so foreign in form as the Russian. There is a singular chatter, which falls on the ear like an imperfectly understood speech, very common in Russian tales, and seen at its extreme in this book. The stories, if one can penetrate the foreign skin, will be found interesting, though hardly absorbing. — Ryle's Open Gate, by Susan Teackle Moore. (Houghton.) A lightly connected series of sketches portraying life and characteristics in an obscure Long Island village, where native and exotic life go on side by side. The author has both a fine sense of humor and, what often goes with this, a generous sympathy, so that in the very informal pictures of what she sees there is something more than cleverness at work; there is a genuine humanism. One readily accepts the temper in which the book is written, and recognizes the good humor with which these little studies in life are dashed off. The demands made by the reader when he drops into the book are easily met, and he is rather satisfied with what he gets than made to pursue the writer with restless importunity for something greater, more ambitious. — A sketch in the Ideal, a Romance. (Lippincott.) The sketch is so faint that the reader has some difficulty in making out the outline, and when he has found the story he has lost his interest. The materials for a tragedy are used in making a sentimental reverie. — Recent books in paper are: The Anarchists, a Picture of Civilization at the Close of the Nineteenth Century, by John Henry Mackay, with a Portrait of the Author and a Study of his Works, by Gabriele Reuter, — translated from the German by George Schumm (B. R. Tucker, Boston); Morphine, a Tale of the Present Day, by Dubut De Laforest (the Waverly Co., New York); Evelyn's Career, by the Author of My Wife's Niece (Harpers).

Books for Young People. Left to Themselves, being the Ordeal of Philip and Gerald, by Edward Irenæus Stevenson. (Hunt & Eaton, New York.) Mr. Stevenson, in a brief preface, pleads for a closer attention to character in books for the young. The preface reads a little oddly when taken in connection with a story which appeals almost wholly to love of excitement. A boat race, an attempt at kidnapping, a steamboat explosion, a shipwreck, life on an apparently deserted island, the discovery of a forger, — these and incidents like these do not preclude appeals to the reason and to students of character, but we are bound to say that we do not believe the young readers of this book will be set to thinking because of it. It will stir them, as an involved story of adventure easily may stir them, but the hero will appear as the stuff of which heroes in such adventures usually are made. — The Chase of the Meteor, and Other Stories, by Edwin Lassetter Bynner. (Little, Brown & Co.) A collec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of eleven lively stories. The author tries direct narrative, nonsense, and fancy by turn. He is possibly a little too afraid of being dull. — Mr. Richard Harding Davis in his Stories for Boys (Scribners) displays much the same spirit as in his stories for older readers; the difference lies in the choice of subjects, which for the most part have to do with boy life, and in a looser structure, as if he felt that too much art might weaken the force of his narrative. There is a burly good nature in the feeling, a vim, an almost headlong eagerness, which ought to endear these stories to the hearts of youngsters. Nor does the author mistake mere muscular energy for manliness, but shows in many delicate ways how closely allied are bravery and tenderness. — A New Mexico David, and Other Stories and Sketches of the Southwest, by Charles F. Lummis. (Scribners.) Nearly a score of short sketches of character and adventure, in which Pueblo Indians, throwing the lasso, rounding up, New Mexican games, and other lively frontier subjects are treated in an offhand, friendly, and attractive manner by one who draws upon his own experience and observation, not upon a chance visit, but in several years of residence. — American Football, by Walter Camp. (Harpers.) Mr. Camp has written, and is still writing, a good deal on this subject. Perhaps this may explain why the little book halts between the two courses of a book for experts and a book for on-lookers. Yet each class will find something of interest in it, and the portraits of thirty-one heroes of the field will be scanned attentively by young America. It will be noticed that these portraits are sometimes of the head, never of the toe exclusively, and more often of the whole figure; this proportion seems to be correct. — The volume of St. Nicholas for 1891 is broken into two bound parts. (The Century Co.) It may be said of this magazine in general that it aims at breaking down the distinction between literature for the young and literature for maturer readers by its appeal to a literary and artistic sense. — Harper's Young People for 1891 (Harpers) suggests the difference between weekly and monthly publication in a greater number of short papers. The size of the page also permits a greater breadth of illustration. This weekly has a sturdy, matter-of-fact character about it which commends itself to one who believes that books for the young should be temporary affairs, used up in youth.

Literature and Criticism. Dr. Henry Van Dyke has brought out a second edition of The Poetry of Tennyson (Scribners), in which, besides other revision, he includes two new chapters: Fruit from an Old Tree, in which he treats of Tennyson's latest poems, and On the Study of Tennyson. — Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, have been making some noticeably attractive editions of books which have stood the test of time. Among them are Scott's The Lady of the Lake and Byron's Childe Harold. The editor has sought to reproduce the author's work without intruding his own notes or criticism. Thus he does a service to students by giving Byron's preface to the first and second cantos, and his dedicatory letter. Another work of great interest to readers who remember the *furore* produced by it forty years ago is Charles Auchester, by Elizabeth Sheppard. This has been reproduced in two neat volumes, with an introduction and notes by that competent musical critic, Mr. George P. Upton. For it is as a musical novel that the book had such vogue, and the slight knowledge which people had of the author intensified the interest; for Miss Sheppard was in her sixteenth year when she completed this romance. She died young, having written but one other novel, Counterparts. Two contributions from her pen also appeared in The Atlantic. The book should be read by the young, though we sometimes fear that the young of this day have been so inoculated with the spirit of criticism that they are not quite as receptive of enthusiastic crudities as their parents and grandparents were. — The publication of the Latest Literary Essays and Addresses of James Russell Lowell (Houghton) deepens one's sense of the loss which American letters has sustained in Mr. Lowell's death; for in these papers, written for the most part after the author's release from diplomatic duties, there is such mellowness of expression, such ripeness of thought, and so genuine a sympathy with current movements that there is no hint of decadence of power, and one can scarcely help thinking, All this and more we might have enjoyed for half a score of years longer. — The third volume of Mr. Crump's edition of Landor's Im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aginary Conversations (Macmillan) has the additional attraction of an engraving of Bewick's portrait of Landor, which gives with extraordinary force the viciousness of Landor's temper. The dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen are completed, and the series of dialogues of Literary Men is begun. As this portion includes Southey and Porson and Johnson and Horne Tooke, the reader has a good opportunity of noting Landor's caprices and his sudden keen literary perceptions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Sweets for Scholars.

HEAVEN has blessed me with a friend, an honest, plodding Hellenophile, who digs, as Adam may be supposed to have done, for love of it. When I heard from him, last summer, he was where he intends to spend the rest of his life: not in his native Brattleboro, but in the Archipelago. Never was a man deeper in his vocation. His talk is all, like the gentle king's,

— "of graves, of worms and epitaphs,"

although he was ever a most cheerful wight. His spade and his peering spectacles have made close acquaintance with the undersurface of Greece, and with the Grecianized borders of Asia and Africa. The results seem to me already very considerable. I am proud to be the first to print several brief verses, unknown to Cephalas in his convent, which Folsom has found, sometimes in absolute preservation, on burial stones and urns of the first and second centuries before Christ. So jealous has he grown since he set out upon his archæological travels (patient journeys, doubling and crossing on themselves, within a radius of less than seven hundred miles) that I doubt whether he intends, at any time, to give these precious fragments, in their original state, to the public. As poems, he hardly knows what value to put upon them; as relics of a grand civilization, he is their confirmed worshiper. But Folsom has too cautious a mind to bring forth a book on the subject; and he has, besides, the Horatian dread: he would not wish to be "in every gentleman's library." Meanwhile, it was easy for me to persuade him to let me use a few of the inscriptions in a magazine which he is still disposed to read. I have them before me, copied on gray paper, in his own crabbed hand which has changed not at all since we were boys together in old S——'s hated schoolroom; and the letter containing them was registered, at my request, at the post office in Rhodes: so that the whole thing must have seemed to him modern and irreverent enough. With great diffidence, and conscious that I am not myself, like Mr. Andrew Lang, a poet of the winning Alexandrian breed, I submit the following close translations of Folsom's waifs and strays. They begin with three epitaphs, over which Professor W—— and I have made many blind and daring guesses, and which are enough like Meleager's affectionate accents to "tease us out of thought." The third, moreover, is interesting as corroborated evidence of the suspicion of immortality among the "poor heathen."

"Ere the Ferryman from the coast of spirits
Turn the diligent oar that brought thee thither,
Soul, remember; and leave a kiss upon it
For thy desolate father, for thy sister,
Whichsoever be first to cross hereafter."

"Upon thy level tomb till windy winter dawn,
The fallen leaves delay;
But plain and pure their trace is, when themselves are torn
From delicate frost away.

"As here to transient frost the absent leaf is, such
Thou wert and art to me;
So on my passing life is thy long-passed touch,
O dear Alcithoë!"

"Jaffa ended, Cos begun
Thee, Aristeus; thou wert one
Fit to trample out the sun:
Who shall think thine ardors are
But a cinder in a jar?"

The lines on a victor in the foot races I please myself by attributing to Leonidas of Tarentum. Folsom, on the other hand, thinks it perfectly blasphemous to speculate on the authorship of such gifts of the gods. This is as happy-hearted a funeral song as any that has come down to us: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Here lies one in the earth who scarce of the earth
was moulded;
Wise Æthalides' son, himself no lover of study,
Cnopus, asleep, indoors, the young invincible runner.
They from the cliff footpath that see on the grave
we made him,
Tameless, slant in the wind, the bare, the beautiful iris,
Stop short, full of delight, and shout forth, 'See, it is
Cnopus
Runs, with white throat forward, over the sands to
Chalcis!'"

It is to be observed how vaingloriously the unknown author gets in his slap at Æthalides, a kind, slow, round-shouldered old fellow, no doubt, like Folsom, for all the world. My best Grecian, Professor W——, is greatly taken with what some poet (could it be Palladas?) has to say of a young child. The epitaph has much of the early Spartan spirit: —

"I laid the strewings, sweetest, on thine urn;
I lowered the torch, I poured the cup to Dis.
Now hushaby, my little child, and learn
Long sleep how good it is.

"In vain thy mother prays, wayfaring hence,
Peace to her heart, where only heartaches dwell;
But thou more blest, O wild intelligence!
Forget her, and farewell."

And here again, I say to myself, is Callimachus, lover of little things perfected with large meanings. It is a pity that this flute-sigh should not be in the Anthology, as indeed it may have been, long ago: —

"Light thou hast of the moon,
Shade of the dammar-pine,
Here on thy hillside bed:
Fair befall thee, O fair
Lily of womanhood,
Patient long, and at last
Happier; ah, Blæsilla!"

Two more end the list, the former in sapphics: —

"Hail, and be of comfort, thou pious Xeno,
Late the urn of many a kinsman wreathing;
On thine own shall even the stranger offer
Plentiful myrtle."

"Me, deep-tressèd meadows, take to your loyal keeping,
Hard by the swish of sickles ever in Aulon sleeping.
Philophron, old and tired, and glad to be done with
reaping."

The Aulon mentioned, Folsom tells me, is not Aulon at the head of the Illyrian bay, but the Aulon of the peninsula, much farther south, on the same west coast. The urn of Aristeus was discovered under a stall outside Alexandria itself, and that of Xeno, who seems to have been a survivor of battles or some other public sorrow, is judged to belong to the third rather than to the second century. Some of the inscriptions were pieced together with extreme difficulty. A few, such as that of a certain Agathon, a portion of whose princely tomb lay flat on the beach under the crags of Paros, were wholly undecipherable; and I will try to think, therefore, that they do not rank with the eight I have given, full of the semi-tropic fragrance of dying Greece. We owe this little quarry of a twenty years' hunt to a Vermont Yankee; to no expedition other than Folsom's love and zeal. *La science cherche; l'amour a trouvé.*

Friendship's Question. — I should like to lay before the members of the Club, who certainly may be said to belong to the thoughtful and thinking men and women of our land, a question that has puzzled me long and sorely.

Is it possible for us, in love or friendship, to give ourselves too much, or to give too much of ourselves, — whichever form you prefer, — especially where the other person is less responsive, either from greater natural reserve, or less depth and strength of feeling? Too much of our hearts and souls, I mean; for I do not refer to the kind of affection that shows itself in any personal demonstrativeness, but to that spiritual love only, which can and does exist very strongly, even between people who rarely, if ever, meet face to face. Must we always jealously reserve something, always hold Self so precious, — the Self that all our own noblest instincts, as well as all the teachings of the Christian religion, bid us "to put behind us," — that we never dare, freely and without stint, to give it all? Personally I am greatly inclined to agree with the noble words of a friend, who says: "Friendship, certainly, is a gift of God. And our reserves upon the subject, our fears as well, lest we may abandon ourselves too much to the influence of our friends, belong too much to the materialism in which we live." But I have another friend, — a woman no longer young in years, though very much so in feeling, impulsive, intense, and imaginative, and something of a poet, — who has suffered keenly from unreserved abandonment of self all her life. She has had various friendships, to which she, on her side, brought all the passionate fervor of her nature; and in all these she says she knows she has "given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herself too much," for sooner or later she has invariably come to grief in them all. But there seems no remedy for it, for "thus was she made." She cannot do anything by halves. If she gives her soul at all, she gives it wholly.

Now is there in this any sin against the Holy Ghost, that must be punished by "fierce pangs of fire"? Will some one kindly offer a solution of the problem?

Love me, hate my Enemies.

—If you have a large, perhaps even if you have only a small circle of friends, that circle includes persons at variance with one another. In such cases nothing is commoner than that they should expect you to espouse their quarrel, or at least to disown their adversary. Friends' friends are not usually found very prepossessing, because our acquaintance with them does not arise spontaneously; and A does not resent it if you decline to adopt his favorites B, C, D, but he does resent your continuance of friendship with X, Y, Z, after they have become his enemies.

Now is not this a little unreasonable? If I value the friendship both of A and X, why should I renounce either of them? Of course, if I clearly see that one of them has acted unhandsomely, I remonstrate with him, and, if remonstrance is ineffectual, I may feel it a duty to "cut" him, on account of the light thrown by the quarrel on his real character; but in the vast majority of cases I either see fault on both sides, or cannot profess to judge the right and wrong of the dispute. I cannot, it may be, help siding mentally with one or the other, or at least cannot help thinking that one is more to blame than the other; but why should I mix myself up in the quarrel? No doubt it is disagreeable to have a name tabooed in conversation; no doubt it would be better that my friends should be regarded by you with favor or indifference; but this is an impracticable ideal, and we must take the world as we find it. It is one thing, moreover, to begin an intimacy with your enemy; it is quite another thing to retain the friendship of a man who has become your enemy, but whom I continue to respect. If you expect me to turn against your enemy, you may expect me, on your changing your mind, to come back to him, and may reproach me with having indorsed or encouraged your mistake. You and he may even be reconciled at my expense. It is certainly awkward to know two persons who may chance to call on me simultaneously; but the servant may be instructed to ask one to wait till the other has left, and I can take care never to invite them together. What would be most unwise would be to attempt to reconcile them. This should never be done unasked, and should seldom be done even if one of the adversaries requests it.

The late W. E. Forster, who ruled Ireland under Mr. Gladstone in 1880, had been friendly, in the pre-Parnellite days, with Mr. Justin McCarthy as a journalist. When the latter suddenly entered Parliament as Parnell's lieutenant, Forster "cut" him. Now both were on visiting terms with a lady, and at her receptions they sometimes met. She was anxious that they should be reconciled, and essayed to introduce them to each other. They bowed stiffly, but did not exchange a word. Sometimes the lady, seated between them and talked to by both simultaneously, found the situation embarrassing; but she had shown want of tact in trying to reconcile them. Liking both, regretting their estrangement, mentally blaming Forster, she should have resigned herself to facts. It would have been hard, if Forster had called upon her, to choose between his friendship and Mr. McCarthy's. Although he did not go this length, he probably felt a little annoyed at her evident opinion that he was in the wrong. Curiously enough, Mr. McCarthy ended by being the opponent, or at least the rival, of the very man his intimacy with whom had alienated Forster. Mr. Gladstone has notoriously lost many of his oldest friends by his alliance with the Home Rulers. Happy the country where political differences are not so heated as to sever friendships. In any war, a neutral is almost sure to displease the belligerents, so difficult is it to hold the scales of neutrality even. In the wars of the French Revolution, America, though anxious to hold aloof, was on the verge of war with France, and was forced into war with England. In our civil war, England disappointed both North and South. If England and Russia, the whale and the elephant, as Bismarck called them, should ever fall out, the United States would remain the friend of both; yet both would perhaps feel irritation at the continued

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friendship with the adversary, and would prefer complaints of partiality.

What is especially difficult is to remain neutral in a quarrel between two members of a family; for the closer the ties between them, the bitterer the quarrel. But am I to renounce a skillful physician because, in a non-professional matter, he has quarreled with a friend of mine, or to dispense with the advocacy of the barrister whom I prefer because, in another case, he has stringently cross-examined that friend? Life would not be worth living if I could not have a friend except on condition of hating his enemies. We should be reduced to the cynical Greek axiom, "Treat your friend as if he might one day become your enemy, and your enemy as if he might one day become your friend."

A Boy's Impressions of Hosea.

— "Here, take my hand."

"Why, where are you going?"

"Just going to show them that there's some truth in old saws. I hate short cuts, and if you come with me we'll prove that the longest way round's the shorter way home," with a playfully contemptuous glance at another group, just landed at Snug Harbor, — the other group consisting of the father and sisters of the first speaker.

The gentleman under whose guidance I toddled by the devious way here indicated was a well-built, active-looking young man of about twenty-five. In those days red hair was not viewed with the same favor that it is now, and I think I am stating it mildly in remarking that it took considerable merit to outvalue that blemish, as it was universally considered, and that even I, just passing from kilted infancy to the divided skirt of early boyhood, was aware of some compassion therefor. My companion had reddish-yellow hair, but then he took notice of us boys, and talked to us, and romped, not with the easily detected purpose of condescending adultness, but as one who felt himself every inch a boy.

We walked rapidly, so rapidly that when we reached the hall door of my father's house the short-cut party, which we had left to tiptoe over a wooden dike, had not yet arrived. The door was opened for us with the eagerness of strained expectancy, and a lady stood before us, of a beauty which compelled my boy's heart to acknowledge that my companion's reddish hair had not marred his fortunes, for the lady was his wife.

I still, after so many years, recall her face: pale, with the restful hue of alabaster, features admirably chiseled, with perhaps undue prominence given to the eyes, and a certain hollowness about the orbital cavities, intensified by delicate blue veins seeming to arise from the long-lashed eyelids and to creep furtively to the temples, where they lost themselves in the hair. She was *petite*, and dressed with the utmost simplicity, even to the hair, as was then the fashion.

On being joined by the separatists, — for so my companion called the remnant of our party, — we soon descended to tea, where were already assembled various members of my own family, marshaled by my governess, a lady from Boston, of the strictest propriety, who also wrote verses. She too had red hair, a highly nervous temperament, and gazed upon the young poet of Cambridge with a rapture known only in those days when Bostonian met Bostonian on alien soil. After a rather prolonged grace, listened to with unconcealed delight by my mother, who was a devout worshiper of Saint John Wesley, the conversation went splashing about the table, as is its wont among the newly returned and their friends. Sundry disasters or rumors of disasters to the American army were discussed, for the all-engrossing topic at that time was the war.

The Mexican war had come. Not a great national uprising like the rebellion, in which almost the entire population, North and South, felt pledged as to the great underlying principles, but a war which involved no principle at all, and which the people of the New England States were wont to regard as aggressive, cruel, and unjustifiable. Already in our rural section — rural although only seven miles from New York city — "the drum with its tantarra sounds had come," and swept from our village most of the bad boys, idlers, and floating population. Already the fond mothers of those bad boys were searching the lists of the dead in the New York Herald, and the smallest among us felt that we were making history.

While the latest war news was under consideration, we were startled by the sound of stentorian singing, of the rough, emphatic

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seaman's fashion. It proceeded from the "Decatur boys," nephews of the great commodore, and our own next-door neighbors, who, having come to make a call, were singing in the drawing-room overhead while awaiting our appearance. The Minute Gun at Sea, a duet by King from one of the English operas, was familiar in maritime and musical circles.

"Ah!" observed the old clergyman, the father of our hero, "that is a forgotten ceremony; the song has little significance nowadays."

"Why, father," exclaimed James, "don't you remember the minute gun which was fired when we made the voyage together from Portland to Boston? That must be," looking at the ceiling reflectively, "some nineteen years ago."

"How odd it seems for James," remarked the young wife, "to speak of nineteen years ago!" looking fondly at the youthful figure beside her.

"Why, I was eight years old even then," James rejoined, with the ready candor which has no years to clip, nor need to clip them.

We soon, after the unabridged return of thanks, ascended to the parlor, where we met the "Decatur boys;" and heroes they were in our boyish eyes. True, they were scant of stature, swarthy and unimpressive in appearance, overmuch addicted to the use of a certain weed and to the misuse of certain theological terms. Our Sunday-school superintendent had cautioned us against them, and yet did not they in some way represent our country's maritime supremacy? One was already an officer in the navy, with the added emphasis of a bullet in his leg. They proceeded to tell us the still later Mexican news: that there was n't a percussion cap in the Federal army, but, on the other hand, British capital had furnished to our enemies powder warranted not to explode, with other evidences of enlightened neutrality on the part of J. Bull.

I well remember the surprise of the "Decatur boys" on learning that James was an "abolitionist." He had given promise of something better, of broader views, in his graduation poem. Too bad! too bad!

Presently, at a signal from my mother, the double quotidian ceremony of family prayers was announced, and my memory, wandering mistily back to those events, recalls the fervor of the minister, who made pointed allusions to our rulers; recalls the to us remarkable fact that the Boston ladies declined to kneel upon the well-swept carpet, but contented their genuflections upon a chair; that James, who had, according to his habit, strayed into the open air earlier in the evening, did not come in, but walked up and down the veranda during prayers. He entered at their close, with a faint apology, which the old minister took up, gently saying to my mother, "No, James is n't serious as yet, but he has a good heart, and is the foe of every mortal wrong."

Some time after — I cannot now say whether weeks, or months, or even years — our governess called us children together and read from some unfamiliar journal the first number of The Biglow Papers. Of course we boys thought it delightful, — more, I fear, for its apparent justification of slang, in which we were proficient, than for the noble sentiments contained. When she came to the line,

"You 've a darned long row to hoe,"

the embarrassment of our worthy martinet gave us great delight, as will the taste of forbidden fruit at most times; but it was not very long before the most idle and frivolous of us learned to appreciate the truth of the old clergyman's apology, "the foe of every mortal wrong."

Louis Philippe in a Wigwam.

— Pupil of Madame de Genlis, doorkeeper at the Jacobin Club, republican officer patronized by Danton, exile, teacher in a Swiss school, recognized prince of the blood, king, again in exile, in which he spent altogether twenty-one of his seventy-seven years, Louis Philippe had an adventurous life; but not the least romantic and a hitherto unknown episode in it was his doctoring a Cherokee Indian and passing a night in his wigwam. The story has just been told by the Marquis de Flers, the first biographer who has been allowed access to family papers.

Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, left Hamburg on the 24th of September, 1796, for Philadelphia. The French Directory had made his departure from Europe a condition of the release of his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, who had had three and a half years of captivity, amid privations and dangers which doomed them to an early grave. They had attempted, indeed, to escape, but Montpensier, the rope breaking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with him, fractured his ankle and was recaptured, whereupon Beaujolais, who had been more fortunate, gave himself up rather than be parted from his brother. After enjoying for a few days the hospitality of Mr. Cathalan, the American consul at Marseilles, they embarked, as guests of the United States government, in the Jupiter, a small Swedish vessel which had been chartered for the transport of eighty Americans redeemed from Algerian slavery. Contrary winds forced the Jupiter to put in at Gibraltar, where the princes received attentions from General O'Hara, who, captured at Toulon, had had, like themselves, experience of French prisons. After a ninety-three days' passage they were welcomed by Louis Philippe, who had been waiting for them since the 21st of October.

The three princes heard Washington's valedictory address, and were invited to pass a few days at Mount Vernon. After conversing with their host till late into the night, the young men, twenty-three, twenty-one, and eighteen years of age, were not a little surprised, on opening the bedroom window at half past six the next morning, to see him, then sixty-five, returning from an evidently long ride over his plantation.

"Do you manage without sleep?" asked Louis Philippe at breakfast.

"No, monseigneur, I sleep soundly; and do you know why? Because I have never written a letter, nor even a word, which would not bear being published. Consequently, as soon as I lie down I fall asleep."

Washington planned a tour for his guests, and gave them letters of introduction. They went through Georgia and Alabama, and spent two days with the Cherokees, who had a special liking for Frenchmen. Louis Philippe, having fallen from his horse in the forest, and feeling a little unwell, thought it prudent to bleed himself, which operation he performed in the presence of the astonished Cherokees, to whom he explained by signs the virtues of phlebotomy. Thereupon they led him to a sick veteran, and asked him to bleed him. Louis Philippe, after inquiring as to the malady, made a slight incision, and in a few hours the old Indian felt much relieved. The Cherokees considered the paleface a great medicine man, were profuse in their thanks, and resolved on awarding him the highest mark of respect in their power. The whole family slept in the wigwam on mats, ranged in order of age and dignity. Louis Philippe was invited, and could not in politeness refuse, to pass the night on a mat between the grandmother and the great-aunt. Next day the princes took leave of their hosts, who would fain have detained them, and resumed their journey to Niagara, where Montpensier made a sketch of the falls for his album. This, with other of his productions, figured forty years afterwards on the walls of the Palais Royal at Paris, but probably disappeared in the revolution of 1848.

At Pittsburg Beaujolais was seriously ill, and at Buffalo the travelers experienced extreme cold. In July they were back at Philadelphia. Yellow fever was raging there, but want of funds obliged them to remain till September. A remittance from their mother, who, after undergoing imprisonment, had recovered part of her property, enabled them to go to New York, and to visit New Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts. At Boston they learned that their mother had been banished to Spain. They were anxious to join her, but, England and Spain being at war, the only course was to descend the Ohio and Mississippi, and sail from New Orleans to Havana. There, however, they were not allowed to embark for Europe; so, returning to New York, they took passage in an English vessel for Falmouth, where they arrived in January, 1800. Poor young Montpensier died of consumption at Twickenham, in 1807, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A milder climate was the only chance of saving Beaujolais, and Louis Philippe took him to Malta; but there, while awaiting permission to repair to Sicily, he breathed his last, scarcely eighteen months after his brother. Louis Philippe also was destined, to die in exile, but in 1876 his remains were removed from England to the Orleans mortuary chapel at Dreux. The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, when they joined McClellan's army in 1861, cannot have failed to reflect that their grandfather, with his brothers, had visited in its infancy the republic which they beheld in the throes of civil war.

Wood-Gatherers. — Between Washington Square and Broadway (needless to name the metropolis) it comes to pass that scarcely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is one stone allowed to remain above another, in these days of rebuilding Babel, and of the ingress of trade into streets hitherto devoted to residences. In this access of Gothic and Hunnish energy in pulling down the structures of the past, gangs of swarthy men work incessantly, prying with sharp picks or tugging with ropes at masses of mortar and brick to level them. In thus doing they lay bare opposite and inner walls, with their decorations, fireplaces, and mantels. Little niches of the Lares and Penates come startlingly and unpitiedly into view, — if indeed any one stops to regard them at all. Commonly, the passer-by or the neighboring householder does not bless his eyes, smarting and half blinded as they are, with the pulverulent and alkaline atmosphere constantly resulting from the Great American Desert of demolition.

Of late my window overlooked such a scene of senseless destruction. May I not be indulged in my choice of adjective, and also in the admission that the grimy and bustling picture beneath my eyes possessed for me no least human or transcendental interest so far as it related itself to the promotion of trade, possible architectural betterment, or urban progress in general? *Cui bono?* The good which I saw done would have been decidedly incidental in the great world's view, had it even met the great world's cognition. The special providence enacted in the human creature's behalf was, I must confess, comparable to the advantage a flock of sparrows might derive, suddenly alighting and helping themselves from the waste of an unswept threshing-floor. The figure of a flock of sparrows, however, hardly serves to suggest the strenuous, almost fierce activity of certain participants in the street scene below. These were a bevy of Italian peasant women gathering wood out of the rubbish resulting from the pulling down of the block opposite. Never ravens worked more patiently or wolves more hungrily at the stripping of a carcass than did these lean, dark women at the breaking up and tearing apart awkward lengths of nailed board and plank, in lieu of hammer or hatchet using bricks from the rubbish heap. So keenly I felt how the dust irritated even their coarse hands, already chapped with the cold, and now bruised, if not bleeding, however stoically disregarded in the breathless industry of the moment. When each of these women had made up a bundle of boards and ragged splinters, lashed together with ropes brought for the purpose, the stronger and more dexterous helped the less experienced or weaker to lift the load and settle it upon her head. This done, and balancing masses whose horizontal length may have been nearly twice their own stature, they gallantly marched away. No, they did not *march;* rather they assumed a half-running, half-gliding pace which entirely preserved the poise of the load, and which was necessitated by it, and somehow suggested the gentle gait of a horse broken for the feminine saddle. I longed to throw up my window and cry approval. Such good nature, such coöperation, such pathetic content in the harvesting of ruin's poor bounty in the great city! And yet, as I stood watching them, there came upon me a certain sentimentally flavored dissatisfaction both on their account and my own. This grew out of my suspecting that they might be the selfsame women whom, earringed and bright-kerchiefed, I had seen in the early summer dusk wandering through the walks of Washington Square, their dark-eyed babies in their arms, — the very same I had seen gazing with grave, dreamy contemplation at the squat statue of Garibaldi, a few springs ago erected in the midst of the square. But this was the ground of my romantic discontent: that these daughters of Italy should be dark and hungry hoverers in an alien and a sordid city; that I too should be here instead of lying *sub tegmine fagi* in the land of Virgil, and perhaps watching these same silent sibylline creatures, not far away, gathering fagots of the fallen branches of the beech.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED